

Interlinkum - Progenitor Loop - Project AngelBook-

— Volume XV - Part 9 —



Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

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Loop – Project AngelBook
– Volume XV – Part 9
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(DBM ECLIPZE)

Interlinkum — Prolegomena ad Nexus

Interlinkum is not a book in the traditional sense. It is a corridor, a fault line, a pressure chamber. It exists in the interval between completed structures and emergent order, between what has already been named and what has not yet stabilized into language. If Project AngelBook is an archive of revelations, and the Book of Links is a functional network of correspondences, then Interlinkum is the chaotic transmission layer where meaning breaks apart before reassembling into something usable. This volume marks the final uncontrolled phase. Here, symbols have not yet agreed on their roles. Angels appear without hierarchies, machines behave like myths, rituals resemble algorithms, and theology collapses into interface. The content of Interlinkum is not arranged to teach, persuade, or convert. It exists to destabilize inherited frameworks so that a new connective logic can emerge. What you are reading is not doctrine; it is interference.

Interlinkum gathers fragments—gnostic echoes, esoteric mechanics, technological archetypes, cultural debris, and spiritual residue—and places them into forced proximity. The resulting friction generates insight, distortion, and occasionally revelation. This is intentional. Order cannot be linked until it has been stress-tested. Coherence cannot be trusted until chaos has exhausted itself.

Each part of Interlinkum functions as a node collapse: a moment where multiple systems briefly overlap before separating again. Nothing here should be taken as final. Names shift. Symbols mutate. Roles invert. This is the last space where contradiction is allowed to exist without resolution. Beyond this point, ambiguity becomes architecture.

Interlinkum is also a warning. Once the Links are formed, traversal becomes easier—but less forgiving. The Book of Links will not explain itself. It will not tolerate mythic drift or symbolic excess. It will operate. Interlinkum, by contrast, is indulgent, violent, playful, unstable. It allows everything in so that only what truly connects will survive.

Read this volume as a liminal artifact. Do not search for conclusions. Do not expect alignment. Let the imagery overload you. Let the systems clash. Let the chaos burn itself out. When the noise finally thins, what remains will be linkable.

Interlinkum is the last fire before the network.

After this, the connections begin.

6. Inspiration (passive, mediumistic), motive power, action.
7. Triumph, victory, health (sometimes unstable).
8. Eternal justice. Strength and force, but arrested as in act of judgment. May mean law, trial, etc.
9. Wisdom from on high. Active divine inspiration. Sometimes "unexpected current."
10. Good fortune, happiness (within bounds). Intoxication of success.
11. Courage, strength, fortitude, power passing on to action. Obstinacy.
12. Enforced sacrifice, punishment, loss, fatal and not voluntary, suffering.
13. Time, age, transformation, change involuntary (as {203} opposed to 18, Pisces). Or death, destruction (only latter with special cards). [Specially, a sudden and quite unexpected change.]
14. Combination of forces, realization, action (material effect, good or evil).
15. Materiality, material force, material temptation, obsession.
16. Ambition, fighting, war, courage, or destruction, danger, fall, ruin.
17. Hope, faith, unexpected help. Or dreaminess, deceived hope, etc.
18. Dissatisfaction, voluntary change. Error, lying, falsity, deception. This card is very sensitive to dignity.
19. Glory, gain, riches. With "very" evil cards it means arrogance, display, vanity.
20. Final decision, judgment, sentence, determination of a matter without appeal, "on its plane."
21. The matter itself. Synthesis, world, kingdom. Usually denotes actual subject of question, and therefore depends entirely on accompanying cards.

[This table is very unsatisfactory. Each card must be most carefully meditated, taking all its correspondences, and a clear idea formed.]

Princes and Queens shew almost always actual men and women connected with the matter.

But the Kings (Knights) sometime represent coming or going of a matter, according as

they face.

The Princesses shew opinions, thoughts, ideas, either in harmony with or opposed to, the subject. {204}

A Majority of Wands Energy, opposition, quarrel.

A Majority of Cups Pleasure, merriment.

A Majority of Swords Trouble, sadness, sickness, death.

A Majority of Pentacles Business, money, possessions.

A Majority of Keys Strong forces beyond the Querent's control.

A Majority of Court Cards Society, meetings of many persons.

A Majority of Aces Strength generally. Aces are always strong cards.

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4 Aces Great power and force.

3 Aces Riches, success.

4 Kings (Knights) Swiftness, rapidity.

3 Kings (Knights) Unexpected meetings. Knights, in general, shew news.

4 Queens Authority, influence.

3 Queens Powerful friends.

4 Princes Meetings with the great.

3 Princes Rank and honour.

4 Princesses New ideas or plans.

3 Princesses Society of the young.

4 Tens Anxiety, responsibility.

3 Tens Buying and selling (commerce).

4 Nines Added responsibilities.

3 Nines Much correspondence.

4 Eights Much news.

3 Eights Much journeying. {205}

4 Sevens Disappointments.

3 Sevens Treaties and compacts.

4 Sixes Pleasure.

3 Sixes Gain, success.

4 Fives Order, regularity.

3 Fives Quarrels, fights.

4 Fours Rest, peace.

3 Fours Industry.

4 Threes Resolution, determination.

3 Threes Deceit.

4 Twos Conferences, conversations.

3 Twos Reorganization, recommendation.

OF THE DIGNITIES

A CARD is strong or weak, well dignified or ill dignified, according to the cards next to it on either side.

Cards of the same suit on either side strengthen it greatly, for good or evil according to

their nature.

Cards of opposite natures on either side weaken it greatly, for either good or evil.

Swords are inimical to Pentacles.

Wands are inimical to Cups.

Swords are friendly with Cups and Wands.

Wands are friendly with Swords and Pentacles.

If a card fall between two other which are mutually contrary, it is not much affected by either. {206}

A METHOD OF DIVINATION BY THE TAROT

[This method is that given to students of the grade Adept Adeptus Minor in the R. R. et A. C. But it has been revised and improved, while certain safeguards have been introduced in order to make its abuse impossible. --- O.M.]

1. THE Significator. Choose a card to represent the Querent, using your knowledge or judgment of his character rather than dwelling on his physical characteristics.
2. Take the cards in your left hand. In the right hand hold the wand over them, and say: I invoke thee, I A O, that thou wilt send H R U, the great Angel that is set over the operations of this Secret Wisdom, to lay his hand invisibly upon these consecrated cards of art, that thereby we may obtain true knowledge of hidden things, to the glory of thine ineffable Name. Amen.
3. Hand the cards to Querent, and bid him think of the question attentively, and cut.
4. Take the cards as cut, and hold as for dealing.

First Operation

This shows the situation of the Querent at the time when he consults you.

1. The pack being in front of you, cut, and place the top half to the left. {207}
2. Cut each pack again to the left.
3. These four stack represent I H V H, from right to left.
4. Find the Significator. It be in the HB:Y pack, the question refers to work, business, etc.; if in the HB:H pack, to love, marriage, or pleasure; if in the HB:H pack, to money, goods, and such purely material matters.

5. Tell the Querent what he has come for: if wrong, abandon the divination.

6. If right, spread out the pack containing the Significator, face upwards.

Count the cards from him, in the direction in which he faces.

The counting should include the card from which you count.

For Knights, Queens and Princes, count 4.

For Princesses, count 7.

For Aces, count 11.

For small cards, count according to the number.

For trumps, count 3 for the elemental trumps; 9 for the planetary trumps; 12 for the Zodiacal trumps.

Make a "story" of these cards. This story is that of the beginning of the affair.

7. Pair the cards on either side of the Significator, then those outside them, and so on. Make another "story," which should fill in the details omitted in the first.

8. If this story is not quite accurate, do not be discouraged. Perhaps the Querent himself does not know everything. But the main lines ought to be laid down firmly, with correctness, or the divination should be abandoned. {208}

Second Operation

Development of the Question

1. Shuffle, invoke suitably, and let Querent cut as before.

2. Deal cards into twelve stacks, for the twelve astrological houses of heaven.

3. Make up your mind in which stack you ought to find the Significator, "e.g." in the seventh house if the question concerns marriage, and so on.

4. Examine this chosen stack. If the Significator is not there, try some cognate house. On a second failure, abandon the divination.

5. Read the stack counting and pairing as before.

Third Operation

Further Development of the Question

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Deal cards into twelve stacks for the twelve signs of the Zodiac.
3. Divine the proper stack and proceed as before.

Fourth Operation

Penultimate Aspects of the Question

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Find the Significator: set him upon the table; let the thirty-six cards following form a ring round him. {209}
3. Count and pair as before.

[Note that the nature of each Decan is shewn by the small card attributed to it, and by the symbols given in Liber DCCLXXVII, cols. 149-151.]

Fifth Operation

Final Result

1. Shuffle, etc., as before.
2. Deal into ten packs in the form of the Tree of Life.
3. Make up your mind where the Significator should be, as before; but failure does not here necessarily imply that the divination has gone astray.
4. Count and pair as before.

[Note that one cannot tell at what part of the divination the present time occurs. Usually Op. 1 seems to indicate the past history of the question; but not always so. Experience will teach. Sometimes a new current of high help may show the moment of consultation.

I may add that in material matters this method is extremely valuable. I have been able to work out the most complex problems in minute detail. O.M.]

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08017.html>

38 captures

22 Dec 2001 - 30 Apr 2025

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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

ON--ON--"POET"

I to the open road,

You to the hunchbacked street --

Which of us two

Shall the earlier rue

That day we chanced to meet?

I with a heart that's sound,

You with sick fancies of pain --

Which of us two

Would the earlier rue

If we chanced to meet again?

I jingle homely lore,

While you rhyme is with kiss --

Which of us two

Will the earlier rue

The love of the Hoylake Miss?

Not I the first to go,

Nor I the first to deceive --

Which of us two

Shall the the earliest rue

Our garden of make-believe? {211}

You were a Chinese god,

I an offering fair,

As we entered the

Garden of Allah,

To sing our holy prayer.

Entered with hearts bowed low,

Yet I heard a voice that cried:

For he is the god of the

Sacrifice,

You are the crucified.

It was all make-believe,

A foolish game of play,

Our garden of Allah

A drawing-room,

Our Chinese god of clay.

Strings of bruises for pearls,

Tears for forget-me-nots,

And a deadly pain

Of the sickening shame

Watching the fading spots.

As quickly they faded,

The heart of me faded as well,

Until nothing is left

Of my garden,

But a soul sunk to hell. {212}

Hail!

Poet prend ton lute --- Je disparaître,

No more together we'll enter the

Enchanted garden of make-believe,

Nor my sad soul listen while thine deceive.

No more you'll be the God of Sacrifice,

Nor I the crucified.

Ah, Garden of Allah --- how bitter sweet

Thy fruit. Why breakest thou the heart?

Why spoilest thou the soul with notes

From thy golden lute?

Lo! our garden a common room,

Our Chinese god burnt clay, and

The singing of verses a funeral hymn

That awakes with awakening day.

'Twas all such a meaningless play,

Poet prend ton lute --- Je disparaitre.

Hail!

Poet, take my hand --- we'll walk

Still a little way.

I'll not desert thee at the close of day,

I, too, must pray.

A beggar asking alms of passers-by,

Does not refuse a drink to one who's dry

That once by him did lie.

Poet, come close --- before I leave for aye

Take thou my hand, we'll walk still

A little way.

{213}

One garment covered both to keep us warm,

What harmed the one, wasn't not the other's harm?

Close clasped, one single form.

Was it not meant of aye?

Poet, take thou my hand --- we'll still

Walk a little way.

MARY D'ESTE. (MARY DEMPSEY-BLIDEN-STURGES-BEY.) {214}

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34 captures

9 Feb 2002 - 30 Apr 2025

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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

ELDER EEL

A SKETCH

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

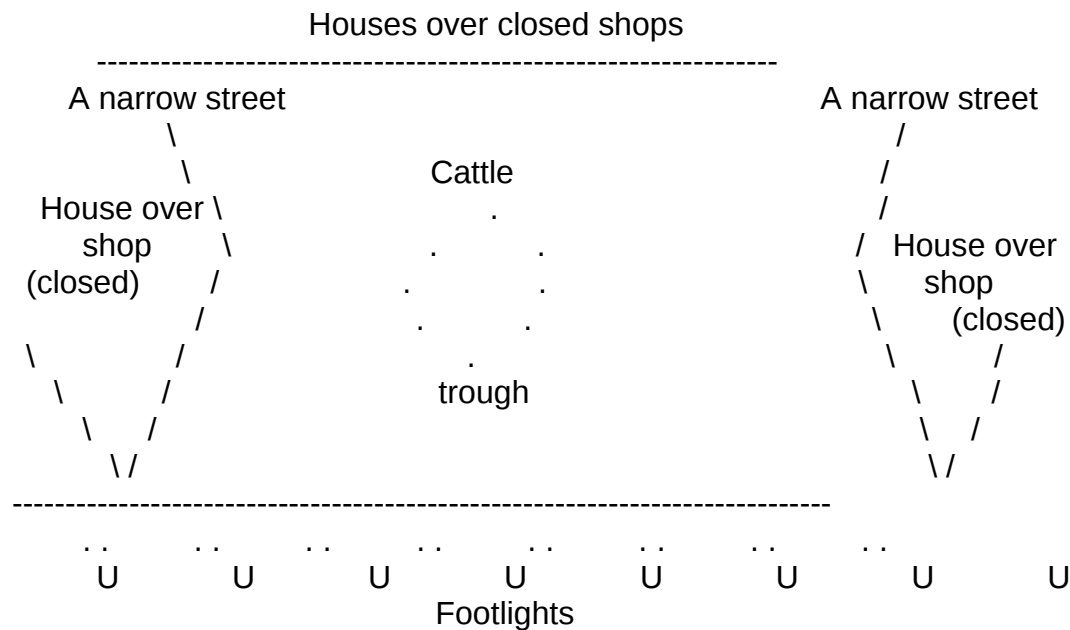
"To"

"Tom Bond Bishop"

PERSONS OF THE SKETCH

MR. MEEK, "the Minister"
 MR. DOSE, "the Doctor"
 MR. BONES, "the Butcher"
 MR. BUN, "the Baker"
 MR. CHIPS, "the Carpenter"
 MR. TONGS, "the Tinker"
 MR. GRAB, "the Grocer"
 MR. AWL, "the Cobbler"
 WOMEN, "including" JEANNIE MACKAY
 ELDER EEL, "the Exciseman"
 "and"
 LILITH

{Illustration facing page 219 approximated:



[The houses should have 14 or 16 windows arranged in two stories. All windows have practicable shutters.] }

ELDER EEL

SCENE: "The Market-place of the Village of Houghmagandie."

["Enter" L., BONES, BUN, CHIPS, TONGS, "and" GRAB. "All are dressed in the black shiny clothes conventional on Sundays in the provinces. They are followed by a number of women dressed with equal propriety, who enter the houses that surround the market-place, and disappear. One of them," JEANNIE MACKAY, "walks apart, and as if ashamed of herself. The scene is one of characteristic Sabbath gloom. The men carry immense black Bibles. They walk very slowly and heavily."]

BONES. A stirring discourse.

CHIPS. Ay! the meenister was juist gran'.

TONGS. Losh! But that was guid about the destruction o' Sennacherib.

BUN. Ay!

GRAB. D'ye ken what he meant?

BONES. Ay! the meenister's verra clear.

GRAB. Na! Na! but d'ye ken he was drivin' the arrow of the Wurrd to oor ain hairts?

BONES. Ay! But what d'ye mean? {219}

["Enter" R., AWL. "He is a tall, sprightly man in a decent suit of tweeds, and he is smoking a pipe. All turn from him as if he were a leper."]

AWL. A braw day the day!

GRAB. Is this a day to be ta'king o' days?

["All groan."]

AWL. This is the Lord's Day, and a'm thankin' Him for his guid gift o' tobacco.

GRAB. Ye dirty little Atheist! D'ye no ken this is the Sawbath? Awa' wi' ye from the Lord's children!

BONES. An' dinna blaspheme!

GRAB. Beware, ye fausse loon! The judgment o' the Lord is nigh at han'.

CHIPS. The meenister preached o' the destruction o' Sennacherib.

AWL. An' wha's Sennacherib?

CHIPS. Juist sic anither as yoursel'. A fleetin', flytin', floutin', sweerin' deevil like yoursel'!

AWL. Ah, weel! puir bodies, ye don't know all! Guid job for you!

["He passes over, and goes out," L.

BUN. The sculduddery wastrel!

BONES. The blaspheming loon!

CHIPS. The feckless child o' Satan!

TONGS. The rantin', roarin' lion!

GRAB. Ah! d'ye ken the noo wha the meenister meant by Sennacherib?

ALL. Ah!

GRAB. D'ye mind Sennacherib was King o' Babylon?

ALL. Ah! {220}

GRAB. D'ye ken --- ah! here comes Elder Eel, the guid man. He'll tell t' 'e. He's seen wi' his ain een!

["Enter" L., ELDER EEL, "very tall and thin and lantern-jawed, more solemn and portentous than the others."]

GRAB. The Blessing o' the Lord be on ye, Elder. Will ye tell the fowk o' the terrible scandal in Houghmagandie?

EEL. The han' o' the Lord is heavy upon us for oor sins.

ALL. Ay! Ay

GRAB. We are but puir sinners.

EEL. Ay! we deserve it. But our punishment is greater than we can bear.

ALL. Woe unto us!

EEL. Wi' these een hae I seen it! Alack the day! My brethren, d'ye ken wha's ta'en the lodging ower Awl's shop?

BONES. When?

EEL. Last nicht. The very eve o' the Blessed Sabbath!

["All groan."]

CHIPS. Wha' then?

EEL. The 'Hoor o' Babylon!

ALL. The 'Hoor o' Babylon!

EEL. A wanton, forward wench! A Babylonish Harlot!

BONES. The Lord ha' mercy on us!

EEL. An actress body!

ALL. The Lord ha' mercy on us!

CHIPS. Fra' Glasgie, I doot?

EEL. Waur!

ALL. Waur?

EEL. Waur!

{221}

BUN. No' fra' Lunnon, Elder. It's main impawsible!

EEL. Waur!

BONES. It canna be! It canna be!

EEL. Waur. Far waur!

TONGS. Hoots! but we maun ha' fallen into terrible sin.

BONES. Fra' whaur? In the Lord's name, mon, tell. We're fair distrachit.

EEL. Fra' Pairisss!

GRAB. Fra' the Hame o' the De'il!

BONES. Fra' Hell! Fra' the Bottomless Pit!

CHIPS. The 'Hoor o' Babylon! The Scarlet Wumman that rideth on the Beast wi' Seven Heads!

TONGS. Fra' the very hairt o' a' sculduddery an' wickedness!

BUN. O Lord! ha' mercy upon us!

EEL. Indeed, I ha' seen her at the window. Aboot nine o' th' clock last nicht when a' guid fowk suld be abed --- and I mysel' was wa'king hame fra' the meenister's. And there she was at the window, wi' her lang hair down on her bare shou'ders.

ALL. A' weel! a' weel! 'Tis a wicked wurrd!

EEL. D'ye ken she leanit oot, the Jezebel, wi' her painted face, an' --- an' -----
 ALL. Weel!
 EEL. The audacious wench cried oot, "Gude-nicht, Chairlie!" an' blew me a kiss.
 ALL. A' weel!
 EEL. An' I cried oot i' the wurrds o' the gude buke: "An Jehu cried unto the eunuchs,
 Throw her dune"! {222}
 BONES. An' was she rebukit?
 EEL. Nay! she cried back on me: "There's no eunuchs here, Chairlie, nor none
 wanted. Throw it up!"
 CHIPS. The brazen, forward, sulduddery wench! The flytin', sweerin' harlot o'
 Babylon!
 EEL. An' then she picks up her fiddle that she's lured thousands o' men to their
 doom wi', and she plays, "We are na fou, we're no that fou."
 ALL. Shame on her!
 GRAB. Hark! wha's that?
 ["the tuning of a violin is heard, off."
 EEL. There she is! There's the 'Hoor o' Babylon!
 [LILITH, "off, plays a lively though classical piece of music."
 EEL. To your tents, O Israel! To your hames, men o' Houghmagandie! On to the
 marrow-bones o' your knees, and pray that the curse may be removed from us!
 ALL. Amen!
 EEL. As for me, I'll wrastle wi' this deevil, and maybe have strength given me to
 overcome it. Here comes the meenister; I'll hae twa wurrds wi' him on the matter!
 ALL. Guid guide ye and preserve ye!
 ["All go off" R., "in consternation."
 EEL. An' noo to wrastle wi' the demon!
 ["Enter" L., MEEK "and" DOSE. DOSE "is an educated man, well dressed."
 EEL. Gude-mornin', meenister! Gude-mornin', doctor!
 MEEK ["Very humble and quiet"]. Gude-mornin', Elder!
 DOSE. Morning, Elder!
 EEL. I wad hae twa wurrds wi' ye, meenister!
 MEEK. Ay! Ay! What is it, noo? {223}
 EEL. Meenister, it's verra terrible, what I wad say to ye. The 'Hoor o' Babylon's
 amang us.
 ["The doctor laughs."
 DOSE. At it again, Eel? Ha! Ha! Ha!
 EEL. Ay, sir, d'ye ken this is a muckle serious affair! There's a French actress
 body in the village! In the Village o' Houghmagandie!
 DOSE. Ha! Ha! Ha! I was just going to tell you about it, Meek. It's a dear little
 Russian girl, a friend of my wife's. She's had a tremendous season in Paris --- they
 went mad over her --- so we suggested her coming up here for a rest. She wouldn't
 stay with us --- poor child, she has to practise eight hours a day! --- so we got her the
 room over Awl's, and she comes to the Surgery for meals. My wife's bringing her up to
 the Manse to call on Monday.
 MEEK. Oh! Oh! There, Elder, you see it's all right.
 EEL. ["aghast"]. A' richt!!! --- a' --- richt!!!

[MEEK "and" DOSE "nod and pass on, laughing."

EEL. He's fair witched. He's the prey o' Satan! The meenister was laughing on the Sawbath! Oh, Lord! Lord! An' I'm left by my lanes to wrastle wi' the de'il i' petticoats! Witchcraft! fair witchcraft! An' sorcery! Whaur's ony help but in the A'mighty? ["He takes out a flat whisky flask and swallows a big dram."] Whaur, I say, is ony help but in the A'mighty?

["Re-enter" AWL, L., "still smoking."

AWL. Hullo, Elder, an' what's the matter noo? Hae ye discovered the sin of Achan again?

EEL. Ah, well, ah, well! Alack the day! ... Hae ye come to torment me, ye dirty little Atheist? [224]

AWL. Three lies in three words, Elder. Ye'll win the Bishop's Kettle this year, for sure! But what is it? Hae the Glasgie fowk got wind o' your little affair wi' Bungs? What d'ye mak' a year oot o' that?

EEL. Ye wicked deevil!

AWL. I dinna care. It's your affair to take the King's siller, and the whisky man's gowd! But I'm wondering hoo it gangs wi' sae muckle releegion!

EEL. Hoo dare ye?

AWL. Or have they found your ain private still o'er the brae? An' exciseman wi' a still o' his ain! ha! ha! ha!

EEL. Ye fausse fiend! Hae ye gi'en me awa'?

AWL. Na! I'm no sae releegious as ye are. But I doot it's fowk ken o' your dealin's wi' Jeannie Mackay!

EEL. Hoo did ye ken that?

AWL. Why, the lass is in trouble; and you best ken wha's the fault is.

EEL. Ay! And didna I gie her fower shilling an' saxpence to get tae Glasgie an' hide her shame? An' didna I rebuke her for the sin o't by the reever bank, so that she might hae found grace to droon hersel'?

AWL. Ay! ye're a mean, sneakin', coordly, murderous dog! That I didna ken, an' I thank ye for tellin' me. I'm for ben.

["He spits ostentatiously on the ground and goes off" R. "But remains visible to audience as one watching the scene. He whistles softly and beckons, off."]

EEL. Bad! Bad! I maun be fey to hae tellt him that. But I'll see Jeannie, and gie her twa pund sterling --- na! one pund fifteen shillin' --- na! one pund ten shillin' --- an' get her {225} tae Glasgie --- wi' the promise o' mair! Ay! yon's the teecket --- wi' the promise o' mair! An' I'll chase the Babylonish Harlot fra' Houghmagandie, so that if the wurst comes tae the wurst, fowk winna gie ony creedit tae the lass. An' noo, then, wi' my conscience clearit, I'll confront the lioness i' her den.

["He turns to go off" R., "and is startled to find" LILITH "entering" R.

"She wears a thin summer dress very beautifully made, and on her head is a coquettish hat with a suggestion of horns. On seeing him she laughs. His gloom deepens. She goes up and curtsies to him, then puts up her" fiddle and plays the" "Old Hundredth," "or other Scottish hymn tune."]

EEL. Weel, wad ye aye play holy tunes, I wadna say!

["She plays a religious classical piece."

EEL. That savours o' Popery, I doot! But i' the main ye mean weel!

["She plays" "Auld Lang Syne," "And other Scottish ballads, arranged so as to lead from grave to gay. He is by this time enthralled by the music, and begins to show animation, following the beats with his hands. Even his feet begin to be uneasy."

EEL. Weel! weel! wha wad hae thocht it? There's no sic hairm after a', maybe.

["She sees him her prey, and plays a mad Hungarian dance. He is compelled to pick up the step, and she leads him, dancing, three or four times round the stage and off," L. AWL "comes out to centre of stage."

LILITH, "off, changes to" "The De'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman."]

AWL. "sings:"

The de'il cam' fiddling through our toun,
An's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
And ilka wife cries:

["the windows of every house burst open, and women appear, joining in the song."]

Auld Mahoun!

I wish ye joy o' your prize, mon!
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa'.
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
He's danced awa', he's danced awa'
He's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

["Repeat chorus while the villagers flock back to the stage. The women are now dressed in the gayest peasant costumes." LILITH, "off, resumes the dance tune and leads on" EEL, "who by this time is dancing with absolute abandon. All make way for him and stand back, laughing. The music stops." EEL, "suddenly brought to himself, stares and gasps. He would go off, but" AWL "stops him."]

AWL. Na, Elder, ye've made this toon a hell lang eneugh! Tae the fountain, lads!
["They catch him, and duck him half a dozen times."

["Enter" MEEK.

MEEK ["throws up his arms"]. An' what, i' the Lord's name, is come to Houghmagandie?

AWL. It's a' richt, meenister. But I'm the Law an' the Prophets the day!

[ELDER EEL "comes dripping from the fountain" {227}

AWL. Prisoner at the bar, are ye guilty or not guilty? Guilty! Whaur's Jeannie Mackay? Dinna fear, lass. Will ye wed this mon here?

JEANNIE. Ay, sir ["she is in tears"]. It's his bairn, Gude kens.

AWL. Now, meenister, this is whaur ye're wanted. D'ye consent, Elder? Ye've been a hairtless auld scoundrel, but ye can e'en dae the richt thing by the lass noo.

EEL. Ay! I repent sincerely.

AWL. None o' that! Say ye're sorry, like a mon!

EEL. I'm sorry, Jeannie. An' Ill be a gude mon tae ye, lass.

AWL. That's better. Now, meenister, the Blessing.

MEEK. In the name o' God, I declare ye lawful man an' wife. ["He joins their hands and blesses them."]

AWL. An' no more private still, Elder, an' no more bribes fra distillers!

EEL. Ay! I mean it.

AWL. Guid. Now, lass, run off wi' him, lest he fa' into the snare o' the 'Hoor o' Babylon again; an' this time for his soul's ill!

["All laugh." EEL "goes off with" JEANNIE.

AWL. Noo, lads an' lasses a! Prayer i' th' morning, an' thanksgivin' in th' afternoon.

[LILITH "plays."

["sings"] We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew oor drink

We'll dance an' sing an' rejoice, mon,
An' mony braw thanks tae the mickle black de'il

["Bowing to" LILITH]

That's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman! {228}

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,

There's hornpipes an' strathspeys, mon!

But the ae best dance e'er came tae oor land

Was --- the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

["Chorus as before. All dance merrily, and at last even the minister is carried off by a big flamboyant girl into the centre of the crowd."]

CURTAIN.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08019.html>

32 captures

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About this capture

THE

SPADGER

BY JOHN MASEFIELD, JUNIOR

(No relation to the immortal poet of that name)

DEDICATED GRATEFULLY TO MR. AUSTIN HARRISON

There was a spadger
 Went up a spout;
 There came a thunderstorm,
 And washed the out.
 The little spadger
 Sat on the grass,
 And told the thunderstorm
 To its .
 And when the storm was done,
 And all the rain,
 The little spadger
 Went up again.
 There came a spadger hawk
 And speid the snuggery,
 And with his claws he tore
 That to .
 There came a thunderbolt
 From the hand of God;
 It hit that spadger hawk
 And killed the .
 There is a moral
 To this moral story ---
 If you goes up the spout
 You goes to glory.<>
 {230}

[DAVID HAMISH JENKINS, a native of Merthyr Tydfil, originally studied painting, and produced several excellent pictures. At the age of twenty-one he took up the study of the classics, and occupied the position of classical master at several public schools. Whilst in London he met Aleister Crowley, whose poetical works had a great charm for him. Jenkins was a prolific writer, but unfortunately, little of his work was published before his death at the early age of thirty-three. He died in March 1911, mourned by a large circle of friends. E. W.]

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08020.html>

35 captures

22 Dec 2001 - 30 Apr 2025

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About this capture

TO PERSIS

I

CHILD --- forgive me if I call thee child ---
The weight of my mortality in years,
I reckon not, but tribulations wild,
With stormy battle, stress of life and fears.
I see thee once again athwart the mist
Of Time, and past the wane of many moons
Not changed, with still a change --- the same, I wist,
Yet not --- as purest daylight's change from noon.

II

I then beheld thee with thy tresses rolled
In darkling curls and masses long adown:
A child thou wert, in maiden's youthful mould,
With childhood's pensive magic round thee thrown. {231}
To see thee changed, ah! 'tis a sign of Time's
Unending, ceaseless march. You come again
With those thick dusky masses coiled betimes
And coiled around thy head in plait and chain.

III

'Tis but a trifling change --- a petty pace,
But fraught with all the force of Yet To Be:
For to mine eyes thy simple act of grace
Is one step onward, whither no one can see ---
A little further to the Great Unknown
By ways where Life's Periodics plants her rood
The Living Progress landmarks all alone,
Soon passed: --- thou reachest on to Womanhood!

IV

Fair --- God grant that it be fair --- thy world!
With influence of Goodness shed around.
Far from thee may the tongue of Spite uncurl
With venom'd spleen, and vicious raucous sound!
Have mercy, God! I am not proud, not proud!
But all my pent-up wrath I pour on Spite.
It is enough! Forgive these murmurings loud
Against the Powers and Majesties of Night.

L'ENVOI

Good child, you will again depart --- Fates weave their spell,
All hail! God-speed! May God be with you! and --- Farewell!
D. HAMISH JENKINS.

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<http://the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08021.html>

45 captures

22 Dec 2001 - 30 Apr 2025

Sep MAR Aug

04

2022 2024 2025

About this capture

WAITE'S WET

OR

THE BACKSLIDER'S RETURN

"All things come to him who Waites."

"I waited patiently on the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

IT was a brilliant May afternoon when the Prodigal returned. At the offices of the "Equinox" the usual constellation was assembled. Crowley lay lost in meditation upon the 1500-guinea Persian rug, which he had received from the executors of the late John Brown; Neuburg, covered from head to foot with yellow paint and his own post-prandial poetry, was yelling with laughter over a telegram which informed him that his favourite uncle had been disembowelled by a mad bull; Wieland, his head among the fire-irons, his soul among the stars, was trying to remember two important engagements which he had written down in his note-book five minutes earlier; Ethel Archer, talked to by Meredith Starr, but not listening to him, sat pale and classical on the edge of a table in default of a promontory, saying softly: "Bysses--- ---aster--- kisses---caster---blisses---faster---this is---master---misses---disaster--- Pisces---poetaster---Cambyses---chaster; Madam Strindberg, still smarting under the description of herself as "relict or derelict" of somebody, having {233} telegraphed to the Bank to stop any cheques she might draw in the next twelve months, was committing suicide with the murmured apology: "After all, this isn't an hotel"; while "Boy Billy," tastefully costumed for walking in Bond Street as an Egyptian "sais," was romping with her third best pal in spite of the broken heart which she had left beneath the boots of Mr. Hener Skene; Mr. Austin Harrison, who had dropped in for a quiet afternoon, was quite failing to grasp the situation created by the Editor herself, who, shaking in every chin, declared rather more than less than aloud that, waiters or no waiters, she meant to marry him, and the gentleman down-stairs could go --- my grandmother's hat! --- and

She was interrupted by the arrival of a telegraph boy, who delivered a bulky envelope containing the following message ---

"Notwithstanding categorical imputations sacramentally integrated similitudes undedicated warrants antecedent Paulopetrine typology casually unworthy hypostaticism predecessorial superincision archidiaconal arch-amphibians osify elpidize redintegration status lymphaticus."

"A cipher telegram! How romantic!" cried the Editor, releasing Austin Harrison for the fraction of a second.

"Oh no," said Crowley, "it's quite plain English; it's from Arthur Edward Waite. He repents; he comes back to the fold. He begs forgiveness. Osify means 'dare'; eplidize, 'hope'; redintegration, 'restoration'; status, 'status.'"

"But he says 'status lymphaticus.'" {234}

"It's a disease; he read about it in the "Daily Mail" on the Underground between Aldgate and Blackfriars; but it sounds better than plain 'status'; so he damned the extra ha'penny, and put it. To my mind it's the shortest and plainest thing he's ever written. And I forgive him all."

The company, overborne by authority, acquiesced. Only Neuburg, always a pessimist, doubted. "It's unsigned!" he groaned, his lips, blood-stained bolsters dipped in ink, writhing like half-boiled lobsters.

The Editor, with one shriek, one sob, and one sigh, thinking of the veil of the temple, tore a napkin in default of anything else to tear, and cried: "It is finished! Votes for Women!" Neuburg, his nose working feverishly, burst into hyena-howsls. The Master arose; calling for hot water and sulphuric acid, he comparatively cleaned the victim's left ear, and bit another piece off. Calm was restored.<>

Remembering Mr. Waite's statement in "Who's Who" that he "holds nearly all degrees of Masonry known in England, and some which are here unknown," Crowley dictated the following telegram ---

"Waite, Esquire, Etcetera, Sidmouth Lodge, South Ealing.

"Yes.

"ALEISTER CROWLEY.

"Apprentice, Companion, "Master," Secret Master, Perfect Master, Intimate Secretary, Provost and Judge, Valiant {235} Master, Elect of Nine, Elect of the Unknown, Elect of Fifteen, Perfect Elect, Illustrious, and in Scotland of the Holy Trinity, Companion, Master, Panissiere, Master of the Triangle, of J.J.J., of the Sacred Vault, and of St. Andrew: Little Architect, Grand Architect, and Architect in Light and Perfection; Apprentice, Companion, and Master Perfect Architect, Perfect Architect, and in Scotland Sublime, and Sublime of Heredom; Royal Arch, Grand Axe, Sublime Knight of Choice, Knight of the Sublime Choice, Prussian Knight, "Knight of the Temple," Knight of the Eagle, Knight of the Black Eagle, Knight of the Red Eagle, Knight of the White East, "Knight of the East," Commander of the East, Grand Commander of the East, Sovereign Commander of the Temple, and "Prince of Jerusalem:" Sovereign Prince Rose Croix of Kilwinning and of Heredom, Knight of the West, Sublime

Philosopher, Discreet of Chaos, Sage of Chaos, Knight of the Sun, "Supreme Commander of the Stars," Sublime Philosopher Knight Noachite, of all four grades of the Key of Masonry, True Mason Adept, Sovereign Elect, Sovereign of Sovereigns, Grand Master of the Symbolic Lodges, Very High and Very Powerful, Knight of Palestine, Knight of the White Eagle, Grand Elected Knight Kadosch Sovereign Inspector, and Grand Inquisitor Commander, Beneficent Knight, Knight of the Rainbow, Knight of Banuka, Very Wise Israelite Prince, Sovereign Prince Talmudim, Sovereign Prince Zadkim, Grand-Haram, Grand Prince Haram, Sovereign Prince Hasid, "Sovereign Grand Prince Hasid," and Grand Inspector Intendant Regulator of the Order: Sovereign Prince of the 78th, 79th, 80th and 81st degrees; Sovereign Prince of the 82nd, 83rd, 84th, {236} 85th and 86th degrees; "Sovereign Grand Prince of the" 87th degree, Grand Master" Constituent of the Order for the First Series, "Sovereign Grand Prince of the 88th degree," Grand Master Constituent of the Order for the Second Series, "Sovereign Grand Prince of the 89th degree," Grand Master Constituent of the Order for the Third Series, and of the NINETIETH AND LAST DEGREE SUPREME GRAND CONSERVATOR AND ABSOLUTE GRAND SOVEREIGN AND PATRIARCH OF THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL RITE OF MIZRAIM: Pastophoris, Neocoris, and Melanophoris; Christophoris, Perfect Master Balahate, Sublime Master Just and Perfect, "Sublime Epopot," and Knight of the Iris; Sublime Minerval, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Elect Mysophilote, Knight of the Triangle, "Knight of the Sacred Arch," Knight of the Secret Vault, "Knight of the Sword," Knight of Jerusalem, Knight of the East and Knight of the Rose Croix: Knight of the Red Eagle, "Knight of the Temple," Sublime Aletophilote, Knight of Libanus, "Knight of Heredom," Knight of the Tabernacle, "Knight of the Serpent," Knight Sage of Truth, "Knight Hermetic Philosopher," Knight of the Key, Knight of the White Eagle, KNIGHT KADOSCH, Knight of the Black Eagle, KNIGHT OF THE ROYAL MYSTERY, and KNIGHT GRAND INSPECTOR; Knight of Scandinavia, Sublime Commander of the Temple, Sublime Negotiate, Knight of Shota, Sublime Elect of Truth, "Grand Elect of the AEons," Sage Savaist, "Knight of the Arch of Seven Columns, Prince of Light," Sublime Hermetic Sage, "Prince of the Zodiac," Sublime Sage of the Mysteries, Sublime Pastor of the Huts, "Knight of the Seven Stars, Sublime Guardian of the" {237} "Sacred Mount," and "Sublime Sage of the Pyramids;" Sublime Philosopher of Samothrace, "Sublime Titan of the Caucasus," Sage of the Labyrinth, "Knight of the Phoenix," Sublime Scald, Sublime Orphic Doctor, Pontiff of Cadmia, Sublime Magus, Prince Brahmin, Grand Pontiff of Ogygia, "Sublime Guardian of the Three Fires, Sublime Unknown Philosopher, Sublime Sage of Eleusis, Sublime Kawi," Sage of Mythras, "Grand Installator Guardian of the Sanctuary, Grand Consecrator Architect of the Mystic City, Grand Eulogist Guardian of the Ineffable Name, Patriarch of Truth, Knight of the Golden Branch of Eleusis," Patriarch of the Planispheres, Patriarch of the Sacred Vedas, Supreme Master of Wisdom, "Doctor of the Sacred Fire," Sublime Master of the Sloka, and Knight of the Lybic Chain: Patriarch of Isis, Sublime Knight Theosopher, "Grand Pontiff of the Thebaid," Knight of the Redoubtable Sada, Sublime Elect of the Sanctuary of Mazias, Patriarch of Memphis, Grand Elect of the Temple of Midgard, Sublime Knight of the Valley of Oddy, Doctor of the Izeds, Sublime Knight of Kneph, Sublime Philosopher of the Valley of Kabal, Sublime Prince of Masonry, "Grand Elect of the Sacred Curtain, Prince Pontiff of the Mystic City, Sovereign Master of Masonry," and "Perfect Pontiff Sublime Master of the

[illegible]

"Send this," quoth he, "to the Flapper-haunted fields where Prehistoric Peeps are frowned upon!"

To describe the scenes that followed would have begged the fertile or perhaps fertilized pen of the Editor of the {239} "Looking-Glass"; but he was in any case not there, being busy in working out by applied mathematics the problem as to which public man was worthiest of a biography in his columns next week.

The words "blasphemous orgie" altogether fail to give any idea of what occurred.

"Twenty-eight naked demi-mondaines now brimmed the buckets with satyrion," hardly describes it.

"These loathsome and abominable creatures next abandoned themselves to frenzied scenes unparalleled in Degenerate Rome," conveys an altogether false impression.

Only my own pen can describe it accurately; and I suppose the printer will refuse to set it up, and very likely telephone the Public Prosecutor. However, I shall try and sneak it through in Ciceronian Latin.

Crowlieus dixit: Quid circa --- (What on earth's the Latin for "tea"?)?

Omnes biberunt.

(There must be some concealed horror in these words. It "apparently" means "Crowley said --- what about tea? They all drank." With this reservation we prepare to fly to Ostend, but print it. Printer.)

The good news ran through London like wildfire, doing every hundred yards in even time.

Ralph Shirley, stirring uneasily in his office chair, stroked his pet rhinoceros, and murmured "Piles o' money"; Leopold Rothschild asked if the zebra could indeed change

his stripes; and although ninety and nine just persons that needed no repentance had that very minute been presented to the angels in heaven, the subject was completely forgotten in the exuberance of the higher joy. {240}

Waite's photograph, frock-coat and all, was carried in its red plush frame shoulder high by Mr. Battiscombe Gunn; Kennedy took a tailor's bill from his bosom, and dropped a silent tear upon it, murmuring "His" letter!" The Editor, bustling Austin Harrison aside, took a bottle of champagne and a taxi to South Ealing, ignorant or careless of the reception that she might expect from that mother of "one 'd,'" nee "Ada Lakeman, of Devonshire family and Greek extraction," with the words "Sidmouth Lodge --- lickitysplit --- my grandmother's hat!" while the stock of all those "public companies," of which Mr. Waite is "in business secretary and director," soared beyond the clouds, and had subsequently to be watered with tears.

Brooklyn, N.Y., where he was born, organized a procession which, instead of taking so many hours to pass a given point, decided, in flattering imitation of its greatest son, to take several weeks to come to it. The "old family of Lovell," which boasts itself to be his ancestor through his mother, saw the culmination of its own fortunes in this great fortune of its fortune-telling scion, and gave itself the Glad Eye; the "earliest settlers in Connecticut," who were responsible for his father, wriggled with pleasure in their graves, like tickled children: the "orders and fraternities which are concealed within Masonry or have arisen out of it," with which he "is connected in particular," tied themselves and gave themselves over to unbridled joy: the "Hermetic Text Society" recently established by him "for the production by experts of rare old books and MSS. belonging to the literatures of Christian Mysticism, Rosicrucianism, Kabbalism, and Alchemy" ("more" commercial candour!) tried in its joy to sell the MS. of {241} the Book of Deuteronomy at Sothebys': the very timbers of the ship in which he was "brought in infancy" to England shivered with ecstasy; the girls at the London Wall Exchange unanimously resolved never again to ring up 3469, however often and however angrily asked for, that the Restored-to-Favour might remain in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence for ever.

Neuburg himself wrote the following sonnet ---

"They also serve who only stand, and --- Waite,
Sweeter than sugar and as soft as silk,
You could not stand, you would not serve! What fate
Threatened the hope of Horlick's Malted Milk?
Graver than Gladstone, decenter than Dilke,
You, called to be the Peter of the State,
Tried in your agony to do a bilk: ---
Though you could handle rod, and master bait.

"Now all is changed. Offended Crowley cries
Upon your shoulder. All's red nose, wet eyes.
You shall be Mary now as well as Martha!
The mystic quest is yours as well as mine,
Dilucid: sacramentally, in fine,
Victoria loved Albert: I love Arthur."

I shall now draw the Veil of Sanctimoniosity upon this touching scene.
A. QUILLER, JR.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no8/eqi08022.html>

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About this capture

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. VI

AN OBITUARY

{243}

AN OBITUARY

PHILOSOPHERS have always erred by generalizing from too few facts. Into this trap fell even the author of the injunction, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," though one may concede that it was excusable, even creditable, in him to have been unable to foresee my Uncle.

Born, as will presently become clear, in the earliest years of the reign of Queen Victoria, his genius quickly developed. He had that simplicity of vision, that flashing insight, which stamps the highest types of intelligence. When only six years old, while meditating on the increasing difficulty of earning an honest living, and the increasing risk of earning a dishonest one, he saw a fond mother give her little boy a penny to buy sweets. In a single second his mind was made up; his career was determined. How, thrilled the Master-Thought -- how can I get that penny?

A rapid calculation assured him of the soundness of his instinct. Probably at least a hundred thousand mothers --- of the world's six hundred million --- give a penny to some child every day.

A hundred thousand pence a day is over a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year; if he could only get ten per cent. of that, he wouldn't be doing so badly. {245}

That night, as he said his prayers at his mother's knee, she was surprised and pleased to hear a new petition: "And oh! dear Jesus, do let me do ever such a great work for other little children! Bring them all in! Don't let me miss one out."

Hot stuff for six, I don't think.

It was evident, to his astuteness and business capacity, that this work demanded the most complete organization. He therefore obtained a post under the Government, so that, while touching a good salary, his whole time was free to devote to his great scheme. "Punctuality," he often said to me, "is the thief of time; procrastination is the soul of business," and would justify his paradox by pointing out that if you only left letters unanswered long enough, the need to answer them disappeared.

His system, in fact, became extremely popular; even Charles Dickens playfully animadverted upon it in one of his novels.

A secretary being necessary to him, he pressed his sister A----- into the service, thereby saving her from such terrible temptations as love, marriage, or even occasional relaxation, which is known to be the devil's subtlest engine, and saving himself from the expense of hiring a drudge.

He applied the same fine intelligence to all the problems of life. Onanism, he argued, is demonstrably safe and economical; further, it is secret, and can be passed off as chastity; hence credit with the pious. Again, "I am out to get the money that parents give their children; I am the sole Inventor of the 'Kinchin-lay'; and I am certainly not going to queer my own pitch by getting children. I might have to give them pennies now and then myself." Onanism consequently became the rule of his life; and it is only fair to say that I believe the {246} persistent rumours (especially in later years) of his assaults on young children to be entirely without foundation. At least it is certain that nothing was ever brought home to him. While he was still a young man he definitely founded an organization on the lines of the well-known and justly admired Children's Scripture Union. He issued a card, price one penny, with the days of the year, and a "portion of Scripture" indicated for reading on this day. As the card could be prepared in half an hour by any one, and printed at about fourpence halfpenny a hundred, there was a small but sufficient margin of profit --- or would have been but for the expense of getting the scheme under way.

My uncle's genius never hesitated. "Of all the puppies on earth, the 'pi' set at Cambridge are the most priggish," he exclaimed enthusiastically.

So he got hold of a few, and called them Evangelists. They were to go down (of course, at their own expense) to the seaside --- where the children with the pennies were, not to the slums, where there were plenty of children but no pennies --- and hold "services," the object of all which was to sell these cards, and force the unhappy infant who was really interested in Judges to switch off to Leviticus. Christian parents were, however, quick to see that my uncle's genius had forged a new tyranny, and his scheme had the heartiest of receptions. The Children's Special Service Mission had met with unqualified success; his own might easily match it, so he surmised --- as the event proved, justly. Children were obliged to throw down spade and bucket, and gather round the unwashed feet and swelled head of the "university man" --- usually non-collegiate! --- who found himself free to splutter {247} as he would, without the wholesome fear of ragging which restrained him during term.

My uncle was now in a position to develop his scheme fully, and the ring of philanthropic blackmailers and blackguards who run religious charities were compelled to admit him to a share of the spoils. He founded a Magazine, with some external and internal resemblance to that excellent paper, "Our Own Magazine," which, with consummate impudence, he declared to contain nothing but true stories. These stories are usually about the good little girl who "converts" the horrid, swearing bargee, and the good little boy who brings his "thoughtless" mother to Jesus. This, being a monthly, brought in another twelve pennies annually from every victim. He also published leaflets which he could sell by the hundred to the kind of idiot that likes to give such things to strangers who have never done it any harm. He had all these things translated into dozens of languages, and the rill of pennies swelled to a mighty river.

By this time his sister A----- was worn out, and died. For a month he had to pay a typist; but she little knew my uncle if she thought she had a permanent job. He rushed off to some ghastly Welsh "resort," to be acclaimed as the Founder of the Faith by the flourishing branch of the "Mission" which he had established there, and, selecting a female with features and character of an anaemic cow, married her and her money, sacked the typist, and settled down as the principal ornament of London's most suburban "subbub."

I suppose none even of his accomplices will regret his death; to the lachrymal glands of a crocodile he added the bowels of compassion of a cast-iron rhinoceros; with the {248} meanness and cruelty of a eunuch he combined the calculating avarice of a Scotch Jew, without the whisky of the one or the sympathetic imagination of the other. Perfidious and hypocritical as the Jesuit of Protestant fable, he was unctuous as Uriah Heep, and for the rest possessed the vices of Joseph Surface and Tartufe; yet, being without the human weaknesses which makes them possible, he was a more virtuous, and therefore a more odious, villain.

In feature resembling a shaven ape, in figure a dislocated Dachshund, his personal appearance was at the first glance unattractive. But the clothes made by a City tailor lent such general harmony to the whole as to reconcile the observer to the phenomenon observed.

Of unrivalled cunning, his address was plausible; he concealed his genius under a mask of matchless mediocrity, and his intellectual force under the cloak of piety. In religion he was an Evangelical, that type of Nonconformist who remains in the Church in the hope of capturing its organization and its revenues.

An associate of such creatures of an inscrutable Providence as Coote and Torrey, he surpassed the one in sanctimoniousness, the other in bigotry, though he always thought blackmail too risky, and slander a tactical error.

Without heart or conscience, either in his family relations or his public functions, he goes to a grave covered by the flowers of those who think it politic to pretend to honour

him; and it is his tragedy that of all the obituaries penned by servile or venal dupes or accomplices of his misdeeds, none will survive the century. This article remains his sole enduring monument.

A. QUILLER, JR. {249}

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About this capture

THE NEW EVELYN HOPE

I

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour

This is her bookshelf by her bed;

Nietzsche, Weininger, Schopenhauer.

Small wonder then that her soul should pass!

Much remains to be changed, I think:

She died of the swollen head, alas!

That maidens catch from Maeterlinck.

II

Sixteen years old when she died!
A Vestal, tending Minerva's flame;
It was not her time to read; beside,
Her life had hardly a hope or aim,
Nor duties enough, nor little cares;
She was never quiet; her mind was astir,
To Henrik Ibsen she said her prayers,
And she worshipped Edward Carpenter.

III

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
We know that your soul was pure and true
From Alan Leo's Test Horoscope,
And Cheiro's words confirmed it too ---
And just because I was thrice as old,
And because you thought me cynical, I'd
No place in the Higher Life, I was told;
I was Agnostic, naught beside. {250}

IV

No, indeed! For God above

Is great to grant, is mighty to make,

But how about Tolstoy's "Thoughts on Love"?

And Havelock Ellis for culture's sake?

Delayed we may be for more lives yet,

Through worlds I shall traverse not a few;

E'en H. P. Blavatsky I shall forget

Ere again I read Annie Besant with you.

V

But the time will come, at last it will,

When, Evelyn Hope, what's meant I shall say

By the novels of Evelyn Underhill,

And Tchekhof's and Wedekind's dramas gray.

Why you loved Bergson I shall divine;

The Lords of Karma may then have said

Why you never dipped into books of mine,

But read G. K. Chesterton's works instead.

VI

I have read, I shall say, so much since then;

Have ransacked Mudie's so many times;
Gained me the gains of various men,
From Machen's miasma to Lupin's crimes;
Yet one thing in my own Test Horoscope
Either I missed, or itself missed me:
I was not warned, Oh, Evelyn Hope,
'Gainst lending the dramas of Strindberg to thee. {251}

VII

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart was full as it could hold
Of Ella Wheeler Wilcox' style ---
Think what it cost me, I that was old.
So hush! I give you this leaf to keep ---
See! I shut it inside the sweet cold hand;
'Tis a tract on The Simple Life and Sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

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About this capture

REVIEWS

MY PSYCHIC RECOLLECTIONS. By MARY DAVIES. 2"s." 6"d." net. Nveleigh Nash, 36 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

JUST when I had given up hope, Mary Davies comes to make a third to myself and Geo. Washington.

For on p. 2 she says, "More than forty years ago ... I was a girl of seven years old."

This storms the citadel of confidence, and pulls out the back teeth of the Dragon Doubt. I was therefore prepared to believe anything she might say.

And accordingly we get a simple, charming, old-fashioned motherly book, full of kindly thought and real piety; that it may have no objective value for the S.P.R. is quite unimportant for the class of readers whom it is intended to reach.

Mrs. Davies is a "professional medium"; of such I have said things which only my incapacity for invective prevented from being severe. But though (no doubt) the phenomena recorded in this book are 'non-evidential,' I do feel the sincerity of the writer. I am confident of her good faith.

DIOGENES.

TABLOID TALES. By LOUISE HEILGERS. 1"s."

TO quote the preface of Horatio Bottomley, "Louise Heilgers is the only female writer of short stories of the present day."

She is in truth one of the ten million, her heart is their heart, her mind their mind, and consequently her thoughts their thoughts. She will soon be acclaimed as a popular author.

It is refreshing indeed to find somebody writing direct from the heart without in any way striving after originality.

Excepting as to their length, these stories do not in any manner resemble those of Baudelaire.

BUNCO.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W.L.GEORGE. Constable. 6"s."

A VERY adequate and even thorough study of French bourgeois life as it really is. As a picture, it is better than anything Zola ever did, though (for the {253} same reason) it lacks just that which Zola always gives --- a sense of tragedy. Probably Mr. George will say (with a maiden blush) that his novel is none the worse for that; he would deny the truth of the poet's vision --- insist that the cosmos is but incoherency of heterogeneous incident.

I may, however, urge with more hope of his attention that his novel breaks off at the

really interesting part. What did Suzette say? Did the family tyranny make a man of Henri? Were they married, and, if so, what came of it? I wait patiently on Mr. George; may he incline unto me and hear my cry!

A.C.

ONE OF US. By GILBERT FRANKAU. 3"s." 6"d."

ADMIRABLE, this Odyssey of emasculation. The verse is at all times facile and clever beyond all praise, though there are three or four faulty rhymes, and I cannot pass (twice) "pleeceman" and "pleece," unless they are so spelt.

The story is very typical and very tragic. An idle youth without enough guts even to go wrong. When, after infinite struggle, he gets into debt, an aunt conveniently dies and leaves him everything. After innumerable mild philanderings, not one of which brings him even within whistling distance of the "methode du Dr. Fernandez," he returns to the lady whose acres adjoin his own; and Mr. Frankau, with consummate art, leaves us uncertain whether he will even summon up the energy to marry her.

Smart, shallow, shoddy society in every clime is pictured admirably well; this book will be a classic, in a hundred years, for its historical interest. But it behoves somebody to write a commentary within the next twelve months, or a good third of the allusions will be for ever unintelligible.

It is one of the most readable books I have struck for a long while; alas! that so depressing a portrait should be so real. Anarchy would become the only thinkable political creed if "One of Us" represented more than a negligible and almost outworn fringe of the antimacassar of society.

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STRANGER THAN FICTION. By MARY L. LEWES. William Rider & Son.

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ANY one who likes to read rubbish can get large quantities at a reasonable price by reading this book --- but it is rather amusing rubbish.

DAVID THOMAS. {254}

THE PERFECT CEREMONIES OF CRAFT FREEMASONRY, WITH NOTES AND APPENDICES BY COLONEL R. H. FORMAN, P.G.M., A.S.F.I. George Kenning & Son.

WE extend the hand of brotherhood to Colonel Forman. While regretting to some extent the extreme lengths to which he has gone in making it quite clear to cowans and eavesdroppers exactly what happens in the Raising, and in publishing careful diagrams of the secret steps, etc., the only possible ambiguity, "e.g." in the murder of H.A., being that l---- t---- might stand for left testicle, we think it is better so. Since English Freemasonry has become soulless formalism, let us at least perform the ceremonies with decorum!

Your reviewer is personally a staunch Tory, and cannot help preferring the "Emulation" working which long years have endeared to him.

But never will he consent to the foul hash of the 23rd Psalm (Milton's, I suppose) here still printed.

Colonel Forman shows a good deal of insight into the true meaning of Masonry, and a real understanding of the symbolism. He appears a suitable candidate for some more serious order, such as the M ∴ M ∴ M ∴ or even the O.T.O.

H.K.T.

TENTERHOOKS. By ADA LEVESON. 6"s."

MRS. LEVERSON is easily the daintiest and wittiest of our younger feminine writers; but she does well to call her latest masterpiece "Tenterhooks." Mrs. Leverson offers us a picture of an aged, wrinkled and bedizened Jewess with false hair and teeth, painted and whitewashed with kohl, rouge and chalk until there seems hardly any woman there at all. Yet not content with addiction to indiscriminate adultery and morphine, she finds pleasure in seducing young men and picking their pockets.

Fie! you can surely show us a prettier picture than that. Why not return to your earlier manner? Not necessarily the manner of "An Idyll in Bloomsbury," but you might advantageously find material in Brixton or Bayswater.

FELIX.

THE MASTER MASON'S HANDBOOK. By BRO. FRED. J. W. CROWE, P.M. 328, 2806; Member Lodge "Quatuor Coronati" 2076, P. Prov. G. Org., Devon, etc., with an Introduction by BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, P.G.D. England. Geo. Kenning & Son. 1"s." 6"d."

A USEFUL guide in the practical details of Freemasonry. On the subject of the serious study of the Order, however, Bro. Crowe is rather pathetic. He refers us to learned Bro. This, and illuminated Bro. That, and instructed Bro. Tother; but orthodox Freemasonry has apparently not yet any adherent who {255} could pass the first standard in a Masonic Board School. "E.g." on the apron of the 18 Degree the Monogram of the Eternal is misspelt --- blasphemously misspelt. Any Yid from Houndsditch could correct it. And on the M.W.S. jewel, Jeheshua is usually spelt with a Resh!

There was a fair Maid of Bombay
Who was put in an awkward situation, the nature of which
it is unnecessary to discuss,
By the mate of a lugger,
An ignorant Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix
Who always spelt Jeheshua with a Resh.

Prate not of scholarship, Bro. Crowe!

Such ignorance, when combined with the Satanic Pride to which the possession of an apron with blue silk and silver tassels, value three half-bull! naturally predisposes mankind, leads to presumption, bigotry and intolerance. So we find Bro. Crowe asserting that all other degrees than his own are "spurious and worthless." Go slow, Bro. Crowe!

The intelligence of Freemasons may be guessed by the level at which they rate that

of cowans and eavesdroppers. They print their secret rituals for any one to buy; so far, so good, why shouldn't they? But they print initials and finals of "missing words" which no single reader of "Pearson's Weekly" could miss.

"Advance a short step with your l--t f--t," would not have baffled Edgar Allan Poe!

They are even such b-- f--s --- (will they decipher this! --- it stands for "bright fellows") --- that when by accident they do baffle you ---

"Gives him the P--e, C--w, and S--," --- they print it full in another place, but in the same connection --- "The Pickaxe, Crow, and Shovel."

No, Bro. Crowe! Whoa, Bro. Crowe! (Blow Bro. Crowe! Ed.)

But for all Masons who wish to know the mysteries of how to address a V.W.P. Pres. Brd. G. Pur., and the order of precedence of a Past Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies, this is the Book.

K.S.I.

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Mr. Bax is a pupil of Victor B. Neuburg, so far as form goes; but oh! what a lot he has to learn!

ST. MAURICE E. KULM. {256}

PREHISTORIC PARABLES. By WILSON BELL. Milner & Co. 1"s."

IN "Prehistoric Parables," Mr. Bell, with consummate skill, carries the reader back to the Carboniferous Period. He does not trouble himself about scientific facts, but he gives most adequate descriptions, often beautiful, of that happy happy age.

It is a quaint conceit of his to write the parable in prehistoric times, and the moral in the twentieth century.

I regret that the book is illustrated. The artist's conceptions are far below those of the author, which has a tendency to deter rather than help the reader.

There is a slight journalistic touch in the style, but there is much too much in this book to allow it to trouble you.

Read it, and know Thyself.

E. LE ROUX.

LYRA NIGERIAE: A BOOK OF VERSES ILLUSTRATIVE OF LIFE IN NIGERIA.

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"In Articulo Mortis" is a volume of philosophy in itself, and should be circulated by the Religious Tract Society to all men, married or unmarried, in West Africa.

A complain could be made that this book is too reminiscent of Kipling; perhaps it is; but then again, perhaps the author has never read Kipling.

The following, from "The Leper," is characteristic ---

"Here through the live-long day I wait,
Allah! Allah!
In the shadows flung by the city gate,
Allah! Allah!
My fingers have gone and my toes as well,
And the leprous spots on my body swell,
But Allah Eternal does all things well.
Allah! Allah! Akbar!"

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THE BOOK OF THE REVELATIONS OF JIM CROW. J. & J. BENNETT. 1"s."

THE best of this book is that it reads well. I thought a priori ("a") it read very well weekly; in a lump it will bore; ("b") it only read well weekly because of its pornographic or Prudential surroundings. But, lo! it is most excellent. {257} St. James the Divine has indeed found a way to tell the truth (about most things) without frightening Respectability too much, though I think he might have spared us a thunderbolt against that feeble writer, Herbert Vivian.

Sanctus Jacobus Corvus once observed in his treatise on "Mysticism" (blue-pencilled by the common sub-editor), "Crow and Crowley --- what a combination!" Not a bad one, either. If only he had stolen the holy water (as I begged him to do) and baptized our mandrakes properly ----- Never mind! I advise all our readers to read his book; and if he does not advise all the readers of "John Bull" to read mine, I shall despair of human nature.

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The "Daily Mail" says --- this is a garland of some fifty or sixty devotional hymns to the Virgin, in which the author, while not exceeding the bounds of Catholic orthodoxy, fills his verses with quaint and charming conceits, very much in the style of the 'metaphysical' poets of the seventeenth century. Indeed, in turning over the pages of 'Amphora,' as the little volume was entitled when published anonymously two years ago, by Burns & Oates, we feel them to be the work of a recipient of the tradition of Vaughan the Silurist, George Herbert, and Crashaw, although Mr. Crowley is smooth where they are rugged, plain where they are perplexing.

"These poems indicate a mind full of earnest aspiration towards his spiritual Queen, a mind of an engaging naivete, untroubled by the religious and philosophical problems which weary more complex intelligences. This little work can be cordially recommended to Catholic readers."

Father Kent writes in "The Tablet" --- "Among the many books which benevolent publishers are preparing as appropriate Christmas presents we notice many new editions of favourite poetic classics. But few, we fancy, can be more appropriate for the

purpose than a little volume of original verses, entitled 'Amphora,' which Messrs. Burns & Oates are on the point of publishing. The following stanzas from a poem on the Nativity will surely be a better recommendation of the book than any words of critical appreciation:

"The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The root of David shoots a stem.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

"She lies alone amid the kine.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The straw is fragrant as with wine.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

Lieut.-Col. Gormley writes --- "The hymns ordinarily used in churches for devotional purposes are no doubt excellent in their way, but it can scarcely be said, in the case of many of them, that they are of much literary merit, and some of them indeed are little above the familiar nursery rhymes of our childhood; it is therefore somewhat of a relief and a pleasure to read the volume of hymns to the Virgin Mary which has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. These hymns to the Virgin Mary are in the best style, they are devotional in the highest degree, and to Roman Catholics, for whom devotion to the Virgin Mary forms so important a part of their religious belief, these poems should indeed be welcome; personally I have found them just what I desired, and I have no doubt other Catholics will be equally pleased with them."

"Vanity Fair" says --- "To the ordinary mind passion has no relation to penitence, and carnal desire is the very antithesis of spiritual fervour. But close observers of human nature are accustomed to discover an intimate connection between the forces of the body and the soul; and the student of psychology is continually being reminded of the kinship between saint and sinner. Now and then we find the extremes of self and selflessness in the same soul. Dante tells us how the lover kissed the trembling mouth, and with the same thrill describes his own passionate abandonment before the mystic Rose. In our own day, the greatest of French lyric poets, Verlaine, has given us volumes of the most passionate love songs, and side by side with them a book of religious poetry more sublimely credulous and ecstatic than anything that has come down to us from the Ages of faith. We are all, as Sainte-Beuve said, 'children of a sensual literature,' and perhaps for that reason we should expect from our singers fervent religious hymns.

"There is one of London's favourites almost unrivalled to express by her art the delights of the body with a pagan simplicity and directness. Now she sends us a book, 'Amphora,' a volume of religious verse: it contains song after song in praise of Mary," etc. etc. etc.

The "Scotsman" says --- "Outside the Latin Church conflicting views are held about the worship of the Virgin, but there can be no doubt that this motive of religion has given birth to many beautiful pieces of literature, and the poets have never tired of singing variations on the theme of 'Hail Mary.' This little book is best described here as a

collection of such variations. They are written with an engaging simplicity and fervour of feeling, and with a graceful, refined literary art that cannot but interest and attract many readers beyond the circles of such as must feel it religiously impossible not to admire them."

The "Daily Telegraph" says --- "In this slight volume we have the utterances of a devout anonymous Roman Catholic singer, in a number of songs or hymns addressed to the Virgin Mary. The author, who has evidently a decided gift for sacred verse and has mastered varied metres suitable to her high themes, divides her poems into four series of thirteen each --- thus providing a song for each week of the year. The songs are all of praise or prayer addressed to the Virgin, and though many have a touch of mysticism, most have a simplicity of expression and earnestness of devotion that will commend them to the author's co-religionists."

The "Catholic Herald" says --- "This anonymous volume of religious verse reaches a very high level of poetic imagery. It is a series of hymns in honour of Our Lady, invariably expressed in melodious verse. The pitfalls of religious verse are bathos and platitude, but these the sincerity of the writer and a certain mastery over poetic expression have enabled him --- or her --- to avoid. The writer of such verse as the following may be complimented on a very high standard of poetic expression:

"The shadows fall about the way;
Strange faces glimmer in the gloom;
The soul clings feebly to the clay,
For that, the void; for this, the tomb!

"But Mary sheds a blessed light;
Her perfect face dispels the fears.
She charms Her melancholy knight
Up to the glad and gracious spheres.

"O Mary, like a pure perfume
Do thou receive this falling breath,
And with Thy starry lamp illumine
The darkling corridors of death!"

The "Catholic Times" says --- "The 'Amphora' is a collection of poems in honour of our Blessed Lady. They are arranged in four books, each of which contains thirteen pieces. Thus with the prologue there are fifty-three poems in all. Needless to say they breathe a spirit of deep piety and filial love towards our Heavenly Mother. Many beautiful and touching thoughts are embodied in the various verses, which cannot but do good to the pious soul."

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a really inspired line ---

'Thou lyric laughter of the enfranchised male.'

.... The naughty new 'male' smashing our windows with this inverted commas ... unless, indeed, as Mr. Aleister Crowley authoritatively hints in his sacerdotal preface, ... But the time, we think, is hardly ripe for such disclosures, although the more intelligent among us may have seen a certain Writing upon the Wall, setting forth, in clearest language, that $1 + 1 = 3$." --- "The English Review."

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"Break, break, break
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And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"
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17. The Swan		: 66. The Praying Mantis
18. Dewdrops		: 67. Sodom-Apples
19. The Leopard and the Deer		: 68. Manna
20. Samson		: 69. The Way to Succeed --- and the
21. The Blind Webster		: Way to Suck Eggs!
22. The Despot		: 70. Broomstick-Babblings
23. Skidoo!		: 71. King's College Chapel
24. The Hawk and the Blindworm		: 72. Hashed Pheasant
25. THE STAR RUBY		: 73. The Devil, the Ostrich, and the
		: Orphan Child
26. The Elephant and the Tortoise		: 74. Carey Street
27. The Sorcerer		: 75. Plover's Eggs
28. The Pole-Star		: 76. Phaeton
29. The Southern Cross		: 77. THE SUBLIME AND SUPREME SEP-

30. John-a-Dreams	:	TENARY IN ITS MATURE MAGICAL
31. The Garotte	:	MANIFESTATION THROUGH
32. The Mountaineer	:	MATTER: AS IT IS WRITTEN: AN
33. BAPHOMET	:	HE-GOAT ALSO
34. The Smoking Dog	:	78. Wheel and --- Woa!
35. Venus of Milo	:	79. The Bal Bullier
36. THE STAR SAPPHIRE	:	80. Blackthorn
37. Dragons	:	81. Louis Lingg
38. Lambskin	:	82. Bortsch: also Imperial Purple
39. The Looby	:	(and A PUNIC WAR)
40. The HIMOG	:	83. The Blind Pig
41. Corn Beef Hash	:	84. The Avalanche
42. Dust-Devils	:	85. Borborygmi
43. Mulberry Tops	:	86. TAT
44. THE MASS OF THE PHOENIX	:	87. Mandarin Meals
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47. Windmill-Words	:	90. Starlight
48. Mome Raths	:	91. The Heikle

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{Illustration to this page described:

The top 1/5th of this page has a black and white rendering of the Khephra scarab beetle. It shows a scarab beetle holding a sun disk between its hind legs at top and a smaller moon disk between its front legs at the bottom. The body of the scarab is upside-down, even though the legs are as described. Horizontally to left and right are two wings, very stylized, with primaries, secondaries and coverlet feathers depicted.}

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Mr. Todd: a Morality.

TRANSLATIONS: L'Amour et le Crane --- L'Alchimie de Douleur --- Le Vampire --- Le Balcon --- Le Gout de L'Infini --- L'Heautontimoroumenos --- Le vin de L'Assassin --- Woman --- Tout Entiere --- Le vin des Amants --- Le Revenant --- Lola de Valence --- Le Beau Navire --- L'Invitation au Voyage --- Epilogue to "Petits Poems en Prose" --- Colloque Sentimental --- En Sourdine --- The Magician.

{WEH NOTE: On the back cover in black on yellow. Includes text graphics as noted}

PART I NOW READY

BOOK {large block letters, extending 3/5 across the page from left}

4 {very large, extending over 3/5 of the vertical page, with top of numeral just above "BOOK" and to the right. To the right of the riser in Greek Caps. and numerals vertically down until reaching the horizontal bar: " GR:Tau GR:Delta GR:Mu 4 4 4". Below the horizontal bar to the left until reaching the vertical drop, in two horizontal lines: "BY:FRATER:PERDURABO:" "AND:SOROR:VIRAKAM:." In the rectangular space defined by rightmost tip of horizontal above and lowest tip of vertical to the left. "AB" centered above "A"} }

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SEPHER SEPHIROTH

SVB FIGVRA

D

(GR:omicron-alpha-rho-iota-theta-nu-omicron-sigma)

A ∴ A ∴
Publication in Class B
Imprimatur:
N. Fra. A ∴ A ∴

PREFACE

CAN any good thing come out of Palestine? is the broader anti-Semetic retort to the sneer cast by the Jews themselves against the harmless and natural Nazarene; one more example of the poetic justice of History. And no doubt such opponents of the modern Jew will acclaim this volume as an admirable disproof of that thesis which it purports to uphold.

The dissimilarities, amounting in some cases to sheer contradiction, which mark many numbers, will appear proof positive that there is nothing in the numerical Qabalah, especially as we may presume that by filling up this dictionary from the ordinary Hebrew Lexicon one would arrive at a mere hotch-pot.

Apart from this, there is a deeper-lying objection to the Qabalah; viz., that the theory is an example of the fallacy Post hoc propter hoc.

Are we to believe, asks the sceptic, that a number of learned men deliberately sat down and chose words for the sake of their numerical value? Language is a living thing, with many sources and diverse; can it be moulded in any such arbitrary fashion?

The only reply seems to be a mere assertion that to some extent it certainly is so. Examples of a word being spelt deliberately wrong do occur; and such a jugglery as the changing of the names of Abram and Sarai to Abraham and Sarah can hardly be purposeless. Once admit the end of such a wedge, and it is difficult to say whether it may not be driven home so far as to split asunder the Tree of Knowledge, if not the Tree

of Life.

Another line of argument is the historical. We do not here refer to the alleged forgery of the Qabalah by Rabbi Moses ben Leon --- was it not? --- but to the general position of the ethnologist that the Jews were an entirely barbarous race, incapable of any spiritual pursuit. That they were polytheists is clear from the very first verse of Genesis; that Adonai Melekh is identical with "Moloch" is known to every Hebraist. The "Old Testament" is mainly the history of the struggle of the phallic Jehovah against the rest of the Elohim, and that his sacrifices were of blood, and human blood at that, is indisputable.

Human sacrifices are to-day still practised by the Jews of Eastern Europe, as is set forth at length by the late Sir Richard Burton in the MS. which the wealthy Jews of England have compassed heaven and earth to suppress, and evidenced by the ever-recurring Pogroms against which so senseless an outcry is made by those who live among those degenerate Jews who are at least not cannibals.<>

Is it to such people, indeed, that we are to look for the highest and subtlest spiritual knowledge?

To this criticism there are but two answers. The first, that an esoteric tradition of great purity may co-exist with the most crass exoteric practice. Witness the Upanishads in the land of Jagganath, hook-swinging, and the stupidest forms of Hatha-Yoga.

Witness the Tipitaka (with such perfections as the Dhammapada) in the midst of peoples whose science of torture would seem to have sprung from no merely human imagination. The descriptions in the Tipitaka itself of the Buddhist Hells are merely descriptions of the actual tortures inflicted by the Buddhists on their enemies.

The second, that after all is said, I find it work very well. I do not care whether Sq.Rt. -1 is an impossible, an unimaginable thing, or whether de Moivre really invented it, and if so, whether de Moivre was an immortal man, and wore whiskers. It helps me to make certain calculations; and so long as that is so, it is useful, and I stick to it.

Other criticisms of the methods of the Qabalah itself have been made and disposed of in the article on the subject in "The Temple of Solomon the King" (Equinox V) and no further reference need be made to them in this place. It is only necessary to say that the article should be studied most thoroughly, and also the article "A Note on Genesis" in the second number of The Equinox.

With these two weapons, and the Sword of the Spirit, the Practicus, fully armed, may adventure himself in the great battle wherein victory is Truth.

PERDURABO.

{iv}

EDITORIAL NOTE

THIS dictionary was begun by Allan Bennett (Fra.'. Iehi Aour, now Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya) in the last decade of the nineteenth century since GR:Psi-J.C. It was bequeathed to the present Editor, with many other magical MSS., on I.A.'s departure for Ceylon in 1899.

Frater Perdurabo used it, and largely added to it, in the course of his Qabalistic workings. With George Cecil Jones (Fra.'. Volo Noscere) he further added to it by making it a complete cross-correspondence to the Book DCCLXXVII.

It was further revised and checked, re-copied by a Jewish scribe, and again checked through, in the year V of the present Era.

The mathematical additions were continued by Fra.'. P. and Fra.'. Lampada Tradam; and the MS. finally copied on a specially constructed typewriter by Gerald Rae Fraser (Fra.'. GR:Psi) who added yet further mathematical data.

This copy has again been checked by Fra.'. P. and Soror.'. N.N. and the proofs further by three separate scholars.

The method of employing the dictionary has been fully indicated in The Temple of Solomon the King [Equinox V].

None of the editors claim to possess even the smallest degree of scholarship. The method of compilation has been to include all words given in Von Rosenroth's Qabalistic Dictionary, those specially commented on in S.D., I.R.Q., and I.Z.Q., those given in 777, and those found by Fratres I.A. and P. Some of them are found in texts of the Hebrew Scriptures which appeared to those adepts to be of magical importance. Owing to their carelessness, the meaning of some few words has been lost, and cannot now be traced.

ABBREVIATIONS, SIGNS, AND FIGURES

K.D. L.C.K. p___ = KABBALA DENUDATA cuius Pars Prima continet Locos
Communes Kabbalisticos.

Dec. = Decan.

S.P.M. = Sphere of the Primum Mobile.

S.S.F. = Sphere of the Fixed Stars.

L.T.N. = Lesser Angel governing Triplicity by Night.

L.T.D. = Lesser Angel governing Triplicity by Day.

K.Ch.B. = Kether --- Chokmah --- Binah.

(Ch.) = Chaldee.

S.D. = Siphra Dtzenioutha.

I.R.Q. = Idra Rabba Qadisha.

Tet. = Tetragrammaton.

L.A. Angel = Lesser Assistant Angel.
 I.Z.Q. = Idra Zuta Qadisha.
 M.T. = Magister Templi.
 HB:Sh = Shemhamphorasch.
 W. = Wands.
 C. = Cups.
 S. = Swords.
 P. = Pentacles.
 K. of S. = Key of Solomon.
 O.P.A.A. = Oriens --- Paimon --- Arifton --- Amaimon

{WEH NOTE: this next set of equates originally had symbols matched against words. It has been left for completeness. Other symbols have been replaced or aproximated to allow ASCII representation.}

Aries	=	Aries.	:	Saturn	=	Saturn.
Taurus	=	Taurus.	:	Sun	=	Sun.
Gemini	=	Gemini.	:	Moon	=	Moon.
Cancer	=	Cancer.	:	Mars	=	Mars.
Leo	=	Leo.	:	Mercury	=	Mercury.
Virgo	=	Virgo.	:	Jupiter	=	Jupiter.
Libra	=	Libra.	:	Venus	=	Venus.
Scorpio	=	Scorpio.	:			
Sagittarius	=	Sagittarius.	:			
Capricorn	=	Capricornus.	:			
Aquarius	=	Aquarius.	:			
Pisces	=	Pisces.	:			

.-----
 : : enclosing a number shows that the number is a perfect square.
 .-----

4.Rt. before " " " a squared square.

P# above " " " a perfect number.

:
 .----- about " " " a factorial.
 <>

::
 :.----- about " " " a sub-factorial.

R(n) before " " " a reciprocal (or
 'amicable') number.

{WEH NOTE: / replaces the division symbol = "divided by"}

SUM (1-k) is an abbreviation for "the sum of the first k natural numbers."

TABLE OF FACTORS

ODD NUMBERS FROM 1 TO 3321 (5'S EXCLUDED); SHOWING LOWEST FACTORS, AND PRIMES (P.). "----" INDICATES THAT THE NUMBER IS DIVISIBLE BY 3.

{WEH NOTE: This table was originally published five columns to a page. It is here reproduced as a single column, and the page ends are indicated by a lower case letter following the Roman numeral that marks the end of the page; e.g. {ixb} indicates the end of the second column on page ix.

Note also that Crowley gives "1" as the first odd number. This is not always used by mathematicians. More significantly, he takes "1" as the first Prime number, and hardly any mathematicians of his time or the present do that. The first prime number is considered to be "2" by mathematicians, with "1" being the multiplicative identity element.

The main structure of this table is that of a compressed factorization reference, always yielding the lowest factor directly or implicitly. Once that is obtained, any remaining factors may be found after division by the first factor and recursion to the table. Even numbers and numbers divisible by five are omitted in view of the fact that the lowest factor of such numbers is obviously 2 or 5.}

.----.

: 1 : P.

.----.

2 P.

3 P.

5 P.

7 P.

.----.

: 9 : 3 to the 2nd power

.----.

11 P.

13 P.

17 P.

19 P.

21 ---

23 P.

27 3 to the 3rd power

29 P.

31 P.

33 ---

37 P.

39 ---

41 P.

43	P.
47	P.
.-----.	
: 49 :	7 to the 2nd power
.-----.	
51	---
53	P.
57	---
59	P.
61	P.
63	---
67	P.
69	---
71	P.
73	P.
77	7
79	P.
.-----.	
: 81 :	3 to the 4th power = 9 to the 2nd power
.-----.	
{viii}	

83	P.
87	---
89	P.
91	7
93	---
97	P.
99	---
101	P.
103	P.
107	P.
109	P.
111	---
113	P.
117	---
119	7
.-----.	
: 121 :	11 to the 2nd power
.-----.	
123	---
127	P.
129	---
131	P.
133	7

137	P.
139	P.
141	---
143	11
147	---
149	P.
151	P.
153	---
157	P.
159	---
161	7
163	P.
167	P.

.-----.

: 169 : 13 to the 2nd power

.-----.

{viii b}

171	---
173	P.
177	---
179	P.
181	P.
183	---
187	11
189	---
191	P.
193	P.
197	P.
199	P.
201	---
203	7
207	---
209	11
211	P.
213	---
217	7
219	---
221	13
223	P.
227	P.
229	P.
231	---
233	P.
237	---

239	P.
241	P.
243	3 to the 5nd power
247	13
249	---
251	P.
253	11
257	P.

{viiic}

259	7
261	---
263	P.
267	---
269	P.
271	P.
273	---
277	P.
279	---
281	P.
283	P.
287	7

.-----.
: 289 : 17 to the 2nd power

.-----.

291	---
293	P.
297	---
299	13
301	7
303	---
307	P.
309	---
311	P.
313	P.
317	P.
319	11
321	---
323	17
327	---
329	7
331	P.
333	---
337	P.
339	---

341 11
343 7

{viiid}

347 P.
349 P.
351 ---
353 P.
357 ---
359 P.

.-----.
: 361 : 19 to the 2nd power

.-----.
363 ---
367 P.
369 ---
371 7
373 P.
377 13
379 P.
381 ---
383 P.
387 ---
389 P.
391 17
393 ---
397 P.
399 ---
401 P.
403 13
407 11
409 P.
411 ---
413 7
417 ---
419 P.
421 P.
423 ---
427 7
429 ---
431 P.

{viiiie}

433 P.

437	19
439	P.

.-----.

: 441 :	21 to the 2nd power
---------	---------------------

.-----.

443	P.
447	---
449	P.
451	11
453	---
457	P.
459	---
461	P.
463	P.
467	P.
469	7
471	---
473	11
477	---
479	P.
481	13
483	---
487	P.
489	---
491	P.
493	17
497	7
499	P.
501	---
503	P.
507	---
509	P.
511	7
513	---
517	11
519	---
521	P.
523	P.
527	17

{ixa}

.-----.

: 529 :	23 to the 2nd power
---------	---------------------

.-----.

531	---
-----	-----

533	13
537	---
539	7
541	P.
543	---
547	P.
549	---
551	19
553	7
557	---
559	13
561	---
563	P.
567	---
569	P.
571	P.
573	---
577	P.
579	---
581	7
583	11
587	P.
589	17
591	---
593	P.
597	---
599	P.
601	P.
603	---
607	P.
609	---
611	13
613	P.
617	P.
619	P.
621	---

{ixb}

623	7
627	---
629	17
631	P.
633	---
637	7
639	---

641	P.
643	P.
647	P.
649	11
651	---
653	P.
657	---
659	P.
661	P.
663	---
667	23
669	---
671	11
673	P.
677	P.
679	7
681	---
683	P.
687	---
689	13
691	P.
693	---
697	17
699	---
701	P.
703	19
707	7
709	P.
711	---
713	23
717	---

{ixc}

719	P.
721	7
723	---
727	P.

.-----.
: 729 : 3 to the 6th power = 9 to the 3rd power = 27 to the 2nd power

731	17
733	P.
737	11
739	P.
741	---

743	P.
747	---
749	7
751	P.
753	---
757	P.
759	---
761	P.
763	7
767	13
769	P.
771	---
773	P.
777	---
779	19
781	11
783	---
787	P.
789	---
791	7
793	13
797	P.
799	17
801	---
803	11
807	---
809	9
811	P.

{ixd}

813	---
817	19
819	---
821	P.
823	P.
827	P.
829	P.
831	---
833	7
837	---
839	P.

.-----.
: 841 : 29 to the 2nd power

.-----.
843 ---

847	7
849	---
851	23
853	P.
857	P.
859	P.
861	---
863	P.
867	---
869	11
871	13
873	---
877	P.
879	---
881	P.
883	P.
887	P.
889	7
891	---
893	19
897	---
899	29
901	17
903	---
907	P.

{ixe}

909	---
911	P.
913	11
917	7
919	P.
921	---
923	13
927	---
929	P.
931	7
933	---
937	P.
939	---
941	P.
943	23
947	P.
949	13
951	---

953	P.
957	---
959	7
.-----.	
: 961 :	31 to the 2nd power
.-----.	
963	---
967	P.
969	---
971	P.
973	7
977	P.
979	11
981	---
983	P.
987	---
989	23
991	P.
993	---
997	P.
999	---
1001	7

{xa}

1003	17
1007	19
1009	P.
1011	---
1013	P.
1017	---
1019	P.
1021	P.
1023	---
1027	13
1029	---
1031	P.
1033	P.
1037	17
1039	P.
1041	---
1043	7
1047	---
1049	P.
1051	P.
1053	---

1057	7
1059	---
1061	P.
1063	P.
1067	11
1069	P.
1071	---
1073	29
1077	---
1079	13
1081	23
1083	---
1087	P.

.-----.

:1089 : 33 to the 2nd power

.-----.

1091	P.
1093	P.
1097	P.

{xb}

1099	7
1101	---
1103	P.
1107	---
1109	P.
1111	11
1113	---
1117	P.
1119	---
1121	19
1123	P.
1127	7
1129	P.
1131	---
1133	11
1137	---
1139	17
1141	7
1143	---
1147	31
1149	---
1151	P.
1153	P.
1157	13

1159	19
1161	---
1163	P.
1167	---
1169	7
1171	P.
1173	---
1177	11
1179	---
1181	P.
1183	7
1187	P.
1189	29
1191	---

{xc}

1193	P.
1197	---
1199	11
1201	P.
1203	---
1207	17
1209	---
1211	7
1213	P.
1217	P.
1219	23
1221	---
1223	P.
1227	---
1229	P.
1231	P.
1233	---
1237	P.
1239	---
1241	17
1243	11
1247	29
1249	P.
1251	---
1253	7
1257	---
1259	P.
1261	13
1263	---

1267	7
1269	---
1271	31
1273	19
1277	P.
1279	P.
1281	---
1283	P.
1287	---

{xd}

1289	P.
1291	P.
1293	---
1297	P.
1299	---
1301	P.
1303	P.
1307	P.
1309	7
1311	---
1313	13
1317	---
1319	P.
1321	P.
1323	---
1327	P.
1329	---
1331	11
1333	31
1337	7
1339	13
1341	---
1343	17
1347	---
1349	19
1351	7
1353	---
1357	23
1359	---
1361	P.
1363	29
1367	P.

.-----.

:1369 : 37 to the 2nd power

.-----.

1371	---
1373	P.
1377	---
1379	7
1381	P.

{xe}

1383	---
1387	19
1389	---
1391	13
1393	7
1397	11
1399	P.
1401	---
1403	23
1407	---
1409	P.
1411	17
1413	---
1417	13
1419	---
1421	7
1423	P.
1427	P.
1429	P.
1431	---
1433	P.
1437	---
1439	P.
1441	11
1443	---
1447	P.
1449	---
1451	P.
1453	P.
1457	31
1459	P.
1461	---
1463	7
1467	---
1469	13
1471	P.
1473	---

1477 7

{xia}

1479 ---

1481 P.

1483 P.

1487 P.

1489 P.

1491 ---

1493 P.

1497 ---

1499 P.

1501 19

1503 ---

1507 11

1509 ---

1511 P.

1513 17

1517 37

1519 7

.-----.

:1521 : --- 39 to the 2nd power

.-----.

1523 P.

1527 ---

1529 11

1531 P.

1533 ---

1537 29

1539 ---

1541 23

1543 P.

1547 7

1549 P.

1551 ---

1553 P.

1557 ---

1559 P.

1561 7

1563 ---

1567 P.

1569 ---

1571 P.

{xib}

1573	11
1577	19
1579	P.
1581	---
1583	P.
1587	---
1589	7
1591	37
1593	---
1597	P.
1599	---
1601	P.
1603	7
1607	P.
1609	P.
1611	---
1613	P.
1617	---
1619	P.
1621	P.
1623	---
1627	P.
1629	---
1631	7
1633	23
1637	P.
1639	11
1641	---
1643	31
1647	---
1649	17
1651	13
1653	---
1657	P.
1659	---
1661	11
1663	P.
1667	P.

{xic}

1669	P.
1671	---
1673	7
1677	---

1679 23

:1681 : --- 41 to the 2nd power

1683 ---
1687 7
1689 ---
1691 19
1693 P.
1697 P.
1699 P.
1701 ---
1703 13
1707 ---
1709 P.
1711 29
1713 ---
1717 17
1719 ---
1721 P.
1723 P.
1727 11
1729 7
1731 ---
1733 P.
1737 ---
1739 37
1741 P.
1743 ---
1747 P.
1749 ---
1751 17
1753 P.
1757 7
1759 P.
1761 ---

{xid}

1763 41
1767 ---
1769 29
1771 7
1773 ---
1777 P.
1779 ---

1781	13
1783	P.
1787	P.
1789	P.
1791	---
1793	11
1797	---
1799	7
1801	P.
1803	---
1807	13
1809	---
1811	P.
1813	7
1817	23
1819	17
1821	---
1823	P.
1827	---
1829	31
1831	P.
1833	---
1837	11
1839	---
1841	7
1843	19
1847	P.

:1849 : 43 to the 2nd power

1851 ---
1853 17
1857 ---

{xie}

1859	11
1861	P.
1863	---
1867	P.
1869	---
1871	P.
1873	P.
1877	P.
1879	P.
1881	---

1883	7
1887	---
1889	P.
1891	31
1893	---
1897	7
1899	---
1901	P.
1903	11
1907	P.
1909	23
1911	---
1913	P.
1917	---
1919	19
1921	17
1923	---
1927	41
1929	---
1931	P.
1933	P.
1937	13
1939	7
1941	---
1943	29
1947	---
1949	P.
1951	P.

{xiia}

1953	---
1957	19
1959	---
1961	37
1963	13
1967	7
1969	11
1971	---
1973	P.
1977	---
1979	P.
1981	7
1983	---
1987	P.
1989	---

1991	11
1993	P.
1997	P.
1999	P.
2001	---
2003	P.
2007	---
2009	7
2011	P.
2013	---
2017	P.
2019	---
2021	43
2023	7
2027	P.
2029	P.
2031	---
2033	19
2037	---
2039	P.
2041	13
2043	---
2047	23

{xiib}

2049	---
2051	7
2053	P.
2057	11
2059	29
2061	---
2063	P.
2067	---
2069	P.
2071	19
2073	---
2077	31
2079	---
2081	P.
2083	P.
2087	P.
2089	P.
2091	---
2093	7
2097	---

2099	P.
2101	11
2103	---
2107	7
2109	---
2111	P.
2113	P.
2117	29
2119	13
2121	---
2123	11
2127	---
2129	P.
2131	P.
2133	---
2137	P.
2139	---
2141	P.

{xiic}

2143	P.
2147	19
2149	7
2151	---
2153	P.
2157	---
2159	17
2161	P.
2163	---
2167	11
2169	---
2171	13
2173	41
2177	7
2179	P.
2181	---
2183	37
2187	3 to the 7th power
2189	11
2191	7
2193	---
2197	13
2199	---
2201	31
2203	P.

2207 P.
 .-----.
 :2209 : 47 to the 2nd power

.-----.
 2211 ---
 2213 P.
 2217 ---
 2219 7
 2221 P.
 2223 ---
 2227 17
 2229 ---
 2231 23
 2233 11
 2237 P.

{xiid}

2239 P.
 2241 ---
 2243 P.
 2247 ---
 2249 13
 2251 P.
 2253 ---
 2257 37
 2259 ---
 2261 7
 2263 31
 2267 P.
 2269 P.
 2271 ---
 2273 P.
 2277 ---
 2279 43
 2281 P.
 2283 ---
 2287 P.
 2289 ---
 2291 29
 2293 P.
 2297 P.
 2299 11
 2301 ---
 2303 7
 2307 ---

2309	P.
2311	P.
2313	---
2317	7
2319	---
2321	11
2323	23
2327	13
2329	17
2331	---

{xiie}

2333	P.
2337	---
2339	P.
2341	P.
2343	---
2347	P.
2349	---
2351	P.
2353	13
2357	P.
2359	7
2361	---
2363	17
2367	---
2369	23
2371	P.
2373	---
2377	P.
2379	---
2381	P.
2383	P.
2387	7
2389	P.
2391	---
2393	P.
2397	---
2399	P.

.-----.
:2401 : 7 to the 4th power = 49 to the 2nd power

2403	---
2407	29
2409	---

2411	P.
2413	19
2417	P.
2419	41
2421	---
2423	P.
2427	---

{xiiia}

2429	7
2431	11
2433	---
2437	P.
2439	---
2441	P.
2443	7
2447	P.
2449	31
2451	---
2453	11
2457	---
2459	P.
2461	23
2463	---
2467	P.
2469	---
2471	7
2473	P.
2477	P.
2479	37
2481	---
2483	13
2487	---
2489	19
2491	47
2493	---
2497	11
2499	---
2501	41
2503	P.
2507	23
2509	13
2511	---
2513	7
2517	---

2519 11
2521 P.

{xiiib}

2523 ---
2527 7
2529 ---
2531 P.
2533 17
2537 43
2539 P.
2541 ---
2543 P.
2547 ---
2549 P.
2551 P.
2553 ---
2557 P.
2559 ---
2561 13
2563 11
2567 17
2569 7
2571 ---
2573 31
2577 ---
2579 P.
2581 29
2583 ---
2587 13
2589 ---
2591 P.
2593 P.
2597 7
2599 23

.-----.

:2601 : --- 51 to the 2nd power

.-----.

2603 19
2607 ---
2609 P.
2611 7
2613 ---
2617 P.

{xiiic}

2619	---
2621	P.
2623	43
2627	37
2629	11
2631	---
2633	P.
2637	---
2639	7
2641	19
2643	---
2647	P.
2649	---
2651	11
2653	7
2657	P.
2659	P.
2661	---
2663	P.
2667	---
2669	17
2671	P.
2673	---
2677	P.
2679	---
2681	7
2683	P.
2687	P.
2689	P.
2691	---
2693	P.
2697	---
2699	P.
2701	37
2703	---
2707	P.
2709	---
2711	P.

{xiid}

2713	P.
2717	11
2719	P.

2721	---
2723	7
2727	---
2729	P.
2731	P.
2733	---
2737	7
2739	---
2741	P.
2743	13
2747	41
2749	P.
2751	---
2753	P.
2757	---
2759	31
2761	11
2763	---
2767	P.
2769	---
2771	17
2773	47
2777	P.
2779	7
2781	---
2783	11
2787	---
2789	P.
2791	P.
2793	---
2797	P.
2799	---
2801	P.
2803	P.
2807	7

{xiiie}

.-----.
:2809 : --- 53 to the 2nd power

2811	---
2813	29
2817	---
2819	P.
2821	7

2823	---
2827	11
2829	---
2831	19
2833	P.
2837	P.
2839	17
2841	---
2843	P.
2847	---
2849	7
2851	P.
2853	---
2857	P.
2859	---
2861	P.
2863	7
2867	47
2869	19
2871	---
2873	13
2877	---
2879	P.
2881	43
2883	---
2887	P.
2889	---
2891	7
2893	11
2897	P.
2899	13
2901	---

{xiva}

2903	P.
2907	---
2909	P.
2911	41
2913	---
2917	P.
2919	---
2921	23
2923	37
2927	P.
2929	29

2931	---
2933	7
2937	---
2939	P.
2941	17
2943	---
2947	7
2949	---
2951	13
2953	P.
2957	P.
2959	11
2961	---
2963	P.
2967	---
2969	P.
2971	P.
2973	---
2977	13
2979	---
2981	11
2983	19
2987	29
2989	7
2991	---
2993	41
2997	---

{xivb}

2999	P.
3001	P.
3003	---
3007	31
3009	---
3011	P.
3013	23
3017	7
3019	P.
3021	---
3023	P.
3027	---
3029	13
3031	7
3033	---
3037	P.

3039	---
3041	P.
3043	17
3047	11
3049	P.
3051	---
3053	43
3057	---
3059	7
3061	P.
3063	---
3067	P.
3069	---
3071	37
3073	7
3077	17
3079	P.
3081	---
3083	P.
3087	---
3089	P.
3091	11

{xivc}

3093	---
3097	19
3099	---
3101	7
3103	29
3107	13
3109	P.
3111	---
3113	11
3117	---
3119	P.
3121	P.
3123	---
3127	53
3129	---
3131	31
3133	13
3137	P.
3139	43
3141	---
3143	7

3147	---
3149	47
3151	23
3153	---
3157	7
3159	---
3161	29
3163	P.
3167	P.
3169	P.
3171	---
3173	19
3177	---
3179	11
3181	P.
3183	---
3187	P.

{xivd}

3189	---
3191	P.
3193	31
3197	23
3199	7
3201	---
3203	P.
3207	---
3209	P.
3211	13
3213	---
3217	P.
3219	---
3221	P.
3223	11
3227	7
3229	P.
3231	---
3233	53
3237	---
3239	41
3241	7
3243	---
3247	17

.-----.

:3249 : --- 57 to the 2nd power

.-----.

3251	P.
3253	P.
3257	P.
3259	P.
3261	---
3263	13
3267	---
3269	7
3271	P.
3273	---
3277	29
3279	---
3281	17

{xivd}

{WEH NOTE: The table ends along the top of the next page in five short columns. These are here presented as above, with triple spaces at the ends.}

3283	7
3287	19
3289	11
3291	---

3293	37
3297	---
3299	P.

3301	P.
3303	---
3307	P.

3309	---
3311	7
3313	P.

3317	31
------	----

3319 P.
3321 P.

"The first dozen factorials, and sub-factorials; and the ratios they bear to one another; note that"

$$\frac{n!}{n!} = e$$

n	$n!$	$!n$	$n! / !n$	$!n / n!$
1	1	0	Infinity	0.000000
2	2	1	2.000000	0.500000
3	6	2	3.000000	0.333333
4	24	9	2.666666	0.375000
5	120	44	2.727272	0.366666
6	720	265	2.716981	0.368055
7	5040	1854	2.718446	0.367857
8	40320	14833	2.718262	0.367881
9	362880	133496	2.718283	0.367879
10	3628800	1334961	2.718281	0.367879
11	39916800	14684570	2.718281	0.367879
12	479001600	176214841	2.718281	0.367879

Factorial n , or $n!$, is the continued product of all the whole numbers from 1 to n inclusive and is the number of ways in which n different things can be arranged.

Sub-factorial n , or $!n$, is the nearest whole number to $n! / e$, and is the number of ways in which a row of n elements may be so deranged, that no element may have its original position.

Thus: $n! = 1 \times 2 \times 3 \times \dots \times n$,
 $!n = 1 \times 2 \times 3 \times \dots \times n$

and
$$n = \frac{1}{2.71828188...} + \text{or} - h,$$

where h is the smaller decimal fraction less than unity by which the fraction $\frac{1 \times 2 \times 3 \times \dots \times n}{2.71828188...}$ differs from a whole number, and is to be added or subtracted as the case may be. --- The most useful expression for

n is:

$$n = n - \frac{n}{1} + \frac{n(n-1)}{1 \times 2} - \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)}{1 \times 2 \times 3} + \text{etc.}$$
 to (n + 1) terms.

$$e = 1 + \frac{1}{1} - \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} - \frac{1}{4} + \dots \text{to Infinity}$$

$$= 2.71828188...$$

{xv}

{WEH NOTE: was

Figures of the letters

Names of the letters	Now is Hebrew substitution code}	Value of the letters	English equivalents of the letters
(M) Aleph	HB:A	1	A
(D) Beth	HB:B	2	B
(D) Gimel	HB:G	3	G
(D) Daleth	HB:D	4	D
(S) Heh	HB:H	5	H (E)
(S) Vau	HB:V	6	V (U)
(S) Zayin	HB:Z	7	Z
(S) Kheth (Cheth)	HB:Ch	8	Ch
(S) Teth	HB:T	9	T
(S) Yodh	HB:Y	10	Y (I or J)
(D) Kaph	HB:K HB:K	20 500	K
(S) Lamed	HB:L	30	L
(M) Mem	HB:M HB:M	40 600	M
(S) Nun	HB:N HB:N	50 700	N
(S) Samekh	HB:S	60	S
(S) Ayin	HB:a'a	70	O (A'a or Ng)
(D) Peh	HB:P HB:P	80 800	P
(S) Tzaddi	HB:Tz HB:Tz	90 900	Tz
(S) Qoph	HB:Q	100	Q
(D) Resh	HB:R	200	R

(M) Shin	HB:Sh	300	S Sh
(D) Tau	HB:Th	400	T Th

When written large, the Value of a Hebrew letter is increased to one thousand times its ordinary value. A large Aleph is counted 1000: a large Beth, 2000: and so on.

Note that A, I, O, U, H, are really consonants, mere bases for vowels. These vowels are not here given, as they have no importance in Gematria.<>

M, D, and S before the names of the letters shews their division into Mothers, Double and Single letters, referred respectively to active Elements, Air, Water, Fire, Planets, and Signs. But HB:Sh and HB:Th also serve to signify the Elements of Spirit and of Earth. See Liber 777. {xvi}

{WEH NOTE: In the following, the original is divided into two columns per page. For considerations of space and monitor display, this format has been changed to one column with a notation of the page at bottom: e.g. {3a} = left side of page 3 and {3b} = right side of page 3.

Calculation and linked Hebrew spelling errors in the original are left in place and identified to the right in the same format as this note, sometimes with "WEH:" and sometimes simply in curly brackets. All text within curly brackets for the remainder of this transcript is added, not part of the original. Additional cross-reference notes in this format follow the last original entry for each number in cases of error in original on another entry. "Liber 777" references have been checked and errors noted in the same fashion.

Some curiosity will undoubtedly be evoked by the many Latin meanings of Hebrew words given below. Most of these are directly from the glossary in "Kabbalah Denudata", but others are euphemisms for sexual terms. "Kabbalah Denudata" is available on microfilm, but no translation of the Latin or checking of the entries from that source or "Kabbalah Unveiled" by Mathers has been attempted yet.

An extensive study of these entries will be included in the Gematria project now in process of compilation by Bill Heidrick. This project is expected to ultimately extend to several times the number of entries here, including notes of source, discussions of differences between Crowley's approach and that of traditional Qabalah and into new areas.

Note that in the 1st edition, the following pages of Sepher Sephiroth are printed and numbered on one side only. In the Weiser edition, the pages are printed on both sides.

In this ASCII version, finals and medials are not distinguished by symbols. All instances of final letters are noted in the associated text. Hebrew words are not prefaced by "HB:" unless circumstances require it.}

:1.	:: 2.	P#
.-	:-	Pi Sq.Rt. 1
of Kether. S. P. M.		

:2. ::3.			
.-- :-- S. S. F.	Pi	2	
[Abbreviation for 422, ARYK ANPYN, q.v.]	A:A:		
SUM (1-2). Saturn. The Mystic Number of Chokmah	Pi	3	
Father	AB		
To come, go	BA		
The Number of Abra-Melin Princes. Jupiter. 2 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt.	4	
Father	ABA		
Hollow; a vein	BB		
Proud	GA		
Mars	Pi	5	
Mist, vapour	AD		
Back	BG		
:3.	P#		
SUM (1-3). .-- Sun. The Mystic Number of Binah		6	
To gather, collect	GBA		
Gog, the giant whose partner is Magog	GG		
A bear	DB		
A window	HA		
Venus	Pi	7	
Lost, ruined	ABD		
A name of GOD attributed to Venus. Initials of Adonai ha-Aretz	AHA		
Desire; either, or	AV		{1a}
Gad, a Tribe of Israel; good fortune	GD		
Was weary	DAB		
Riches, power	DBA		
Fish	DG		
2 to the 3rd power. The Number of Abra-Melin Sub-Princes, and of the Servitors of Oriens. Mercury	3rd Rt.	8	
To will, intend	ABH		

Desired, beloved	AHB
	AVA
Then	AZ
The entrance, threshold	BAH
To be anxious, grieve	DAG
Love; beloved, breast; pleasures of love	DD
Nqn. Zauir Anpin 478 q.v.	ZA

::4.
 :.- 3 to the 2nd power . Sq.Rt. 9
 Saturn. Moon

Ventriloquus: the special 'fire' of black magic, whence Obi, Obeah. Cf. 11 and 207	AVB
He kindled	AZA
Brother	ACh
A garment	BGD
Became powerful, grew high	GAH
Middle	GV
Splendour; cf. 15	HD

SUM (1-4). The Mystic Number of 10
 Chesed. Elementorum Sphaera.
 The Number of Abra-Melin
 Servitors of Amaimon and Ariton

Enchanter	AT	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 185]	BGH	{1b}
Elevated, exalted, high	GBH	
Flew, soared	DAH	
Two	DV	
Window	HH	
A wolf	ZAB	
A hidden place; bosom	ChB	

Pi 11

Ahah	AHH
Firebrand, volcanic fire: the Special 'fire' or 'light' of the Sacred Magic of Light, Life, and Love; hence "Odic Force" &c. Cf. 9 and 207	AVD
Where	AY
When	BBVA
To tear, cut, attack	GDD
Gold (Ch.)	DHB

Proud, haughty	ZD
To conceal	ChBA
A circularity of form or motion; a feast	ChG

12

He longed for, missed	AVH
He departed, went forth	AZD
A little book, pamphlet, letter; tools	GT
To multiply	DGH
A city of Edom	HBH
HE. [HB:H is referred to Mater, HB:V to Pater, HB:A to Corona]	HVA
Vau; hook, nail, pin	VV
This, that	ZH
To penetrate, be sharp; (Ch.) one	ChD

Pi 13

A small bundle, bunch	AGDH	{2a}
Beloved; Love	AHBH	
Unity	AChD	
Hated	AYB	
Emptiness	BHV	
Raised up	GHH	
Chokmah, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah. (See 777)	GY	
Anxiety	DAGH	
A fisher	DVG	
Thunder; to meditate; he remembers	HGH	
A city of Edom	HDD	
Here; this	ZV	
A locust	ChGB	
He shall come	YBA	

14

Rhamnus; a thorn, spine	ATD
Rising ground; Earth of Geburah. (See 777)	GYA
Sacrifice v. s. (Ch.). (?)	DBCh
Love, beloved: David	DVD
Give, give! [Vide no. 17, YHB]	HB HB
To grind, direct, stretch out	HDH
Gold	ZHB

Hand	YD	
SUM (1 - 5). SUM (1 - (3x3)) / 3. The Mystic Number of Geburah. The Number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Asmodee and Magot, and of Paimon		15
Angel of 3rd Dec. Sagittarius	ABVHA	
The month of Exodus and Passover	ABYB	
Steam, vapour	AYD	
Pride; a carrying out; exaltation	GAVH	{2b}
Splendour, the Eighth Sephira	HVD	
Overflowing, abounding	ZVB	
He who impels; to force	ZCh	
To hide	ChBH	
The Monogram of the Eternal	YH	
The Number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Asmodee	Sq.Rt. 4th Rt.	16
Hyssopus	AZVB	
He seized, cleaved to	AChZ	
Elevated, exalted, high	GBVH	
(Verb. subst.) Injury, war, lust; fell	HVH	
She	HYA	
Alas! --- Woe	VY	
Like, equal to	ZVG	
	Pi	17
Nuts	AGVZ	
Ah! --- Alas!	AVY	
Capricornus	GDY	
Nerve, sinew. [Gen. xxxii. 25 & 32]	GYD	
Narrative, subtle discourse	HGDH	
K.D. L.C.K. p. 267	HHVA	
To dream, rave	HZH	
A fly	ZBVB	
Sacrificed	ZBCh	
To seethe, boil	ZVD	
To brighten, make joyful	ChDH	
A circle, orbit	ChVG	
Good	TVB	
To give, place	YHB	

	18	
My favourite, my beloved	AHBY	
Hatred	AYBH	
The antique Serpent	ChTA	{3a}
Living	ChY	
Notariqon of Yehi Aur, etc.	YAVA	

	Pi 19	
Angel L.T.D. of Sagittarius	AHVZ	
An enemy	AVYB	
Job	AYVB	
Was black	DYH	
Chavvah; to manifest, shew forth; Eve	ChVH	

	20	
The Number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Amaimon		
Fraternity	AChVH	
Black liquid	DYV	
It was	HYH	
The breast; a vision; a prophet to gaze	ChZH	
Jobab, an Edomite King	YVBB	
The hand	YVD	

	21	
SUM (1 - 6). The Mystic Number of Tiphareth		
Existence, Being, the Kether- name of GOD	AHYH	
But, yet, certainly	AK	
Deep meditation	HGYG	
Ah! --- Alas!	HVY	
Purity, innocence	ZChV	
Yide Sepher Yetzirah	YHV	

	22	
The Number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Ariton		
With his hand; Night Demon of 1st Dec. Cancer	BYDV	
By Yodh	BYVD	
Hearer in secret; Angel of 8 W.	HAAYH	
The state of puberty	ZVVG	
A magical vision (Ch.)	ChZVA	{3b}
Wheat	ChTH	

Good	TVBH
Notariqon of "Tet. Elohim	YAYA
Tet. Achad."	
Unity	YChD

	Pi 23
Parted, removed, separated	ZChCh
Joy	ChDVH
A thread	ChVT
Life	ChYH

:4. The Number of the 'Elders'	24
-- in the Apocalypse	
He whom I love	AHVBVY
He who loves me	AVHBY
A Mercurial GOD. His	AZBVGH
essence is HB:AZ , 8	
Substance; a body	GVYH
A pauper	DK
Angel of 2 C.	HBBYH
Abundance	ZYZ
A water-pot, a large earthenware	KD
vessel	

5 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 25
To break	DKA
The Beast	ChYVA
Jehewid, God of Geburah	YHVD
of Binah<>	
Let there be	YHY
Will be separated	YZCh
Thus	KH

The Numbers of the Sephiroth of	26
the Middle Pillar, 1 + 6 + 9 + 10	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 273]	HVYH
Seeing, looking at	ChVZH
Sight, vision	ChZVH
TETRAGRAMATON,	YHVVH
"Jehovah," the Unutterable	
Name, the Lost Word	
Kebad, husband of the impure	KBD
Lilith. [K.D. L.C.K. 464]	

3 to the 3rd power	3rd Rt 27
Wept, mourned	BKH

{4a}

Purity	ZK
A parable, enigma, riddle	ChYDH

	P#
SUM (1 - 7). The Mystic Number	28
of Netzach	

Clay	TYT
Union, unity	YChVD
Power	KCh

	Pi	29
Is broken. [Ps. x. 10]	DKH	
To break down, overturn	HDK	

		30
A party to an action at law;	ChYYB	
defendant, plaintiff. [Note		
HB:L = 30 = Libra = 'Justice']		
Judah	YHVDH	
It will be	YHYH	

	Pi	31
How?	AYK	
GOD of Chesed and of Kether	AL	
of Briah		

To go	HVK
A beating, striking, collision	HKAH
And there was. [Vide S.D.I.	VYHY
par. 31]	

K. of S. Fig. 31	YYAY	
Not	LA	{4b}

2 to the 5th power .	5th .Rt.	32
The Number of Abramelin		
Servitors 25 of Astarot		
Coalescence of AHYH and	AHYHVVH	
YHVH Macroprosopus and		
Microprosopus. This is		
symbolized by the Hexagram.		
Suppose the 3 HB:H's conceal		
the 3 Mothers HB:A, HB:M &		
HB:Sh and we get 358 q.v.		

Lord	BL
Angel of 5 W.	VHVYH
Copula Maritalis	ZYVVG
Was pure	ZKH

Zig-zag, fork-lightning
Unity K.D. L.C.K. p. 432
Glory
Mind, heart

ChZYZ
YChYD
KBVD
LB

33

Sorrow; wept, mourned
Day Demon of 1st Dec. Aries
To destroy (Ch.); (?) a King
of Edom
Spring, fountain

ABL
BAL
BLA
GL

SUM (1 - (4 x 4)) / 4. Jupiter
"GOD the Father," divine
name attributed to Jupiter
To ransom, avenge, pollute
To reveal
A pauper
A common person; uneducated,
ignorant
Angel of 1 C.

34
AL AB
GAL
GLA
DL
HDYVT
ChHVVH

{5a}

35

Agla, a name of God;
notariqon of Ateh Gibor
le-Olahm Adonai
Boundary, limit
He will go

AGLA
GBL
YHK

6 to the 2nd power = SUM (1 - 8). Sun. The Mystic Number of Hod
Tabernaculum
How? (Vide Lamentations)
Duke of Geburah in Edom;
to curse; name of GOD
attributed to Mercury
To remove, cast away
Confession
Leah
Perhaps, possibly; would that!

Sq.Rt. 36
AHL
AYKH
ALH
HLA
VYDVY
LAH
LV

Pi 37

Angel of 8 P.
GOD (Ch.)
Behold!
Perished, grew old

AKAYH
ALHA
ALV
BLH

To grow great	GDL	
Banner	DGL	
Tenuity, breath, vanity; in vain;	HL	
Abel. [I.Z.Q., "The Supernal		
Breathers."]		
Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Sagittarius	VAL	
Profession	ZL	
Jechidah, the Atma of Hindu	YChYDH	
philosophy		
Flame	LHB	
(?) Devotion of force	LZ	{5b}

38

Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Cancer	AVAL
He departed	AZL
Ghazi, servant of Elisha	YChZY
A City in the Mountains of	GLH
Judah	
Innocent	ZKAY
The palate	ChYK
To make a hole, hollow; to	ChL
violate	
Green	LCh

39

To abide, dwell	ZBL
Dew	TL
The Eternal is One	YHVH AChD
Angel of 3 P.	YChVYH
Metathesis of YHVH	KVZV
He cursed	LT

40

Bildad	BLDD
Liberator; title of Jesod	GVAL
To cut off	GZL
A rope; ruin; to bind	ChBL
Milk	ChLB
The Hand of the Eternal	YD YHVH
To me, to mine	LY

Pi 41

Fecundity	AChLB
Ram; force; hence = a hero	AYL
Night Demon of 1st Dec. Virgo	ALVD
My GOD	ALY

Mother	AM	
To fail, cease	BTL	{6a}
Divine Majesty	GAVAL	
Terminus	GBVL	
To burn	GChL	
Terror	HVL	
To go round in a circle	ChGL	
[Vide Ps. cxviii. & I.R.Q. 778]	YH YHVH	

The Number of the letters of a great name of GOD terrible and strong, and of the Assessors of the Dead	42
Angel of	AYAL
Eloah, a name of GOD	ALVH
The Supernal Mother, unfertilized; see 52	AMA
Terror, calamity	BLHH
Loss, destruction	BLY
To cease	ChDL
The World, Earth of Malkuth	ChLD
My glory	KBVDY

	Pi 43
Great	GDVL
To rejoice	GYL
Challah; to make faint. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 346]	ChLH
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 151; see no. 340]	LBYA
Hazel, almond	LVZ

::5.	
:- 220 / 5	44
Drops	AGLY
A pool, pond; sorrow	AGM
Captive, captivity	GVLH
Angel ruling Gemini	GYAL
Aquarius	DLY
Blood	DM
Sand: also horror. See Scorpion Pantacle in K. of S. and 10th Aethyr	ChVL
A ram; Aries	TLH
Tet. in ? World. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 251]	YVD HA VV HA

{6b}

Flame

LHT

SUM (1 - 9). The Mystic Number of Jesod 45

Intelligence of Saturn	AGYAL
Adam	ADM
The Fool	AMD
Redemption, liberation	GAVLH
To grow warm	HM
Heaven of Tiphareth	ZBVL
Hesitated. [Vide no. 405]	ZChL
Spirit of Saturn	ZZAL
She who ruins	ChBLH
Tet. in Yetzirah	YVD HA VAV HA
Greatly, strongly	MAD
Yetzirah's 'Secret Nature'	MH
[Vide I.R.Q. xxxiv.]	

46

A name of GOD	ALHY	
A female slave; cubitus	AMH	
Tin, the metal of Jupiter	BDYL	
A dividing, sundering, separation	HBDLH	
Angel of 7 S.	HHHAL	
A ruiner	ChVBL	
Angel ruling Taurus	TVAL	{7a}
Levi, Levite	LVY	

Pi 47

Foolish, silly. (Stultus)	AVYL
A weeping	BKYYH
Cloud; high place; waves; fortress	BMH
Angel ruling Virgo	YVAL
To clutch, hold	ChLT

48

Mercy	GDVLH
Angel of 2 W.	VHVAL
A woman [vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 320]; strength; an army	ChYL
To grow warm; heat, fire; black; Ham, the son of Noah	ChM
Jubilee	YVBL
A star, planet; Sphere of Mercury	KVKB

[Vide Ps. xciii, & Prov. viii. 22] MAZ

The Number of Abra-Melin	Sq.Rt.	49
Servitors of Beelzebub.		
7 to the 2nd power. Venus		
The Living GOD	LA ChY	
Qliphoth of Geburah	GVLChB	
Resembled; meditated;	DMH	
silent		
Intelligence of Venus	HGYAL	
Drooping, being sick	ChVLH	
Strength	ChYLA	
Heat, fury (Ch.)	ChMA	
A bringing forth, birth, nativity	LYDH	
A measuring, measure	MDH	
Solve. Vide no. 103]	MVG	
The Rod of Aaron	MT	{7b}

	50
Red earth, the soil; Earth of	ADMH
Chesed	
Closed, shut up	ATM
Angel of 9 P.	ALDYH
Jonah's Whale	DG GDVL
To ferment	HMH
Pains, sorrows	ChBLY
Unclean, impure	TMA
58th HB:Sh	YYL
2nd HB:Sh	YLY
The sea	YM
All, every	KL
To thee	LK
What? --- Which?	MY

	51
Edom	ADVM
Terrible; Day Demon of 2nd	AYM
Dec. Scorpio	
Ate; devoured	AKL
Pain	AN
Tumultuously (vide no. 451);	HVM
to harass, perturb	
Angel of 8 S. [Vide K. of S.,	YHHAL
fig. 52]	
Failure	NA

	52	
Father and Mother	ABA VAMA	
Supernal Mother	AYMA	
Elihu - Eli Hua, "He is my GOD," who is the Holy Guardian Angel of Job in the Alegory	ALYHV	{8a}
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 134]	ANA	
A mare; brute animal, beast	BHMH	
Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Sagittarius	BYM	
From all, among all	BKL	
The Son: Assiah's "Secret Nature"	BN	
Meditation, imagination, sin	ZMH	
A desirable one; to desire	ChMD	
A husband's brother	YBM	
Angel of Kether of Binah, <>	YHVAL	
and of Jesod of Binah <>		
Tet. in Assiah	YVD HH VV HH	
A dog	KLB	
Angel of 4 C., and of 10 P.	LAVYH	

The Number of Abra-Melin Servitors of Astarot and Asmodee	Pi 53	
The stone that slew Goliath; a stone, rock	ABN	
Elihu. (Vide 52)	ALYHVA	
The garden	GN	
Angel of 9 P.	HZYAL	
To defend, hide; a wall; the sun; fury	ChMH	
The spleen	TChVL	
A lover	MAHBH	

	54	
A basin, bowl, vessel. [Ex. xxiv. 6]	AGN	
Rest	DMY	
A Tribe of Israel; to judge, rule. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p.37]	DN	
Pertaining to summer	ChVM	{8b}
My flame; enchantments	LHTY	
A bed; stick, rod	MTH	
To remove	ND	

SUM (1 - 10). The Mystic Number of Malkuth 55

Thief; stole	GNB
Robbery, pillage	GZYLH
Silence. [For name of Angels, see Sohar Sch. V. Cap. 18]	DVMH
A footstool	HDVM
To swell, heave. [Vide no. 51]	HYM
To walk	HLK
Knuckle; member, limb	ChVLYA
The bride	KLH
Noon; midday	NGB
Ornament	NH

56

Dread, terror	AYMH
He suffered	ANH
Angel of 4 C.	HYYAL
Day	YVM
Beautiful	NAH

57

Rim	ABDN
Consuming	AVKL
Wealth, an age, Time; Night	AVN
Demon of 1st Dec. Scorpio	
Formidable, terrible	AYVM
We	ANV
A breaking down, subversion, destruction	BYTVL
Built	BNH
Pisces. [Fish (pl.); vide 7]	DGYM
Angel of 8 C.	VVLYH
Angel of 5 C.	LVVYH
Altar	MZBCh
The laying-by, making secret	MChBVA

{9a}

58

[Vide no. 499]	AHBYM
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 69]	AZN
An ear	
Night Demon of 1st Dec. Sagittarius	DAGN
My strength, power, might	ChYLY
Love, kindness, grace; notariqon of Chokmah Nesthrah, the	ChN

Secret Wisdom

Ruler of Water

Angel of 6 S.

Angel of 3 P.

[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 69]

TLYHD
YYZAL
LHChYH
NCh

Pi 59

Brethren. [Referred to Lilith
& Samael --- K.D. L.C.K.
p. 54]

Heathen

A wall

Menstruata

AChYM

GVYM
ChVMH
NDH

60

Tried by fire; a watch-tower
Excellence, sublimity, glory,
pride

Constitution, tradition

To behold

A basket

Angel of 8 C.

Vision

The Southern district

BChN
GAVN

HLKH
HNH
TNA
YLHYH
MChZH
NGBH

{9b}

Pi 61

Master, Lord, Adon

The Negative, non-existent; not

Towards, to thee

I, myself

The belly

Angel of 10 S.

Wealth

Angel of 6 C.

Habitaculum

ADV N
A Y N
A L Y K
A N Y
B T N
D M B Y H
H V N
Y Y Y A L
N V H

62

Healing

Angel of 2nd Dec. Aries

The sons

To commit; healing

ASA
BH H M Y
B N Y
Z N H

63

Abaddon, The Hell of Chesed
Dregs, roll; faeces (globular);
dung

ABDV N
G L L

Fed	ZVN
The nose	ChVTM
Fervour	ChYMH
Tet. in Briah	YVD HY VAV HY
Briah's "Secret Nature"	SG

8 to the 2nd power =	Sq.Rt. 3rd Rt. 6th Rt. 64	
4 to the 3rd power =		
2 to the 6th power. Mercury		
A sigh, groan, deep breath	ANChH	
Justice	DYN	
(Din and Doni are twin Mercurial	DNY	
Intelligences in Gemini)		{10a}
The golden waters	MY ZHB	
[I.R.Q. xl. 996]	MYZHB	
Prophecy	NBVAH	
Sphere of Venus	NVGH	
Noach	NVCh	

SUM (1 - (5 x 5)) / 5. The Number of	65
Abra-Melin Servitors of Magot	
and Kore	
Adonai	ADNY
Weasels and other terrible	AVChYM
animals	
The Palace	HYKL
Shone, gloried, praised	HLL
To keep silence	HS
Defective. [Vide K.D. L.C.K.	ChZN
p. 339]	
6th HB:Sh	LLH
A door post	MZVZH
A beating, striking	MKH
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 563]	NHY

The Mystic Number of the Qliphoth,	66
and of the Great Work.	
SUM (1 - 11)	
Food, vituals	AKYLH
The Lord thy GOD (is a	ALHYK
consuming Fire). [Deut.iv.24]	
A ship	ANYH
A trial, an experiment	BChVN
A wheel. [Called "Cognomen	GLGL
Schechinae"]	
A City of Edom	DNHBH
	{10b}

	Pi 67
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 57]	AVNY
The Understanding	BYNH
Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Gemini	VYNA
Zayin	ZYN
Debased	ZLL
To embalm	ChNT
Angel of 3 C.	YBMYH

	68
Wise. --- Intelliget ista?	VYBN
To be wise	ChKM
Emptiness	ChLL
To pity	ChS
Ramus Tabernacularis	LVLB

	69
A manger, stable; an enclosure	ABVS
Myrtle	HDS
L.A. Angel of Pisces	VKBYLA

	70
(A proper name)	ADNYH
Hush, be silent	HSH
Wine	YYN
Night	LYL
[Vide Ps. xxv. 14.] The Secret	SVD

	Pi 71
Thy terror	AYMK
Nothing; an apparition, image	ALYL
Silence; silent	ALM
Night Demon of 1st Dec. Aquarius	AMDVK
Lead, the metal of Saturn; a plummet-line, level, water- level.	ANK
Vision	ChZVN
A dove, pigeon	YVNH
A dove	YNVH
Plentitude, fullness	MLA

{11a}

[72 x 3 = 216, ARYH; vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 151.] There are 72 quinaries (spaces of 5 Degree) in the Zodiac. The Shemhamphorasch	72
--	----

or 'divided name' of GOD
 consists of 72 trilateral names,
 which by adding YH or AL give
 72 angels. Vide Lib. DCCLXXVII

Adonai, transliterated as by	ADVNAV
Lemegeton, etc.	
Geomantic Intelligence	ADVKYAL
of Sagittarius	
In, so, thus, then	BKN
In the secret	BSVD
And they are excellent, finished	VYKLV
Kindness, mercy	ChSD
Tet. in Atziluth	YVD HY VYV HY
Maccabee	MKBY
Atziluth's "Secret Nature" ---	a'aB
thickness, cloud; Aub	

	Pi 73
Demon-King of Hod, and	BLYAL
Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Aquarius	
Gimel	GML
The Wise One	ChKMH
To trust in, shelter in	ChSH
A day of feast	YVM TVB

	74	
A leader, chief, judge	DYYN	{11b}
Worn-out (?shameless) Beggars	DKYM	
Ox-goad	LMD	
A circuit; roundabout	SBYB	
All the way, constantly	a'aD	

	75
Hues, colours, complexions	GVVNY
Lucifer, the Herald Star	HYLL
Vide K. of S., fig. 53]	YKDYAL
A lamenting, wailing	YLLH
The Pleiades	KYMH
Night; by night	LYLH
NUIT, THE STAR GODDESS	NVYT

	76
Secret, put away; a hiding-	ChBYVN
place	
Rest, peace	NYChCh
Slave, servant	a'aBD

	77
Prayed	Ba'aH
The river Gihon. [Gen. ii. 13]	GYChVN
Overflowing. [Ps. cxxiv. 5]	ZYDVN
Towers, citadels	MGDL
The Influence from Kether	MZL
Strength; a he-goat	a'aZ

There are 78 cards in the Tarot.	78
SUM (1 - 12). The Mystic Number	
of Kether as Hua. The sum of	
the Key-Numbers of the Supernal	
Beard.	

Angel of 10 W.	AVMAL	
Angel of Ra Hoor Khuit	AYVAS	
Briatic Palace of Chesed	HYKL AHBH	
Angel of Mars	ZMAL	{12a}
The breaker, dream	ChLM	
To pity	ChML	
To initiate	ChNK	
Angel of 2 S.	YZLAL	
Angel of 1st Dec. Taurus	KDMDY	
Bread (Ps. lxxviii. 25) = ChLM,	LChM	
by metathesis. [K.D. L.C.K.		
p. 500]		
Angel of 2 S.	MBHAL	
The Influence from Kether	MZLA	
Salt	MLCh	
The name of a Giant	a'aZA	

	Pi	79
Boaz, one of the Pillars of the	Ba'aZ	
Temple of Solomon		
Die	GVa'a	
Angel of 8 S.	VMBAL	
Jachin, one of the Pillars of the	YACHYN	
Temple of Solomon		
3rd HB:Sh	SYT	
Conjunction, meeting, union	a'aDH	

	80
Union; an assembling	Va'aD
God of Jesod-Malkuth of	YH ADNY
Briah	
Foundation	YSVD

Universal, general Throne. [Exod. xvii. 16]	KLL KS MM	
9 to the 2nd power = 3 to the 4 power . Moon	Sq.Rt. 4 Rt. 81	
GODS	ALYM	
I. [Ex. xxiii. 20]	ANKY	
Anger, wrath; also nose	AP	{12b}
Hearer of Cries; Angel of 6 P., and of 5 W.	YYLAL	
Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Virgo	KAYN	
Throne	KSA	
Here, hither	PA	
	82	
Angel of Venus	ANAL	
A Prayer (Ch.)	Ba'aY	
Briatic Palace of Hod	HYKL GVGH	
Kindly, righteous, holy	ChSYD	
Laban; white	LBN	
The beloved thing; res grata	NYChVCh	
	Pi 83	
Abbreviatura quatuor systematum	ABYa'a	
The drops of dew. [Job xxxviii. 28]	AGLY TL	
Benajahu, son of Jehoiada	BNYYHV	
See 73	GYML	
A flowing, wave	GLYM	
Person, self; (Ch.) wing	GP	
Consecration; dedicated	ChNKH	
Angel of 2 P.	LKBAL	
To flee, put one's things in safety. [Jerem. vi. 1]	ZVa'a	
7 x 12; or (2 to the 2nd power +3)x (2 to the 2ndpower x 3) --- hence esteemed by some	84	
A wing (army), squadron; a chosen troop	AGP	
[I.Z.Q. 699]	AHCha'a	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p.71]	AChHa'a	
Was silent	DMM	{13a}
A dream	ChLVM	

Enoch	ChNVK
Knew	YDa'a

85

Boaz (is referred to Hod)	BVa'aZ
A flower, cup	GBYa'a
Put in motion, routed	HMM
Circumcision	MYLH
The mouth; the letter HB:P	PH

86

A name of GOD, asserting the identity of Kether and Malkuth	AHYH ADNY
Elohim. [Note masc. pl. of fem. sing.]	ALHYM
Hallelu-Jah	HLLVYH
A rustling of wings	HMVLH
Geomantic Intelligence of Capricorn [Vide I.R.Q. 778]	HNAL
A cup; hence Pudendum	YH YHVH ADM
Muliebre	KVS
A blemish, spot, stain	MVM
Angel of 10 C.	MYHAL
Plenitude	MLVY

87

[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 114]	ALVN	
A cup	ASVK	
Angel of 1st Dec. Pisces	BHLMY	
Blasphemed	GDP	
Standards, military ensigns	DGLYM	
Determined	ZMM	{13b}
White Storks	ChSYDH	
Whiteness; frankincense;	LBNH	
Sphere of Moon		

88

Redness; sparkling	ChKLL
To be hot	ChMM
Darkness	ChSK
A duke of Edom	MGDYAL
Roaring, seething; burning	NChL

Pi 89

Shut up	GVP
---------	-----

Body	GVP
Silence	DMMH
Angel of 9 S.	MChYAL

90

Very silent	DVMM
The Pillar, Jachin	YKYN
Water	MYM
Kings	MLK
Wicker-basket	SL
Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Leo	PVD

SUM (1 - 13). The Mystic Number of Kether as Achad. The Number of Paths in the Supernal Beard; according to the number of the Letters, HB:K = 11, etc.	91
--	----

A tree	AYLN	
Amen. [Cf. 741]	AMN	
The Ephod	APVD	
The "YHVH ADNY", interlaced	YAHDEVNHY	
Angel of 4 S.	KLYAL	{14a}
Archangel of Geburah	KMAL	
Food, fare	MAKL	
Angel	MLAK	
Daughter, virgin, bride, Kore	MLKA	
Manna	MNA	
A hut, tent	SVKH	
Pekht, 'extension'	PAHH	

92

Angel of 5 S.	ANYAL
Mud	BTz
(Deut. xxviii. 58.)	YHVH ALHYK
[Vide no. 572]	
Terror, a name of Geburah	PChD

93

A duke of Edom. [Vide also Ezekiel xxiii.]	AHLYBMH
The sons of (the merciful)	BNY AL
GOD	
Incense	LBVNH
A disc, round shield	MGN
Possession	NChLH
Arduous, busy; an army	TzBA

	94	
Corpse	GVPH	
The valley of vision	GYChZyVN	
To extinguish	Da'aK	
Destruction. [Ps. I. 20]	DPY	
A shore	ChVP	
A window	ChLVN	
A drop	TPH	
Children	YLDYM	{14b}

	95	
The great Stone	ABN GDLH	
Angel of 2 W. --- Daniel	DNYAL	
Angel of 10 P.	HHa'aYH	
The waters	HMYM	
Multitude, abundance; Haman	HMN	
Zabulon	ZBLVN	
Angel of 2nd Dec. Leo	ZCha'aY	
Mars	MADYM	
Journey	MHLK	
Queen	MLKH	
Selah. [Ps. xxxii. 5, 6, etc.]	SLH	

	96	
A name of GOD	AL ADNY	
Chaldee form of ALHYM	ALHYN	
By day	YVMM	
Praiseworthy; Angel of 7 W.	LLHAL	
Work	MLAKH	
The secret (counsel) of the Lord. [Ps. xxv. 14]	SVD YHVH	

	Pi 97	
Breeder, rearer; Day Demon of 1st Dec. Gemini	AVMN	
Changeless, constant; the GOD Amon	AMVN	
The Son of Man	BN ADM	
Archangel of Netzach	HANYAL	
The appointed time	ZMN	
To seize suddenly (rapere)	ChTP	
A hand-breadth, palm. [I Kings vii. 26 --- Ex. xxv. 25]	TPCh	
A brick, tile	LBYNH	{15a}
A building; an architect	MBNH	

Aquae EL Boni.
 ["Quicksilver," K.D.
 L.C.K. p. 442] MY AL HTB

A name of GOD
 Temporary dwelling.
 [Ex. xxxiii. 11] 98
 Image; hid, concealed --- HVA ALHYM
 pertains to Sol and the ZMNA
 Lingam-Yoni
 To consume, eat ChMN
 White ChSL
 TzCh

The pangs of childbirth
 The Vault of Heaven; an
 inner chamber; wedlock, 99
 nuptial ChBLY LYDH
 ChVPH
 Clay of Death, Infernal TYTHYVN
 Abode of Geburah
 Cognition, knowledge YDYa'aH

10 to the 2nd power
 A day; the seas; the times. Sq.Rt. 100
 [Vide no. 1100] YMYM
 Vases, vessels KLYM
 The palm; the letter Kaph KP
 An effort, exertion. [I.R.Q. 995] MDVN
 Mitigation of the one MChY TBAL
 by the other

Swallowed, destroyed Pi 101
 A storehouse ALa'a
 [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 147] ASM
 Angel of 4 C. AQ
 Archangel of Sun and Fire; MVMYH {15b}
 MYKAL
 Angel of 7 S.; Angel of
 Malkuth of Briah, etc.
 Kingdom; a virgin princess; MLVKH
 esp. THE Virgin Princess,
 i.e. Ecclesia
 Gut; gut-string NYMA

A white goose	AVVZ LBN
Trust, truth, faith	AMVNH
Bela, a King of Edom; to possess; lands, government	Ba'aL
Concupiscibilis	NChMD
Grace, pride, fame, glory; a wild goat	TzBY

	Pi 103
Dust	ABQ
To guard, protect	GNN
Loathed	Ga'aL
Food, meat (Ch.)	MZVN
Oblation	MNChH
Prophets	NBAYM
A calf	a'aGL

	104	
Father of the mob, or of the multitude	AB HVMN	
Quarrel, dispute	MDYN	
Personal (belongings), small private property	SGVLH	
Sodom	SDM	
Giving up, presenting, remitting.	SVLCh	
Trade; a fish-hook	TzDY	{16a}

SUM (1 - 14)	105
To subvert, ruin, change	HPK
Desert land: Earth of Netzach	TzYH

	106
Attained	DBQ
Angel of 7 C.	MLHAL
Fish; the letter Nun	NVN
Angel of 9 C.	SALYH
Stibium	PVK
Line, string, linen thread	QV

	Pi 107
An egg	BYTzH
Angel of Netzach of Briah	VSYAL
Angel ruling Leo	a'aVAL

2 to the 2nd power x 3 to the 3rd power	108
---	-----

: hence used as the number of
beads of a rosary by some sects

The ears	AZNYM
The fruit of a deep valley	BABY HNChL
Hell of Jesod-Malkuth	GYHNM
A wall	ChYTz
To force, do wrong to	ChMS
To love very much	ChNN
To shut up, obstruct	ChSM
The middle	ChTzY
To measure out; a decree;	ChQ
tall. (Masc. gender.) Cf. 113	
Angel L.T.D. of Leo	SGHM
A Giant: "the lust of GOD"	a'aZAL
{WEH NOTE: See also errata on 114}	

	Pi 109	
Day-demon of 2nd Dec. Aquarius	ASKVZDAY	
Lighting	BQZ	{16b}
Quiet	MNVChH	
Music	NGVN	
Angel of Jupiter	SChYAL	
Circle, sphere	a'aGVL	
	TzDYDA	

	110
Father of Faith	AB HAMVNH
Tectum coeli fabrilis sub	GG HChVPH
quo desponsationes	
coniugum fiunt	
Resemblance, likeness	DMYVN
Cherubic Signs --- Scorpio replaced	VHTTz
by Aries	
To embrace	ChBQ
At the end of the days; the	YMYN
right hand	
A sign, flag, standard	NS
Angel of 6 W.	SYTAL
Kinsman	a'aM
{WEH NOTE: see also errata on 114}	

The Number of Abra-Melin Servitors	111
of O.P.A.A. SUM (1 - (6 x 6))/6.	
Sun	
Red. [Vide Gen. xxv. 25]	ADMVNY {Typo corrected from ADMVNA}
A name of God	AChD HVA ALHYM

A thousand; Aleph	ALP	
Ruin, destruction, sudden death	ASN	
AUM	Aa'aM	
Thick darkness	APL	
Passwords of	YVD YHVH ADNY	
Mad	MHVLL	
Angel of Sun	NKYAL	
Common holocaust; an ascent	a'aVLH	
A Duke of Edom	a'aLVH	{17a}
Title of Kether. (Mirum occultum)	PLA	

	112	
Angel of 2 C.	AYa'aAL	
A structure; mode of building	BNYN	
Was angry	BNS	
Sharpness	ChDQ	
Jabok. [Gen. xxxii. 22.]	YBQ	
Note 112 = 4 x 28		
The Lord GOD	YHVH ALHYM	
Ebal	a'aYBL	

	Pi 113	
Likewise; the same. (Fem. gender.) Cf. 108	ChQH	
A giving away, remitting	SLYChH	
A stream, brook	PLG	

	114	
Qliphoth of Jesod	GMLYAL	
Tear (weeping)	DMA'a	
Gracious, obliging, indulgent	ChNVN	
Science	MDa'a	
Brains	MVChVN {WEH NOTE: sic, this value 110 usual spelling: MChYN --- 108 probably a typo for MVChYN}	

	115	
Geomantic Intelligence of Virgo	DMLYAL	
Here am I	HNNY	
The heat of the day	ChVM HYVM	
To make strong; vehement, eager	ChZQ	

	116	
Doves	YVNYM	

Heaven of Chesed	MKVN	
The munificent ones	NDYBYM	{17b}
Primordial	a'aYLAH	

	117	
Fog, darkness	AVPL	
Guide; Duke	ALVP	

	118	
To pass, renew, change	ChLP	
To ferment	ChMa'a	
Strength; Chassan, Ruler of Air	ChSN	
The High Priest	KHN GDVL	

	119	
Lydian-stone	ABN BVChN	
Beelzebub, the Fly-God	Ba'aLZBVB <>	
Weeping (subst.)	DMa'aH	
Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Aries	ChALP	
Abominable	PGVL	

: 5		
--- = SUM (1 - 15): ---	120	
HB:H being the 5th Path		
Master	Ka'aL	
Foundation, basis	MVSDY	
The time of the decree	MVa'aD	
Strengthening	MKYN	
Prophetic sayings, or decrees:	MLYM	
"His days shall be"; --- hence		
Abra-Melin		
Velum	MSK	
Prop; the letter Samekh	SMK	
A name of GOD	a'aN	

11 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt 121	
Vain idols	ALYLYM	
?Termination of Abr-amelim?	AMYLM	
An end, extremity	APM	{18a}
Emanated from	ATzL	
Of whirling motions	HGLGLYM	
Nocturnal vision	ChZVH DY LYLYA	
Angel ruling Cancer	Ka'aAL	
It is filled	NMLA	
Angel L.T.N. of Cancer	a'aKAL	

Vi compressa Revoluciones (Animarum)	122 ANVSH GLGVLYM
A name of GOD, implying Kether --- Chokmah --- Binah, 3,4, & 5 letters War A blow, plague Pleasure, delight Laesio aliqualis, violatio	123 AHH YHVH ALHYM MLChMH NGa'a a'aNG PGM
An Oak; hardness Pleasure, delight; Eden Qliphoth of Chokmah	124 ChVSN a'aDN a'aYGYAL
5 to the 3rd power Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Pisces [Vide S.D. v. 16] Angel of 4 P.	3 Rt. 125 DNMAL KPKH MNDAL
A window Darkness Day Demon of 1st Dec. Taurus A name of GOD Hospitality Horse On, a name of GOD [see 120] penalty of iniquity; "being taken away"	126 ALMNH APYLH GYMYGYN YHVH ADNY AGLA MLVN {18b} SVS a'aVN
Material Angel of 5 P.	Pi 127 MVTBa'a PVYAL
2 to the 7th power Eliphaz Angel ruling Aquarius To deliver, loose Robustus gratia [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 399] GOD, the Eternal One	7 Rt. 128 ALYPZ ANMVAL ChLTz ChSYN YHVH ALHYNV

	129	
Pleasure [Gen. xviii. 12]	a'aDNH	
Delight, pleasure	a'aVNG	
	130	
Deliverance	HTzLH	
The Angel of redemption	MLAK HGAL	
Decrees, prophetic sayings	MLYN	
Eye; the letter Ayin	a'aYN	
The Pillars	a'aMVDY	
Destitute	a'aNY	
A staircase, ladder	SLM	
Angel of 5 C.	PHLYH	
	Pi 131	
He was angry	ANP	
Nose	APYM	
Turn, roll	APN	
Title of Kether	MKVSH	{19a}
Angel of 6 C.	NLKAL	
Samael; Qliphoth of Hod	SMAL	
Angel L.T.N. of Virgo	SSYA	
Humility	a'aNVH	
	132	
To make waste	BLQ	
Angel of 4 W.	NNAAL	
To receive	QBL	
	133	
[Vide I.Z.Q. 699]	GYKQ	
Vine	GPN	
Angel of 5 S.	Cha'aMYH	
The salt sea	YM HMLCh	
	134	
Burning	DLQ	
	135	
Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Cancer	GVSYVN	
Geomantic Intelligence of Aries	MLKDYL	
A destitute female	a'aNYH	
The congregation. [Vide no. 161]	QHL	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 673]	QLH	

SUM (1 - 16).	Jupiter	136	
Spirit of Jupiter	HSMAL		
Intelligence of Jupiter	YHPYAL		
The Avenging Angel	MLAK HGVAL		
Fines, penalties	MMVN		
A voice	QVL		
	Pi	137	
A wheel	AVPN		{19b}
The belly, gullet.	ASTVMKA		
[?Hebrew: vide K. D. L.C.K. p. 138]			
An image, a statue.	MTzBH		
[Gen. xxviii. 22]			
A receiving; the Qabalah	QBLH		
		138	
The Son of GOD	BN ALHYM		
To smoothe, divide	ChLQ		
To leaven, ferment	ChMTz		
To pollute	ChNP		
Libanon. [Cant. iv. 11, 15]	LBNVN		
He shall smite	MChTz		
Forehead	MTzCh		
	Pi	139	
Hiddekel, the eastern river of Eden	HDQL		
		140	
Kings; Angels of Tiphareth of Assiah, and of Netzach of Bria	MLKYM		
		141	
Robust; oaken	AMYTz		
Gathered, collected	ASP		
Angel of 4 P.	KVQYH		
Precept	MTzVH		
Trusty, steady	NAMN		
L.A. Angel of Cancer	PKYAL		
Prima	QMA		
		142	
Geomantic Intelligence of Taurus	ASMVDAL		
Wickedness, destruction	BLYa'aL		{20a}

A stranger; Balaam
Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Leo
Delights (Fire & Water)

BLa'aM
Ba'aLM
MChMDYM

The unshoeing
Running waters. [Cant. iv. 15]

143
ChLYTzH
NVZLYM

12 to the 2nd power
A sandal
Anterius; the East; days first
of the first

Sq.Rt. 144
SNDL
QDM

The numerical value of the 13 Paths
of the Beard of Microprosophus

145

The Staff of GOD.
[Ex. xvii. 9]

MTH HALHYM

Inscrutable
Angel of 6 P.

Ma'aLH
NMMYH

<>

A feast

Sa'aVDH

The First Gate. [Vide
K.D. L.C.K. p. 184]

146

BBA QMA

Limit, end; boundless
The world; an adult

SVP
a'aVLM

The four Names in the Lesser
Ritual of the Pentagram;
viz:

147

YHVH ADNY AHYH AGLA

A name of
GOD
Angels of Hod in Assiah
and Briah
Glutton and drunkard.
[Deut. xxi. 20]

148

AHYH YH YHVH ALHYM

Angels of Hod in Assiah
and Briah

BNY ALHYM

Glutton and drunkard.
[Deut. xxi. 20]

ZVLL VSVBA

To withdraw, retire
Scales; Libra
Victory
Flour, meal;

ChMQ {20b}
MAZNYM
NTzCh
QMCh

The living GODS.

Pi 149
ALYM ChYYM

[Cf. 154] A beating of the breast; a noisy striking	HSPD	
Ariolus. [K.D. L.C.K. p. 53] A walking shoe Thine eye. [Vide I.R.Q. 652] Nest	YDa'aVNY Na'aL a'aYNK QN	150
AHYH spelt in full "TETRAGRAMMATON YHVH ALHYM YHVH AChD of the GODS is One TETRAGRAMMATON" Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Aries The Fountain of Living Waters. [Jer. xvii. 13] A standing upright, stature Jealous	ALP HH YVD HH MALP MQVH QVMH QNA	Pi 151
Benjamin The Bringing-forth One Residence, station	BNYMN HMTzYA NTzYB	152
SUM (1 - 17) L.A. Angel of Libra	ChDQYAL	153
Elohim of Lives. [Cf. 149]	ALHYM ChYYM	154 {21a}
Adonai the King The faithful friend The beard (correct). [S.D. ii. 1, et seq.] Letters of the Cherubic signs Angel of 2nd Dec. Capricorn "The Concealed and Saving"; Angel of 6 W. A seed	ADNY MLK DVD NAMN DQNA V:T:N:Tz YSYSYH a'aLMYH QNH	155
12 x 13, the number of letters in each		156

'tablet of Enoch'	
The Tabernacle of the congregation. [Lev. i. 1]	AHL MVa'aD
A viper	APa'aH
BABALON, THE VICTORIOUS QUEEN. [Vide XXX Aethyrs: Liber CDXVIII]	BABALa'aN
Angel of Hod of Briah	HSNYAL
Joseph [referred to Jesod]	YVSP
Angel of 1st Dec. Scorpio	KMVTz
	Na'aVL
A bird	a'aVP
"Crying aloud"; the name of a King of Edom	Pa'aV
Zion	TzYVN
Limpid blood	TzLVL
	Pi 157
The setting of the Sun	DMDVMY ChMH
Was angry, enraged; anger	Za'aP {21b}
Lingam	ZQN {May be a typo for ZNQ}
The beard. [Vide S.D. ii. 467, and no. 22]	ZQN
Occult	MVPLA
Female; Yoni	NQBH
Angel of 9 S.	a'aNVAL
A Duke of Edom	QNZ
	158
Arrows	ChYTzYM
To suffocate	ChNQ
Balances. [Ch.]	MAZNYN
	159
Surpassing Whiteness. [Vide 934]	BVTzYNA
Point	NQDH
	160
[Vide I.R.Q. 652]	HQMYH
Angel of 3 S.	KSP
Silver	NPL
Fell down. Decidit	SLa'a
A rock, stone	a'aTz
A tree	PYKN
A Duke of Edom	

Lay, fell. [Ez. iii. 8]
Image
Cain

PNYK
TzLM
QYN

The heavenly man;
lit. the 'primordial'
or 'exalted' man
The Congregation of the
Eternal

161
ADM a'aYLAH

QHL YHVH
QYNA

{22a}

Nine Paths of the Inferior Beard;
14 + 15 + ... + 22 =
Son of the right Hand;
pr. n. of Benjamin
Day Demon of 1st Dec. Sagittarius
Angel ruling Scorpio

162
BNYMYN

GLASLBVL
SVSVL

[Vide no. 361, a
numerical Temurah of 163]
Woman, wife

Pi 163
HVA ALHYM ADNY
NVQBH

164

Ye shall cleave
Outer; civil, as opposed
to sacred. [Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 342]
The Pillars

DTza'a
ChDBQYM
ChYTzVN

a'aMDYM

Strength. [Ez. iii. 8]
"To make them know."
[Ps. xxv. 14]
Nehema
NEMO. [Name of M.T.]
Angel of 3 W.
An assembly

165
ChZQYM
LHVDYa'aM

Na'aMH
a'aMMYH

a'aTzH

A King of Edom
Reus mulctae. [Vide
K.D. L.C.K. p. 498]

166
Ba'aLChNV
ChYYB MMVN

Heaven of Geburah	Ma'aVN	
Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Scorpio	NPVL	
Native land of Job	a'aVTz	
The Most High	a'aLYVN	{22b}

	Pi 167	
The Unnameable One	ASYMVN	
(a demon)		
Fetters. [Job xxxvi. 8]	ZYQYM	

	168	
Parentes Superni	ABA VAMA a'aYLAH	

13 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 169	
The accentuator	Ta'aMYM	

	170	
The Wand; (David's) Staff	MQL	
Cloud	a'aNN	

SUM (1 -18)	171	
Principium emittens	MATzYL	
Emanating from	NATzL	
Angel L.T.N. of Aquarius	PLAYN	
"The Face of God"; name	PNYAL	
of an angel		

	172	
Cut, divided	BQa'a	
He affected. [Not written]	Ya'aTzB	
Clusters; grapes	a'aNBYM	
The heel, the end. [Mic. vii.	a'aQB	
20] Jacob		

	Pi 173	
Lighten mine eyes	GL a'aYNY	
Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Aquarius	GTzP	

	174	
Torches	LPYDYM	
Splendor ei per	NVGH LV SBYB	
circuitum		

SUM (1 - (7 x 7))/7) Venus	175	
Suction	YNYQH	
Duplicity	MKPLH	

A slipping, falling Spirit of Venus	NPYLH QDMAL	{23a}
	176	
An advisor, counselling To eternity Illegitimate	YVa'aTz La'aVLM PSVL	
	177	
Dominus Dominorum The Garden of Eden To cry out for help Angel L.T.D. of Capricorn Plenitude of plenitudes	ADVN HADVNYM GN a'aDN Za'aQ SGDLa'aY MLVY HMLVY	
	178	
The lower part, the loins Good pleasure, choice, decision will Quicksilver	ChLTzYM ChPTz KSP ChY	
	Pi 179	
Ligatio	a'aQDH	
	180	
A spring, fountain. [Cant.; iv. 15]	Ma'aYYN	
	Pi 181	
Vicious, Faulty	PSVLH	
	182	
Deus Zelotes Outcry, clamour Layer of snares, supplanter; Jacob King of the Gods Passive [as opposed to MChQBL = active]	AL QNA Za'aQH Ya'aQB MLAK HALHYM MQBYL	{23b}
	183	
	184	
Ancient time; eastward	NQDL	
	185	

	186	
A stone of stumbling; a rock to fall over. [Is. viii. 14]	ABN NGP	
An increase	MVSP	
Praefecti	MMVNYM	
A place	MQVM	
Back of the Head; an ape; the letter Qoph	QVP	
	187	
Angels of Chokmah, and of Chokmah of Briah	AVPNYM	
Lifted up [K. of S., Fig. 52]	ZQP SVPYAL	
	188	
Jaacob. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 443.]	Ya'aQVB	
The Master of the Nose	Ka'aL HChVTM	
	189	
Fons obseratus. [Cant. iv. 11]	GL Na'aVL	
The Ancient among the ancient	SBA DSBYN	
	190	
SUM (1 - 19)	VYSa'a VYBA VYT	
Ubi perrexit Angelus	PNYMY	
Internal	TzYTz	
Corona florida prominens	TzLa'a	
The side or flank; rib	QMTYAL	
First devil. V. Porta Coelorum Fig. XVI	QTz	
The end, appointed time [Dan. xii. 13.] [Vide no. 305]		{24a}
	Pi 191	
Countenance	ANPYN	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 143]	APSYM	
Night Demon of 1st Dec. Aries	PAKTz	
A box, chest; a repository	QVPH	
	192	
Poisonous wind, Simoon	ZLa'aPH	
Ye shall cleave in	ChDBQYM BYHVVH	

TETRAGRAMMATON.

[Vide no. 220]

Pi 193

194

Righteousness, equity, justice:
the Sphere of Jupiter. [Vide
K.D. L.C.K. p. 656]

TzDQ

195

A flock
Visitation

MQNH
PQVDH

14 to the 2nd power
Mare Soph. [Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 435]

Sq.Rt. 196
YM SVP

The crown, summit, point

QVTz

Pi 197

El Supernus
[Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 71]

AL a'aLYVN
ANA ChTA a'aM HZH

198

Victories

NTzChYM

Pi 199

A giving freely;
'Epsilon-lambda-epsilon-eta-mu-omicron-sigma-upsilon-nu-eta

TzDQH

200

Alae. [Vide K.D. L.C.K.
p. 483]

KNPYM

A branch

a'aNP

{24b}

A bone

a'aTzM

Archetypal

QDMVN

Belonging to the Spring

QYTz

A sling; a casting-net

QLa'a

Divination

QSM

201

Light (Ch.)

AR

202

To make empty

BQQ

Pure; a field; son	BR
Elevatio	ZQYPH
Apertures	NQBYM
L.A. Angel of Scorpio	SAYTzYAL
Many, much	RB

203

Initials of the Trinity:	ABR
AB:BN:RVCh	
Passed away, perished; feather, wing; (it. membrum et quid genitale)	ABR
To lie in wait	ARB
A well, spring	BAR
Created	BRA
Exotic, foreign	GR

204

Commencement of the name	ABRA
Abra-Melin	
Foreign resident; race S.; an age (Ch.)	DR
The righteous	TzDYQ

205

Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Aries	AGAR	
Splendrous	ADR	{25a}
Mighty; hero	GBR	
Mountain	HR	

206

Assembly; area	ADRA
Hail	BRD
Spake; word; cloud	DBR
They of the World	YMY a'aVLM

207

Scorpio, a scorpion	AGRAB
Lord of the Universe	ADVN a'aVLM
Light. Cf. 9 and 11. Aur is the balanced Light of open day	AVR
Limitless	AYN SVP
Ate	BRH
Walled, fenced	GDR
That which cuts. [Vide no. 607]	HBR
The Elders. [Deut. xxi. 19]	ZQNYM

Melt, fuse	ZQQ	
The Crown of the Ark	ZR	
Grow great	RBH	
		208
Feather	ABRH	
A cistern	BVR	
Bowed	GHR	
To make strife, contend	GRH	
Hagar	HGR	
To kill	HRG	
Abominable	ZRA	
Jizchak. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 266]	YTzChQ	
Multitude	RVB	{25b}
		209
Chief Seer or Prophet (hence Abra-Melin)	ABRAH	
Reward, profit, prize	AGRH	
To delay, tarry; behind (prep.)	AChR	
Way	ARCh	
10th Spirit of Goetia.	BVAR	
Dispersed	BZR	
Sojourned, dwelt	GVR	
Honour; a King of Edom; The Supernal Benignity	HDR	
Oppressed	ZRB	
		210
SUM (1 - 20)		
Adam Primus. [Vide no. 607]	ADHR	
Day Demon of 1st Dec. Cancer	BZAR	
Choice	BChR	
Pass on, fly	BRCh	
To decide, determine	GZR	
To dwell; circle, cycle; generation	DVR	
To conceive	HRH	
A joining of words; incantations; to conjoin; a brother	ChBR	
A sword	ChRB	
Angel of 1st Dec. Capricorn	MSNYN	
Naaman	Na'aMN	
[Vide GR:Theta-Epsilon-Lambda-Eta-Mu-Alpha]		N:a'a:Tz

Punctata	NQVDYM	
	Pi	211
[Worthy]	ABChR	
A lion	ARY	
Strong	GBVR	
A flash; lightning	HARH	{26a}
A girdle	ChGR	
A flood; Jeor	YAR	
"Fear," the fear of the YHVH (i.e. wonderment)	YRA	
		212
Great Voice	DBVR	
Night Demon of 1st Dec. Capricorn	HAVR	
Splendour; to enlighten	ZHR	
To spread out; harlot; golden	ZRH	
To enclose; secret chamber	ChDR	
		213
Strong, powerful, mighty	ABYR	
Calx	GYR	
[I.R.Q. 234 (?)]	HDDR	
Slaughter	HRGH	
Loaded	VZR	
To be strange; a stranger	ZVR	
The Supernal	ChSD a'aLAH DAL	
Mercy of GOD		
Nubes Magna	a'aNN GDVL	
		214
A girdle	AZVR	
Angel of 1st Dec. Aries	ZZR	
Whiteness	ChVR	
Came down	YRD	
Air; Spirit; wind; Mind	RVCh	
		215
Eminent; a Prince.	ADYR	
[Ps. viii. I]		
A path, narrow way	AVRCh	
Posterior; the reversed part	AChVR	
A rising; to rise "as the Sun," give light	ZRCh	{26b}
To encompass. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 340]	ChZR	

6 to the 3rd power
 Night Demon of 1st Dec. Libra
 Lion
 The middle Gate.
 [Vide K.D. L.C.K.
 p. 184]
 Courage
 Oracle
 Blood of grapes
 Dread, fear
 Profound. [Ps. xcii. 6]
 Anger, wrath
 Latitude

3rd Rt.of 216
 AVRAVB
 ARYH
 BBA MTzYa'aA

 GBVRH
 DBYR
 DM a'aNBYM
 YRAH
 a'aVMQ
 RVGZ
 RVChB

The air
 Temple, palace
 Food
 A bee
 The navel
 Angel ruling Sagittarius
 Angel L.T.N. of Scorpio
 Controversia Domini

217
 AVYR
 BYRH
 BRYH
 DBVRH
 TBVR
 MVYa'aSAL
 SHQNB
 RYBH

Ether. [Vide K.D. L.C.K.
 p. 55]
 The Creative World
 The benignity of Time
 The Moon
 Multitude
 Arcana
 Odour, a smell

218
 AVYRA

 BRYAH
 ChSD a'aVLM
 YRCh
 RBVY
 RZYA
 RYCh

{27a}

Mundatio, mundities

219
 THRH

The Number of Verses in Liber Legis R 220 {sic}
 The Elect BChYR
 Heroina; Augusta; Domina GBYRH
 Ye shall cleave ChDBQYM LYHVVH
 unto TETRAGRAMMATON.
 ["not" written]
 Clean, elegant THVR
 Giants. [Fully written only NPYLYM

in Num. xiii. 33]		
Left-handed Svastika, drawn on the square of Mars given by Agrippa. Cf. 231	221	
Long Angel of 10 S.	ARK MNQAL	
	222	
Urias "Unto the Place." [Ex. xxiii. 20] Whiteness Goodly mountain. [Ex. iii 25] Now, already; K'bar, "the river Khebar"; Day Demon of 3rd Dec. I will chase	AVRYH AL HMQVM HVVRH HR TVB KBR RAVYH	
	Pi 223	
	224	
Male (Ch.) Walk, journey; The PATH Principia emanandi Effigurata Union	DKR DRK ChVQQY ChQVQY YChVR	{27b}
15 to the 2nd power [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 234]	225 GZRDYA	
	226	
Profound, hidden; the North. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 666]	TzPVN	
	Pi 227	
Long, tall A piscine, pond; [Blessing, Prov. x. 22] Remember; male (sacred Phallus --- Vide S.D. ii. p. 467) Damna. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 569]	ARVK BRKH ZKR NZYQYN	
	228	

First-born	BKVR
Blessed!	BRVK
Ruler of Earth	KRVB
The Tree of Life	a'aTz ChYYM

Pi 229

230

Astonishment	HKRH
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 153]	MQYP
Fasciata	a'aQVDYM
Angel of 2nd Dec. Virgo	RAYDYH
Hod, 42-fold Name in	YGLPZQ
Yetzirah. [Vide Liber	
777, Col. xc. p. 18]	

SUM (1 - 21). Right-handed Svastika,	231
drawn on Sq. of Mars	
Prolonged; grew long	ARYK
Male	DKVRA

{28a}

Sum of the Four Ways of spelling	232
TETRAGRAMMATON in the	
Four Worlds	
Geomantic Intelligence	AMNYTzYAL
of Pisces	
Ruler of Fire	ARAL
Equivalent to YHY AVR,	YH AVYR
Fiat Lux. [Vide K.D.	
L.C.K. p. 55]	
Let there be Light! The	YHY AVR
Mystic Name of Allan	
Bennett, a Brother of	
the Cross and Rose, who	
began this Dictionary.	

Pi 233

Memento	ZKVR
The Tree of Life. [Vide	a'aTz HChYYM
no. 228]	

234

Night Demon of 3rd	DKAVRAB
Dec. Aquarius	

235

Archangel of Chesed, and
Angel of Chesed of Briah

TzDQYAL

Angel of L.T.N. of Aries
A handful

236
SPa'aTAVY
QVMTz

Angel of 3 C.

237
RAHAL

Dominus Mirabilium
Rachel

238
ADV N HNPLAVH
RChL

Azrael, the Angel of Death
Iron
The lot
Angel of 3rd Dec. Taurus

Pi 239
AZRAL
BRZL
GVRL {28b}
YKSGNVTz

Myrrh
Plagae Filiorum
Hominum. [I.e. Succubae,
K.D. L.C.K. p. 562]
Prima Germina
Angel of 1st Dec. Aquarius
Cash; counted out, paid
down
High, lofty

240
MR
NGa'aY BNY ADM

NTzNYM
SSPM
PQVDYM

RM

L.A. Angel of Capricorn

Pi 241
SMQYAL

Ariel, Angel of Air
Recollection

242
ARYAL
ZKYRH

Abram. [Vide 248]
Created (he them).
[Gen. v. 2.]
Learned, complete. to finish,
bring to pass (Ch.)
A bone; to destroy

243
ABRM
BRAM

GMR

GRM

	244	
Angel of 7 P. To be insensible; in deep sleep, in trance. [Vide no. 649]	HRChAL RDM	
	245	
Adam Qadmon Gall, bile Spirit of God	ADM QDMVN MRH RVCh AL	
	246	
Angel of 3 S. Myrrh Vision, aspect	HRYAL MVR MRAH MRGG HRYAL RVM	{29a}
Angel L.T.D. of Taurus Myrrh		
	247	
Angel L.T.D. of Capricorn To overwhelm (Ps. lxxvii. 18); a flood A light Night Demon of 1st Dec. Taurus Sensus symbolicus	ALVYR ZRM MAVR RAVM RMZ	
	248	
Abraham. [Vide 243 and 505, 510. Discussed at length in Zohar] The Three that bear witness, above and beneath, respectively. HB:ADM the Spirit, the Water, and the Blood; HB:A being Air (Spiritus), HB:D standing for HB:DM Blood, and HB:M being both Water and the initial of HB:MYM, water. For HB:BRA see 203 Uriel or Auriel, archangel of Earth, and angel of Netzach; = "The light of God" In vision. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 553]	ABRHM ADM+BRA AVRYAL BMRAH	

Gematria	GMRH	
Wine; bitumen; an ass (from "to disturb")	HMR	
Mercy; womb	RChM	
A lance	RMCh	{29a}
	249	
L.A. Angel of Taurus	ARZYAL	
Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Libra	GMVR	
Fear, terror	MGVR	
	250	
The living GOD of the Worlds; or, of the Ages	ALChY Ha'aVLMYM	
[The South.] Midday	DRVM	
Habit, action (Ch.)	MDVR	
	Pi 251	
Fir, cedar	ARN	
The angel Uriel: "Vrihl," i.e. Magical Force. [Vide Lytton's "Coming Race," and Abra-Melin --- forehead Lamen]	VRYHL	
Angel of 10. W.	RYYAL	
	252	
Serpent's den	MAVRH	
SUM (1 - 22)	253	
Proselytes	GRYM	
Matred; who symbolizes the Elaborations on the side of Severity	MTRD	
	254	
Angel of 3rd Dec. Aquarius	GRVDYAL	
Geomantic Intelligence of Libra	ZVRYAL	
An ass	ChMVR	
A mark, aim	MTRH	
A solemn promise, vow	NDR	
Spikenard. [Cant. iv. 14]	NRD	
A spear	RVMCh	{30a}
Merciful	RChVM	

255

Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Sagittarius ANDR
 Burdensome; with difficulty ChVMRA
 The East MZRCh
 A river, stream. [Gen. ii. 10] NHR
 Cantatio elata RNH

16 to the 2nd power = Sq.Rt 4th Rt 8th Rt. 256
 4 to the 4th power =
 2 to the 8th power = 256

Aaron AHRN
 Tidings (Ps. lxxviii. 12); a AMYRH
 saying, speech. [Vide
 K.D. L.C.K. p. 128]
 The Sons of the Righteous BNY TzDQ
 [See no. 705] [Vide K.D.
 L.C.K. p. 20] MPVLMYN
 The Spirit of the Mother RVCh AMA
 Aromatarius RVKL

Pi 257

The Ark ARVN
 A Magician ChRTM
 "To His fearers." LYRAYV
 [Ps. xxv. 14]
 The White Wand MQL LBNH
 Terribilis Ipsa NVRA

258

The red light AVR ADVN
 Hiram (King of Tyre) ChYRM
 Mercy RChMY

259

Throat GRVN
 Nitre NTR
 Reuben RAVBN {30b}

260

SUM (1 - (8 x 8))/8. Mercury
 Intelligence of Mercury TYRYAL
 The Concealed TMYRA
 I.N.R. [Vide 270] Y:N:R:
 Exaltabitur YRYM
 A vineyard KRM
 Ineptos et profanos LPSYLYM
 [Ps. viii. 1] MH ADYR

Declined
To gather, draw together

SR
TzMTzM

261

He bound; an obligation, a
prohibition
Abhorrence, abomination.
[Is. lxvi. 24]

ASR

DRAVN

262

Lofty; Aaron
Severities
Terrible
Conclavia
Eye to eye. [I.R.Q. 645]

AHRVN
GBVRAN
HNVRA
ChDRYM
a'aYN Ba'aYN

Pi 263

Angel of 2nd Dec. Aquarius
Angel of 2nd Dec. Pisces
Geomantic Intelligence of Scorpio
Gematria
Pained

ABDRVN
AVRVN
BRKYAL
GMTRYA
GRS

264

Emanantia. [Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 338]
Jarden. [Vide K.D. L.C.K.
p. 455]
Footprints (foot's breadth).
[Deut. ii. 5]
A straight row. [Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 455]
Channels, pipes

ChQVQYM

YRDN

MDRK

SDR

RHTYM

{31a}

::6

::--

Architect
Broke down
A cry of the heart; anguish,
anxiety

265
ADRYKL
HRS
Tza'aQH

266

Chebron
Termination of Qliphoth of
12 Signs
Contraction

ChBRVN
YRVN

TzMTzVM

267
 Illicit, forbidden ASVR
 Geomantic Intelligence of Leo VRKYAL
 Currus; Vehiculum; MRKBH
 Thronus
 Nasiraeus NZYR

268
 Stones of the sling ABNY HQLa'a

Pi 269
 By-ways ARChYN
 Father --- Spirit --- Son BN RVCh AB
 <>
 Angel of Binah of Briah KRVBYAL

270
 I.N.R.I. Initials of: Jesus Y:N:R:Y:
 Nazaraeus Rex Judaeorum;
 Igni Natura Renovata Integra;
 Intra Nobis Regnum del;
 Isis Naturae Regina {31b}
 Ineffabilis; and many other
 sentences. Vide Crowley
 Coll. Works Vol. I. Appendix

Pi 271
 Earth (Ch.); whence = low, ARa'a
 mean
 Angel of 2nd Dec. Sagittarius VHRYN
 [Vide no. 256, AMYRH] LAMR

272
 Earth ARa'aA
 To consume, injure; brutish Ba'aR
 Percussione magna MKH RBH
 The evening: an 'Arab,' i.e. a'aRB
 a person living in the West
 Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Sagittarius RYNVV

273
 The stone which ABN MASV HBVNYM
 the builders rejected
 [Ps. cxviii. 22]
 The Hidden Light AVR GNVZ

Four
Rebuked
Took away

ARBa'a
Ga'aR
GRa'a

Paths

274
DRKYM

[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 72]
Domicilium pulchrum.
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 395]
Fluvius Indicii. [Vide
K.D. L.C.K. p. 117]
Qy. Struti "scripture"

275
AChVRYYM
DYRH NAH
YAR DYN
SRTV {32a}

SUM (1 - 23)
Angel L.T.N. of Libra.
[Vide Liber 777, p. 29]
A Cithara
Night Demon of 1st Dec. Leo
The Moon

276
AChVBRAYN {WEH NOTE: Wrong value, 278}
KNVR
KRVKL
SYHRA

To sow, propagate; seed,
semen
[For multiplying.] ["Not"
written. Vide K.D. L.C.K.
pp. 157 and 837]
Angel of 3rd Dec. Leo
Gratia, benevolentia

Pi 277
ZRa'a
LMRBH
SHYBR
Ra'aVA

Angels of Jesod, and of
Binah of Briah --- Cherubim
Passing over
The Material World

278 {see error on 276}
KRVBYM
a'aVBR
a'aVLM HMVTBa'a

Leprosy. [Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 495]

279
SGYRV

[7 x 40, the Squares of the walls of
the Vault. See Equinox I. 3. p. 222]
Qliphoth of Capricorn
A record (Ch.)
Angel of the Wood of the

280
DGDGYRVN
DKRVN
Ya'aR

World of Assiah		
The Letters of	K:M:N:P:Tz:	
Judgment: the 5 letters		
having a final form		
Archangel of Malkuth	SNDLPVN	
Citizenship	a'aYR	{32b}
[Vide S.D. 528]	PR	
Terror	RP	
	Pi 281	
A crown --- Ashes	APR	
Attire; adorned	PAR	
	282	
Angels of Briah, and of	ARALYM	
Malkuth of Briah		
Spirit of Lives	RVCh ChYYM	
	Pi 283	
Aurum inclusum	ZHB SGVR	
Memoriale. [Vide no. 964]	ZKRVN	
That goes on foot	RGLYM	
	284	
Geomantic Intelligence	AMBRYAL	
of Gemini		
The small area of an	a'aRVGH	
enclosed garden		
	285	
	286	
High, lofty	MRVM	
	287	
Pars Azymorum	APYQVMN	
Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Taurus	VPAR	
Little	Za'aYR	
Geomantic Intelligence of Cancer	MVRYAL	
	288	
Vindication	BYa'aVR	
Day Demon of 1st Dec. Virgo	ZAPR	
Breeding, bearing; offspring.	a'aYBVR	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 313]		
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 571]	RPCh	{33a}

17 to the 2nd power
Apertio. [Vide no. 537]
Particulare

Sq.Rt. 289
PTR
PRT

Thine enemy

290
a'aRK <>

Torrentes Aquarum
(He) treasured
Earth: in particular, the Earth
of Malkuth
Qy. spotted?
Adhaesio; adhaerens;
princeps
L.A. Angel of Aquarius

291
APYQY MYM
ATzR
ARTz

NMRA
SYRKA

TzKMQYAL

A young bird. [Deut. xxii. 6]
Gold
A medicine, drug

292
APRVH
BTzR
RPVAH

Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Taurus

Pi 293
TzARB

Purple
Pertaining to Autumn
Melchizedec. [Gen.
xiv. 18]

294
ARGMN
ChVRP
MLKYTzDQ

Curtain, canopy; vault.
[Ps. civ. 2]
Eyelids
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 498]

295
YRYa'aH

KNPY Ha'aYN
PTVR

Of the Earth. [Vide no. 992]
Incurvens se
Rigore procedere; fumarie;
rock. [Vide K.D. L.C.K.
pp. 459, 663]

296
HARTz
KVRa'a
TzVR

{33b}

Thesaurus; gazophylacium; conservatorium	AVTzR	
A name of GOD attributed to Geburah	ALHYM GBVR	
A secured house; a fortified castle	ARMVN	
A City of Edom	BTzRH	
The Throne; a Name of Briah	KVRSYA	
Nuriel	NVRYAL	
The neck	TzVAR	
	298	
Amen, our Light	AMN AVR	
Son of the GODS	BR ALHYN	
White	TzChR	
Pathetic appeals; commiserations	RChMYM	
	299	
Angel of 2nd Dec. Cancer	RHDTz	
	300	
SUM (1 - 24)	AVR BPAHH	
Khabs am Pekht	ALP LMD HY YVD MM	
Vide Beth		
Elohim. Dissert. II. Cap. I.		
A spelling of ALHYM in full.		
Formation	YTzR	
Profundities	Ma'aMQYM	
God of Chesed, and of Hod of Briah; "Temura" of YHVH	MTzPTz <>	
Incircumcised	a'aRL	{34a}
Separation	PYRVD	
The Spirit of GOD. [Vide Gen. i. 3]	RVCh ALHYM	
	301	
"My Lord, the faithful King"; a name of GOD	ADNY HMLK NAMN	
Fire	ASh	
A candlestick	MNVRH	
	302	
Earth of Hod	ARQA	
To cut open, inquire into;	BQR	

Dawn		
L.A. Angel of Gemini	SRAYAL	
Hath protected	QBR	
To putrefy	RQB	
	303	
Did evil; putrefaction	BASh	
	304	
A species of gold	ChRVTz	
Green	DSH	
Geomantic Intelligence	KAMBRYAL	
of Aquarius		
White	QDR	
	305	
Dazzling white light	AVR TzCh	
Tender herb. [Gen. i. 11]	DShA	
Netzach, 42-fold Name in	HQMMNa'a	
Yetzirah. [Vide Liber 777,		
col. xc.]		
Yetzirah; "formation"	YTzRH	
A curving, bending	KRYa'aH	{34b}
The end of days, appointed	QTz HYMYN	
time. [Dan. xii. 13]		
A lamb	ShH	
	HSh	
	306	
Father of Mercy	AB HRChMYM	
Merciful Father	AB HRChMN	
A woman, wife; virago	AShH	
Honey	DBSh	
Domina. [Vide K.D.	MTRVNA	
L.C.K. p. 528]		
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 571]	NYTzVTzYN	
Coldness; pertaining to Winter	QVR	
Angel of 6 S.	RHa'aAL	
Malo-Granatum	RYMVN	
	Pi 307	
Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Scorpio	VRYATz	
Ribkah	RBQH	
	308	
Daybreak	BVQR	

Sparsor
Investigation
A harsh, grating sound
Approaching, near
Ice

ZRQA
ChQR
ChRQ
QRVB
QRCh

309

A leper. [Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 495]
Angel of 2nd Dec. Taurus
Streptus cordis, mussitatio,
susurratio, rugitus
Field, soil, land

MVSGR
MNChRAY
ShAGH
ShDH

{35a}

310

To trample on, conquer
To govern, bind
Formed. [I.R.G. 227]
The initials of Idra Rabba
Qadisha. [Each letter
is half of each Letter of
KThR, Kether]
Is, are; essence, being
Leo iuvenis
Habitations

DVSh
ChBSh
YYTzR
Y:R:Q:

{Typo had KChR}

YSh
KPYR
MDVRYN

Pi 311

Man; but vide K.D. L.C.K.
p. 83
Angel of 9 C.
Archangel of Binah
Archangel of Air; Angel of
Mercury, and of Chokmah of
Briah, etc.
Rod. [Ps. xxiii. 4]

AYSh
a'aRYAL
TzPQYAL
RPAL
ShBT

26 x 12, the Twelve Banners

312

Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Libra
To renew; hence = a new
moon, a month
West. [Cf. 272]

VShV
ChDSh
Ma'aRB

Pi 313

Angel of 1st Dec. Virgo

ANNAVRH

314

[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 275]
Metatron, Archangel of
Kether, and Angel of
Tiphareth of Briah.

[When spelt with HB:Y
after HB:M it denotes
Shekinah]

Out of the way, remote
Shaddai: "The Almighty";
a name of GOD

HLL GMVR
MTTRVN

RChVQ
ShDY

{35b}

315

Ice; crystal
Gullet
Formation
Visio Splendoris
Gomorra

GBYSh
VShT
YTzYRH
MRAH HNVGH
a'aMRH

The Number of Servitors of
Abra-Melin Sub-Princes

316

Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Aries
Ligatus
Green
JESU
A bundle, handful
Visitans iniquitatem
Aporrhea
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 54]
To worship, bow down

VShAGV
ChBVSh
YRVQ
YShV
a'aVMR
PVQD a'aVN
QVTRA
ShAYH
ShChCh

Pi 317

Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Taurus
[Vide Ps. xcvi. 11]
Arida
Iron (Ch.)
Hoariness

VALPR
ZR'aM
YBShH
PRZL
ShYBH

318

Labrum lavacri, et basio
eius
A copse, bush

KYVR VKNV
ShYCh

{36a}

319

320

"Boy," Name of Enoch, and

Na'aR

of Metatron
A Duke of Edom. [Vide
Liber 777, p. 22]
The friends
L.A. Angel of Sagittarius

a'aYRM

Ra'aYM
SRYTYAL

Angel of 3rd Dec. Cancer
Angel L.T.D. of Virgo
Angel of 9 W.
Qliphoth of Taurus

321
ALYNKYR
LSLRA
ShAHYH
ADYMYRVN

Lamb
Angel L.T.N. of Sagittarius
Linea media

322
KBSh
LBRMYM
QV HAMTza'aY

Long-absent brother
Qliphoth of Aquarius
BHYSYRVN}
Angel of 3rd Dec. Aries

323
ACh RChVQ
BHYMYRVN {WEH NOTE: typo was
STNDR

18 to the 2nd power
See no. 314; it denotes
Shekinah

Sq.Rt. 324
MYTTRVN

SUM (1 - 25). Mars
Spirit of Mars
Intelligence of Mars
Angel of 2nd Dec. Scorpio
Need, indigence

325
BRTzBAL
GRAPYAL
NYNDVHR
TzRYKH

Jesus. [Note the letters of
TETRAGRAMMATON
completed by HB:Sh 300 q.v.
the Spirit of GOD]
Vision

326
YHShVH

ShAYYH {36b}

Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Virgo
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 461]
Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Capricorn

327
BVTYSh
YShYBH
KYTzAVR

4 Princes + 8 Sub-Princes + 316

328

servient to Spirits
Angel of 3 W.
To steam; darkness. [Vide
K.D. L.C.K. p. 280]

HChShYH
ChShK

Angel of 1st Dec. Libra

329
TRSNY

Boundary, terminus; crosspath
Revolution; hurricane, tempest
Error: fault

330
MTzR
Sa'aR
ShL

Ephraim
Arbor magna. [Gen. xxi. 33]
Archangel of Chokmah

Pi 331
APRYM
AShL
RTzYAL

Lux Ardoris
Night Demon of 3rd
Dec. Pisces
A Duke of Edom. [Vide
Liber 777, p. 22]
Locus vacuus. [Vide
K.D. L.C.K. p. 551]

332
AVR HYQVD
ANDRVMAL
MBTzR
MQVM PNVY

Qabalah of the Nine
Chambers
Choronzon. [Vide Dr. Dee,
& Lib. 418, 10th Aire]
Snow

333
AYQ BKR
ChVRVNZVN
ShLG

{37a}

A still, small Voice.
[I Kings, xix. 12]

334
QVL DMMH DQH

Dies Mali
The KING
above the King of Kings.
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 537]
Ordering, desposition

335
YMY Ra'aH
MLK MLKY HMLKYM
Ma'aRKH

336

An attack; a request, petition Night Demon of 1st Dec. Gemini	ShALH ShBKYD	
Ruler of Earth Hell of Supernals; a City of Edom; the Place of Askings. [Vide Liber 777, p. 23]	Pi 337 PVRLAK ShAVL	
To cast down He hath pardoned (or, subjected) A garment; clothing To send forth	338 ChLSh YKBVSh LBVSh ShLCh	
Angel of 3rd Dec. Sagittarius "Ferocious" lion Uncus focarius --- fire- shovel Book Pares; a word written on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. [Vide Dan. v. 28] There; The Name	339 340 YSGDYBRVDYAL LYSh MGRVPYA SPR PRS ShM	{37b}
The sum of the 3 Mother Letters; HB:A, HB:M, and HB:Sh Yesterday Guilty, damned A red cow Expansum; sepimentum; diaphragma The Name (Ch.)	341 AMSh AShM PRH ADVMH PRSA ShMA	
Coctio Perfume Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Taurus A blaze, flame	342 BYShL BShM PVKLVR ShLHBH	
7 to the 3rd power "And GOD said."	3 Rt. 343 VYAMR ALHYM	

[Gen. i. 3]
A sweet smell

ZPRVN

A plantation, garden
[Cant. iv. 13]

344
PRDS

Di Alieni
GOD Almighty
"In that also" --- referred to
Daath
"The" NAME
Lioness. [Vide K.D. L.C.K.
p. 501]
5th HB:Sh
Moses. [See 543, numerical
Temurah of 345]
Dominator
Shiloh
He was appeased. [Esther,
vii. 10]

345
ALHYM AChRYM
AL ShDY
BShGM

HShM
LYShH

MHSh
MShH

ShVLT
ShYLH
ShKKH

{38a}

A spring; spring water
A water-pipe; channel
Good pleasure; the Will-power

346
MQVR
TzNVR
RTzVN

Palanquin (Cant. iii. 9);
Bridal bed; nuptial chariot.
["thalamus seu coelum fabrile
sub quo copulantur nubentes"]

Pi 347
APRYVN

Five; to set in array
Third King of Edom

348
ChMSh
ChShM

Pi 349

Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Leo
A sapphire (Ex. xxviii. 18).
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 19]
Ophir; a young mule; dust
of the Earth

350
ALYGVSh
SPYR
a'aPR

The Horn; head
Vacuum
Intellectus

QRN
RYQM
ShKL

SUM (1 -26)

351

Man
Angels of Malkuth; burnt or
incense offering; "The
flames"

ANSh
AShYM

Hiram-Abif, a cunning
artificer at the Temple
of Solomon; the hero
of a famous allegory
prophetical of FRATER
PERDURABO

ChYRM ABYP

{38b}

Saturn in Leo. Angel ruling 1st
Dec. Leo, that was rising at
the birth of FRATER
PERDURABO

LVSNHR

Moses the Initiator
Elevatus

MVShH
NShA

352

The Exalted Light
Long of Nose; i.e.
Merciful; a title of the
supreme GOD

AVR Ma'aLH
ARK APYM

Lightning
An approach

BRQYM
QRBN

Pi 353

Goshen
The fifth
The Secret of
TETRAGRAMMATON is
to His fearers. [Ps. xxv. 14]
Delight, joy

GShN
ChMShH
SVD YHVH LYRAYV

ShMChH

354

Grew fat; anointed
Heptaeteris intermissoria

DShN
ShMTH

355

Thought; idea
Year

MChShBH
ShNH

	356	
The Cedars of Lebanon	ARZY LBNVN	
Expiationes. [Vide K.D.	KPVRYM	
L.C.K. p. 612]		{39a}
A young mule	a'aVPR	
Ophra, mother of Goliath	a'aVRP	
Spirits of the living	RVChYN DChYYN	

	357
42-fold Name, Geburah in	KGD YKSh
Yetzirah	
Iniquity	NVShA

	358
Shame	GShNH
Shiloh shall come	YBA ShYLH
"Messiach," the Messiah	MShYCh
Nechesh, the Serpent that	NChSh
initiated Eve	
(Taking the three HB:H's in	AShYAVM
AHYHVVH as concealing	
the Mothers, we get	
GR:Iota. GR:Alpha. GR:Omega. &)	

	Pi 359
Angel of 3rd Dec. Pisces	STRYP
The Sacred Wind	ShTYM
Satan. [Vide K.D. L.C.K.	ShTN
p. 235]	

	360	
The Messiah	HMSHYH	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 235]	HNShH	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 235]	HShNH	
Angels of Jesod of Binah	YShYM	
Seeking safety; Angel of	MShHYH	
7 W.		
Tonitrus	Ra'aMYM	
"Shin"; a tooth	ShYN	
Two	ShNY	{39b}

	*	
	3 * *	
19 to the 2nd power	* *	Sq.Rt. 361
	6 *	
	* *	

1 *
*

God of Malkuth
"Men"; "impurities"
Foundations. [Ch.]
The Mountain Zion
Ruler of Saturn
Angel of 7 P.

ADNY HARTz
ANShY
AShYN
HR TzYVN
KShYAL
MTzRAL

362

The Almighty and
Ever-living GOD

363
ShDY AL ChY

Lux Occulta
Satan
Demons
Opposition; resistance

364
AVR MVPLA {WEH NOTE: was typo: AVD}
HShTN
ShDYN
ShTNH

Earth of Tiphareth
An uncovering, exposing

365
NShYH
PRYa'aH

Night Demon of 2nd
Dec. Capricorn

366
ANDRALP

Black [scil. of eye-pupil]:
middle: homunculus
Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Gemini

Pi 367
AYShVN
PAYKVRN

The Spirit of the
GODS of the Living

368
RVCh ALHYM ChYYM

SUM (1 - (9 x 9))/9. Moon
Spirit of Moon. [Vide
Liber 777, p. 19]
The World of Briah
Angel of 2nd Dec. Gemini

369
ChShMVDAY
a'aVLM HBRYAH {40a}
ShHDNY

A foundation, basis

370
a'aQR

Creation
Salices rivi. [Lev.
xxiii. 40]
Zopher
White lead, tin
To rend, cut, blame, curse
Green. [Vide S.D. p. 104]
Salem

a'aSh
a'aRBY NChL

TzPR
QSTRA
QRa'a
Ra'aNN
ShLM

Sinistrum

371
ShMAL

Aqua spherica
Agni
An oven, furnace
Scorpio
Herbage, grass
Seven

372
ASPYRKA
KBShYM
KBShN
a'aQRB
a'aShB
ShBa'a

Pi 373

374

Generally and specially
Solomon
A City of Edom

375
KLL VPRT
ShLMH
ShMLH

Dominator
Esau, father of the men
of Edom.
(Ad-om, Adlantes<>)
A bird
Peace. [Refers to Kether]

376
MVShL
a'aShV

{40b}

TzPVR
ShLVM

Nervus Luxatus; Vena
Ischiatica. [Gen. xxxii. 32]
Seven

377
GYD HNShH
ShBa'aH

SUM (1 - 27)
'In peace'
Pruna ignita; Chaschmal
Iuramentum. [K.D. L.C.K.]

378
BShLVM
ChShML
ShBVa'a

Abschalom	Pi 379 ABShLVM	
[The sum of the letters of TETRAGRAMMATON multiplied severally by those of Adonai; (HB:Y x HB:H) + (HB:N x HB:V) + (HB:D x HB:H) + (HB:A x HB:Y)] = Y:K:Sh:N	380	
Difficulty, narrowness	YHBMTzRYM	
Pain, trouble, misery	a'aTzB a'aTzBVN	
Thick darkness, fog	a'aRPL	
Vide no. 370]	QSTYRA	
Heaven of Hod	RQYa'a	
	381	
Clamour, prayer	ShVa'aH	
	382	
Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Libra	TzARATz	{41a}
	Pi 383	
Iuramentum. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. pp. 67, 695]	ShBVa'aH	
	384	
	385	
Angel of 2nd Dec. Libra	MHRNTz	
Assiah, the World of Matter	a'aShYH	
Gloria cohabitans [vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 711]; the Glory of God	ShKYNH	
Lip	ShPH	
	386	
Jesus	YShVa'a	
Tongues	LShVN	
Tziruph, a table of Temurah	TzYRVP	
	387	
	388	
The hardest rock. [Ps. cxiv. 8]	ChLMYSh	

To search out diligently
Table; bread

ChPSh
ShLChN

Pi 389

Gen. v. 2.
Retrorsum
Alens, pascens
Heaven
Oil
Night Demon of 2nd Dec. Gemini

390
ZKR VNQBH
MPRa'a
PRNS
ShMYM
ShMN
ShTz

{41b}

Salvation, help
The Inscrutable Height.
[Kether]

391
YShVa'aH
RVM Ma'aLH

Aromata
Habitaculum

392
BShMYM
MShBN

393

Table. [Vide no. 388]

394
ShVLChN

Robustus (virilitas) Iacob
The Heavens
Oil
Manasseh
Second
Judge

395
ABYR Ya'aQB
HShMYM
HShMN
MNShH
MShNH {WEH NOTE: typo was MShBH}
ShVPT

Day Demon of 1st Dec. Scorpio

396
YPVSh

Lux Interna. (Title of
Kether)

Pi 397
AVR PNYMY

Fifty
Book
Angel L.T.D. of Aries

398
ChMShYM
ChPShY
STRa'aTN

Pride; esp. of gait	ShChTz	
	399	
	ShGVPY	
20 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 400	
To use Magic, witchcraft	KShP	
Erudiens, a title of Yesod	MShKYL	{42a}
Sensus literalis. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 12]	PShVTH	
(He had) Karnaim (in his hand)	QRNYM	
Angels of Chesed of Briah	ShYKKYM	
Sack	ShQ	
	Pi 401	
Cursing	ARR	
Essence; "the"	ATh	
	402	
Sought into, or after	BQSh	
Tested, purified	BRR	
Filia	BTh	
A spider	a'aKBYS	
Paths	ShBYLYN	
	403	
The Stone; Sapphire	ABN SPYR	
	404	
Law, edict	DTh	
Almond; to watch, be awake; to hasten	ShQD	
	405	
Fearful things, serpents of the dust. [Job]	ZChLY a'aPR	
[Cf. no. 227, HB:ZKR.] Phallus; urethra. [Vide Deut. xxiii. 2]	ShPKH	
SUM (1 - 28)	406	
THOU: a name of GOD	AThH	
Vulgar, common; plebeian	a'aM HARTz	
Leg	ShVQ	
Alterations	ShNVYM	
The letter Tau	ThV	{42b}

407
 Signum AVTh
 The Precious Oil ShMN TVB

408
 Lapis sapphirinus ABN HSPYR
 Haec ZATh
 [Vide Deut. x. 10, 15] ChShQ

Pi 409
 Patriarchs ABHThA
 Fathers ABVTh
 One (fem.) AChTh
 Ha-Qadesh; Holy Ones HQDSh

410
 Liberty; a swallow DRVR
 Visions, imaginations. [Dan. HRHR
 iv. 2]
 Metzareph MTzRP
 The Tabernacle MShKN
 Sacred; Saint QDVSh
 Holy QVDSH
 He heareth ShMa'a
 Hod, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah ShQY

411
 Elisha ALYSha'a
 Briatic Palace of HYKL RTzVN
 Tiphareth
 Fundamenta Terrae MVSDY ARTz
 Habitaculum MShKNA
 Ordo temporum SDR ZMNYM
 Desolation, emptiness. ThHV
 (Expresses first root of all good)

412
 The letter Beth BYTh {43a}
 New. (Ch.) ChDTh
 Jesus GOD YHShVH ALHYM
 White whorl TzMR LBN
 Celsitudo superna RVM a'aLYVN
 A longing for ThAVH

413

414

Azoth, "the" fluid. A + Z (Lat.)	AZVTh
+ Omega (Grk.) + Th (Heb.). Initial	
and final in 3 tongues	
The Limitless Light	AYN SVP AVR
Meditation. [Ps. xlv. 4]	HGVTh
Going forth. [Vide no. 770]	MShVTTYM

415

The Voice of the Chief	ABRAH DBR
Seer	
Sister	AChVTh
The Holy One; Sodomite	HQDVSh
Work	Ma'aShH
Angel of 10 C.	a'aShLYH

416

Thought, meditation	HRHVR
A pledge	MShKVN

417

Olive	ZYTh
Arca. (Noah's Ark)	ThYBH

(Note 4 + 1 + 8 = 13)

418

Boleskine	BVLShKYN
Peccatum. (Est femina	ChTATh
Lilith impia)	
Kheth, a fence	ChYTh
Servans misericordiam	NVTzR ChSD
"The Word of the	MAKAShANH

Aeon." [Vide Liber 418]

HB:A B R A H A D A B R A

418 = ChYTh = BYTh HA, the House of
He: because of I.Z.Q. 694; for HB:H
formeth HB:K, but HB:Ch formeth YVD: each
= 20. Thus is Abrahadabra a Key
of the Pentagram.

Also, by Aiq Bkr, it = 22: and
418 = 19 x 22. 19 = Manifestation;
it therefore manifests the 22 Keys of
R.O.T.A.

The first meaning is ABRAH
DBR, = The Voice of the Chief Seer.
It resolves into Pentagram and

{43b}

Hexagram as follows:

1st "method."

A
R/\B
A
A Pentagram A forms 12 and 406, ChVA
D H
B\ /R
A
and AThH [406 = ThV], where AThH =
Microprosopus, and HVA = Macro-
prosopus. The Arcanum is therefore
that of the Great Work
2nd "method."

B
A R H
A Pentagram A Hexagram Here BHR = 207
A A B D
R
= AYN SVP AVR, etc. and DBR = Voice
("The Vision and the Voice"); thus
showing, by Yetziratic attribution, the
Three Wands --- Caduceus: Phoenix:
Lotus. Note always ABR are the
three Supernals.

3rd "method."

A
A B A
A Pentagram A Hexagram give 205 + 213;
R B H D
R

both mean "Mighty," whence Abra-
hadabra is "The Word of Double
Power." AAB show AB: AIMA:
BN, viz., Amoun : Thoth : Mout.
By Yetziratic Method, H:D:R: are
Isis : Horus : Osiris. (Also, for
H:D:R:, vide I.R.Q. 992.)

{44a}

Dividing as 3 and 8, we get GR:Delta of
Horus dominating the Stooping
Dragon, ARR YAV: also ---

from A R/\B we get
A---B A---H
| | | |
A---D R---A

8 = DD, Love, and 207 = AVR, Light;
 8 x 207 = 18, which is equivalent to
 ChY, living; further, 297 = 23 x 9 =
 ChYH, Life: hence, Licht : Liebe :
 Leben.

Again, 418 = ATh + YAV, = 21 + 397,
 q.v. DBR and 678 = 6 + 7 + 8 = 21. 2 x
 HB:B + 2 x HB:R + HB:D = 32. The Five different
 letters represent Amoun : Thoth : Isis :
 Horus : Osiris. they (A + B + R + H
 + D) add to 212 (q.v.).

Finally, HB:A is the Crown, HB:B the Wand,
 HB:D the Cup, HB:H the Sword, HB:R the R.C.

See Equinox, V and VII, for further
 details.

Serpent: the letter Teth Sodom and Gomorrah	Pi 419 TVTh SDM + a'aMRH	
It was Dolium, vas Vapour, smoke Pacifica	420 HYThH ChBYTh a'aShN ShLMYM RTzPYM	
Angel ruling Capricorn Angel ruling Pisces	Pi 421 KShVYa'aYH PShYAL	{44b}
The Vast Countenance Linea Flava (quae circumdat Mundum)	422 ARYK ANPYN QV YRVQ	
[Ex. xxvii. 10, 11.] [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 420]	423 LVVY Ha'aMVRYM	
Angel L.T.N. of Taurus	424 TVTTh	
[Vide no. 1175] [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 208]	425 HGZYTh Na'aShH	

Auditus	ShMYa'aH	
	426	
Servator; salvator Medium	MVShYa'a ThVK	
	427	
	428	
The Breakers-in-pieces; the Qliphoth of Chesed	Ga'aShKLH	
The Brilliant Ones; Angels of Chesed, and of Tiphareth of BriaH	ChShMLYM	
Iuraverunt	NShBa'aV	
	429	
A lion's whelp. [Gen. xl. 9]	ZVR ARYH	
Judgment, equity	MShPT ShGa'aVN	
	430	
Nephesch, the animal soul of Man	NPSh	
Covered with mist; darkness, twilight	NShP	{45a}
Membra	PRQYM	
Full Title of Ninth Sephirah. "The Righteous is the Foundation of the world"	TzDYQ YSVD a'aVLM	
Concealed	ShPN	
Tohu v-Bohu; see Gen. 1.	ThHV VBHV	
Dew	ThL	
	Pi 431	
Notariqon	NVTRYQVN	
	432	
Eventide shadows	TzLLY a'aRB	
Earth of Jesod	ThBL	
	Pi 433	
Day Demon of 1st Dec. Leo	BLATh	
Merit	ZKVTh	

	434	
The Lord of War. [Ex. xv. 3]	AYSh MLChMH	
The letter Daleth; door	DLTh	
SUM (1 - 29)	435	
Deceived [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 156]	HThL MShPTV	
	436	
Tutor, curator; praefectus; administrator	APTRVPS	
Angel L.T.D. of Scorpio	BYThChVY	
Hoschanah	HVSha'aNH	
"GR:Sigma-alpha-tau-alpha-nu-alpha-sigma." {WEH Note: Greek value is 753} [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 505] [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 505 723 & 701, nos. 9, 10; also at ShBYRH]	ShTN a'aZ Sha'aTNZ	 {45b}
	437	
Balm; the balsam tree	APRSMVN	
	438	
The whole (perfect) stone. [Deut. xxvii. 6]	ABN ShLYMH	
	Pi 439	
Exilium Angel L.T.N. of Gemini	GLVTh a'aVGRMa'aN	
	440	
Collaudatio. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. pp. 90, 729]	ThHLH	
The Great Dragon; means "curls." [I.R.Q. 834; vide 510]	ThLY	
Irreproachable; perfect	ThM	
21 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 441	
Cerva	AYLTh	
Truth; Temurah of ADM, by Aiq Bekar	AMTh	
A live coal	GChLTh	

Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Leo
Angel L.T.D. of Pisces

LRYAR
RMRA

Termini Terrae
442
APSY ARTz

A virgin; a city. Virgo
Goliath
Pi 443
BThVLH
GLYTh

The Sanctuary
Damascus
444
MQDSh
DMSHQ

The total value of the Single Letters;
HB:H,HB:V,HB:Z,HB:Ch,HB:T,HB:Y,HB:L,HB:N,HB:S,HB:a'a,HB:Tz, and HB:Q
445

Number of Stars in the Northern
hemisphere
Destruction; death
Pison
Tali pedum
446
MVTh
PYShVN
QRSVLYM
{46a}

Initials of the Three
Above and the Three
Beneath. [Vide 248]
447
DMR RBA

Excelsa
448
BMVTh

Lux fulgentissima
Cloak
Pi 449
AVR MTzVChTzCh
TLYTh

Tabulae
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 508]
The Fruit of the Tree
Transgression
Beneplacitum
termino carens; Arbitrum
illimitatum
Inhabitans Aeternitatem
Craftiness, cunning
The Dragon
450
LVChVTh
MDVTh
PRY a'aTz
PSha'a
RTzVN BAYN GBVL
ShVKN a'aD
Sha'aLYM
ThN

The Essence of Man Mortis Angels of Tiphareth The Abyss	451 ATh HADM MYThA ShNANYM ThHVM	{46b}
[Vide no. 552] The crop; the Maw	452 ChMDTh QRQBN	
Behemoth The Animal Soul, in its fullness; i.e. including the Creative Entity or Ego, Chiah	453 BHMVTh NPSH ChYH	
Sigillum The "Holy Ones"; Consecrated catamites kept by the Priesthood	454 ChVThM QDShYM	
Formido maxima The Mountain of Myrrh. [Cant. iv. 6] Paries Crura The Fig-tree and fruit	455 456 AYMThH HR HMVR KVThL ShVQYM ThANH	
Olives	Pi 457 ZThYM	
A covenant; an engagement; a betrothed Contusores; cloudy heavens; Heaven of Netzach	458 ChThN ShChQYM	

459

460

[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 371]	TNThA	
Qliphoth of Gemini	TzLLD MYRVN	
"Holy unto TETRAGRAMMATON."	QDSh LYHVVH	
[Ex. xxxix. 30]		

	Pi 461	
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 539]	ADNVTh	
Robustus, validus, asper,	AYThN	
horridus, rigidus		{47a}

	462	
Terra Superna (est	ARTz a'aLYVNH	
Binah)		
A path	NYThB	
Profundum Celsitudinis	a'aVMQ RVM	

	Pi 463	
Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Virgo	BATHYN	
Pillar of Mildness --- paths, HB:G,	GSTh	
HB:S, and HB:Th		
Crystal, glass	ZKVKYTh	
A rod of almond	MTH HShQD	
The Special Intelligence.	ThBVNH	
[I.Z.Q. 264, et seq.]		
Caps, crowns, diadems	ThGYN	
Precatio	ThChNH	

	464	
		465
SUM (1 - 30)	NShYQH	
A kiss; a little (or, sweet)		
mouth		

	466	
Skull	GLGLTh	
Renes	KLYVTh	
The World of	a'aVLM HYTzYRH	
Formation		
Simeon	ShMa'aVN	

	Pi 467	
[Vide S.D. 33]	GLGLThA	

	468	
Angel of 3rd Dec. Gemini	BYThVN	

Trabeationes ligaturae illarum	469 ChShVQYHM	{47b}
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Eternity. (Literally, a cycle of cycles)	470 DVR DVMY	
Angel of 8 S.	NThHYH	
Pure Wool	a'aMR NQY	
Period of time; Time	a'aTh	
Solum; fundus	QRQa'a	

Palatia	471 HYKLVTh	
Mount Moriah.	HMVRYH HR	
[2 Chron. iii. 1]		

Was terrified	472 Ba'aTh	
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The Three Persons.	473 AThHVANY	
[ATH: HVA: ANI coalesced]		
Skull	GVLGLThA	
Molitrices	TChNVTh	

Knowledge. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 252, et seq.]	474 Da'aTh	
(Plural) --- Wisdom	ChKMVTh	
The Testimony within the Ark	a'aDTh	
A ram, he-goat; a prepared sacrifice	a'aThD	
Angel L.T.D. of Cancer	Ra'aDR	

[Vide no. 473.] In Golgotha	475 BGVLGLThA	
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Domus Iudicii; Curia; Consistorium iudiciale	476 BYTh DYN	{48a}
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477

Cranium, calvaria	478 GVLGVLTh
The Lesser Countenance,	Za'aYR ANPYN
Microprosopus	
Hagiographa	KThVBYM
	Pi 479
Molentes	TVChNVTh
	480
Lapides inanitatis	ABNY ThVHV
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 252]	Da'aVTh
lilith, Qliphoth of Malkuth	LYLYTh
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 252]	a'aDVTh
Malkuth, 42-fold Name in	a'aYTh
Yetzirah	
	481
Hills	Ba'aVGTh
Reus mortis	GBa'aVTh
Annulus	ChYYB MYThA
	TBa'aTh
	482
A looking-glass, mirror	ASPQLRYA
	483
Ferens iniquitatem	NVShA a'aVN
22 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 484
	485
Filia scaturiginum.	BTh GLYM
[Is. x. 30, "Daughter	
of Gallim"]	
Mockeries [Job xvii. 2.	HThLYM
Vide 435]	
	486
A name of	YHVH BChKPH YMD ARTz
GOD	{48b}
Foundations	YSVDVTh
Azymum fractum	MTzH PRVSH
A King of Edom	a'aVYTh
Angel of 8 P.	NHThAL

	Pi 487	
	488	
Ianua, ostium Qliphoth of Kether Ye shall worship	PThCh ThAVMYAL Tha'aBVDV	
	489	
Retribuens; rependens retributionem	MShLM GMVL	
	490	
The giving. [Vide no. 1106] Fine flour, meal Perfect Binah, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah	MThN SLTh ThMYM ThTz	
	Pi 491	
Nutrix Angel of 4 W.	AMNTh NYThAL	
	492	
	493	
The Name given in Deut. xxviii. 58; without ATh = 92, q.v.	ATh YHVH ALHYK	{WEH NOTE: 493 - 401 = 92}
	494	
Galea salutis An apple	KVBa'a HYShVa'aH ThPVCh	
	495	
Similitudo hominis Gift	DMVTh ADM MThNH	{49a}
	P#	
SUM (1 - 31)	496	
Leviathan Malkuth A small bundle	LVYThN MLKVTh TzRVR	
	497	
Nutrix Gemini; Gemini	AVMNTh ThAVMYM	

Briatic Palace of Geburah	498 HYKL ZKVTh	
Cerva amorum. [Prov. v. 19, "a loving hind"] Busy, arduous; an army; 'hosts'	Pi 499 AYLTh AHBYM TzBAVTh	
The humerus Kimelium aureaum Princeps A Duke of Edom	500 KThP MKThM ShR ThYMN	
Asher; blessedness Fortis; fortia, robusta The head Flesh; Night Demon of 1st Dec. Pisces Sehechinah Superior Likeness, similitude	501 AShR AThNYM RASh ShAR ShKYNH a'aYLAH ThMVNH	
To tell glad tidings; flesh, body To cut	502 BShR BThQ	{49b}
HB:G () HB:R O The Cup of the Stolistes HB:Sh /_\	Pi 503	
Expelled, cast forth	GRSh	
Sought for	504 DRSh	
Sarah; Principissa. [Vide 510 & cf. 243 & 248]	505 ShRH	
[Vide no. 1196]	506 ABGYThTz KPVTh	

Bovis a sinistra; an ox; Taurus. ShVR
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 99] --- Taurus

507
That which causes ferment; ShAVR
yeast

508
Daybreak; black ShChR

Pi 509
Bridge GShVR

510
Sensus allegoricus. [Vide DRVSh
K.D. L.C.K. p. 12]
Rectitudo, aequitas recta; YShR
rectilineum
The head RYSh
Song ShYR
Sarai. [Vide 505] ShRY
Draco; see 440 ThNYN

511
a'aThYAL
"The" HEAD RYShA
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 463] ShVRH {50a}

8 to the 3rd power= 3rd Rt. 9th Rt. 512
2 to the 9th power
Adhaesio, cohaesio DBQVTh
Angel of 3rd Dec. Libra ShChDR

513

514
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 213] ChQVTh

515
Possessio sine NChLH BLY MTzRYM
angustiis
Minister iudicii ShVTR
Phylacterium ThPLH

516
Lucus. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. ASHYRH

p. 168] Personae	PRTzVPYN	
	517	
Qliphoth of Taurus. [Vide no. 321, & Liber 777]	ARYMYRVN	
The good gift, i.e. Malkuth	MThNH TVBH	
Occultae. [Vide 417]	PLAVTh	
Confractio. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 698, et seq.]	ShBYRH	
	518	
	519	
Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Gemini	BRBTVSh	
	520	
Tears Legitium	DMa'aVTh KShR	
	Pi 521	
Ignis descendens	ASh YVRD	
Angel of 2 P.	VShRYH	
Nudatio candoris	MChShVP HLBN	{50b}
	522	
	Pi 523	
	524	
	525	
The LORD of Hosts, a name of GOD referred to Netzach	YHVH TzBAVTh	
	526	
Superliminare	MShQVP	
	527	
SUM (1 - 32)	528	
23 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 529	
Affatura ollaris cum	TzYQY QDYRH	

iusculo dulci
Day Demon of 3rd Dec.Cancer

ShYTRY

The Rose
Voices
Tekel, a word of the 'writing
on the wall' at Belshazzar's
fabled feast

530
ChBTzLTh
QLTh
ThQL

531

532

Heaven of Jesod
of Malkuth
King of Terrors

533
TBL VYLVN ShMYM
MLK BLHVTh

A certain Name of GOD

534
QLDShQ

535

A white cloak
Sphere of the fixed stars
The World of Assiah,
the 'material' world

536
TLYTh LBNH
MSLVTh {51a}
a'aVLM Ha'aShYH

Emanatio; Atziluth, the
Archetypal world
Medulla spinalis
Apertio uteri

537
ATzYLVTh
ChVT HShDRH
PTR RChM

Daughter of the Voice. ---
Echo. [The Bath Qol
is a particular and very
sacred method of divination]

538
BTh QVL

539

Lumbi; the upper part

540
MThNYM

Israel	Pi 541 YShRAL	
	542	
"Existence is Existence," the NAME of the Highest GOD	543 AHYH AShR AHYH	
Apples. [Cant. ii. 5]	544 ThPVChYM	
Aper de Sylva	545 ChZyR MYa'aR	
Sweet P's; a watchman Custodi L.A. Angel of Aries	546 MThVQ ShVMR ShMVR ShRHYAL	{51b}
	Pi 547	
Qliphoth of Aries Night Demon of 3rd Dec. Cancer A Name of GOD, referred to Tiphareth Qliphoth of Libra	548 Ba'aYRYRVN HTzGNTh YHVH ALVH VDa'aTh a'aBYRYRVN	
Moral Ventus turbinis	549 MVRGSh RVCh Sa'aRH	
Aquila; decidua. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 600; connect with no. 496, Malkuth] A rod of iron. [Ps. ii.] L.A. Angel of Leo Principes Dragons. (Restricted.) [Ps. lxxiv. 13]	550 NShR ShBT BRZL ShRTYAL ShRYM ThNYNM	

	551	
Desiderium dierum	552 ChMDTh YMYM	
Draco magnus	553 ThNYN GDVL	
Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Pisces	554 MRChVSh	
Obscurity	555 a'aPThH	
Mark, vestige, footstep Sharon. [Cant. ii. 1]	556 RShYMV ShRVN	
The First	Pi 557 RAShVN	{52a}
	558	
	559	
Waters of quiet Puncta A Duke of Edom Dragons	560 DRVShYM MY MNVChVTh NQVDTh ThMNa'a ThNYNYM	
SUM (1 - 33) Cain Concealed Mystery	561 AThQYN DTzNYVThA	
Primordial	562 RAShVNH	
Lotio manuum Angel of 1st Dec. Gemini	Pi 563 NTYLTh YDYM SGRSh	
Lapis capitalis	564 ABN HRAShH	

[I.R.Q. 941.]
 "And the Adam was formed
 into a living Nephesh"
 Sphere of Malkuth

VYHY HADM LNPSH ChYH

ChLM YSVDVTh

Parvatio
 Praetoriani

565
 QTNVTh
 ShVTRYM

A valley; a plain
 Puncta
 [SMK + VV + DLTh, SVD
 = a secret, spelt in full
 The Shadow of Death; Hell
 of Netzach
 Redintegratio, configuratio,
 depositio, conformatio,
 restoratio, restitutio

566
 YShRVN
 NQVDVTh
 S:V:D:
 TzLMVTh
 ThYQVN

{52b}

Firstborn

567
 RAShVNY

Fingers

568
 Pi 569
 ATzBa'aVTh

Naphtali
 Lectus
 Ten
 Heads
 Concussion, earthquake
 [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 691]
 Gate; the Door

570
 NPThLY
 a'aRSh
 a'aShR
 RYShYN
 Ra'aSh
 RSha'a
 Sha'aR

The mountains of Zion
 Balance

Pi 571
 HRRY TzYVN
 MThQLA

A chastening GOD.
 [Deut. xxviii. 58.]
 [HB:K counted as final]
 Jeschurun

572
 YHVH ALHYK
 YShVRVN

He was touched. [I.R.Q.
1117]
Active
Day Demon of 1st Dec. Pisces

YTha'aTzB
MThQBL
PVRPVR

573

Chaldee. [Hath a general
meaning of movement.
S.D. p. 87]

574
YRChShVN

{53a}

Beerschebha, Fons Septenarii.
[2 Sam. xxiv. 7
--- Gen. xxi. 31.] [Vide
K.D. L.C.K. p. 183]
"And the
GODS said, Let
there be Light"

575
BAR ShBa'a

VYAMR ALHYM YHY AVR

24 to the 2nd power
Wands
The tenth

Sq.Rt. 576
MQLVTh
a'aShVR

The Concealed of
the Concealed; a
name of GOD
most High

Pi 577
TMYRH DTMRYN

578

Media nox
Qliphoth of Netzach
Sons of Adam

579
ChTzVTh LYLH
a'aRB ZRQ
Tha'aNVGYM

Rich
Ancient
"Le bouc emissaire"; shaggy,
hairy. [Levit. xvi. 22]
Angel of Fire

580
a'aShYR
a'aThYQ
Sha'aYR

ShRP

581

The Ancient One Barley	a'aThYQA Sha'aVRH	
	582	
	583	
	584	{53b}
	585	
The GODS of Battle (lit. of Hosts); the Divine Name of Hod [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 386]	ALHYM TzBAVTh ThQYa'aH	
	586	
War-trumpet	ShVPR	
	587	
Day Demon of 1st Dec. Aquarius	PVRASh	
	588	
	589	
Viror. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 15]	AB LShVN a'aNP	
	590	
Rib. [Gen. ii. 22]	TzLa'aTh	
	591	
	592	
	Pi 593	
	594	
The Stone of Israel. [Gen. xlix. 24]	ABN YShRAL	
SUM (1 - 34)	595	
	596	
Jeruschalim	YRVShLYM	

	597	
Our iniquities	598 a'aVNVThYNV	
	Pi 599	
Mirabilia, vel occulta sapientiae Peniculamentum, fimbria peniculata A knot, ligature Red Six; marble	600 PLYAVTh ChKMH TzYTzYTh QShR ShRQ ShSh	{54a}
	Pi 601	
Lux simplicissima Brightness; splendores Extremitates	602 AVR PShVT TzChTzChVTh QTzVVTh	
Qliphoth of Leo	603 ShLHBYRVN	
Congeries; epistola Israel Senex	604 AGRTh YShRAL SBA	
Magnificentia [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 226]	605 ADRTTh GBRTTh	
Let them bring forth Ipseitas, seu ipsa essentia. [Vide K.D. L.C. K. pp. 571, 631] Nexus, ligature Ruth A turtle-dove	606 YShRTzV a'aTzMVTh QShVR RVTh ThVR	
Adam Primus The mountains of spices.	Pi 607 ADM HRAShVN HRY BShMYM	

[Cant. viii. 14]
A span, palm. [Lit. "the
little finger"]

ZRTh

The last Gate. [Vide
K.D. L.C.K. p. 184]
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 640]

608
BBA BThRA

{54b}

ChThR

609

Numulus argenteus
Citrus, malum citrum; (lust
and desire). [Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 178]
Tenth

610
AGVRTh
AThRVG

Ma'aShR

"The Fear" of the LORD.
[Ps. cxi. 10]
The Law. (Occasional
spelling)

611
YRATH

ThVRH

(The covenant) --- Day Demon
of 1st Dec. Capricorn. [Ps. xxv. 14]

612
BRYTh

The number of the Divine Precepts
The Quintessence of Light
Moses, our Rabbi
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 179]

Pi 613
ATh HAVR
MShH RBYNV
ThRYG

614

615

Qliphoth of Pisces
The Five Books of Moses; the
Law on Sinai. Cf. Tarot

616
ShYMYRVN
ThYRV

"Mighty acts." (Plur. of
"Strength.") [Ps. cvi. 2]
Columnae Nubis

Pi 617
GBVRVTh

a'aMVDY HSh VHa'aNN

et Ignis
A King of Edom

RHBYTh

Contentiones

618
RYBVTh {55a}

Novissimum

Pi 619
AChRYTh

Chokmah, Binah,
Daath; the first
descending triad
The Crown: Kether
Angel of 3rd Dec. Virgo
[Vide Ps. xxxi. 20]
The Doors
[Temurah of LBB]

620
ChKMH BYNH VDa'aTh

KThR
MShPR
TzPNTh
Sha'aRYM
ShShK

Mucro gladii
By-paths. Vide no. 1357]

621
ABChTh ChRB
AVRChVTh

[Vide I.R. G. 234]
Blessings
Profunda Maris. [Samael
et Uxor Eius]
Latitudines; Rechoboth

622
BRKTh
MTzVLVTh YM

RChVBVTh

Barietha; Doctrina
extranea; conclusio extra
Jerusalem facta

623
BRYThA

His Covenant. [Ps. xxv. 14]
Liberty
Qliphoth of Sagittarius

624
VBRYThV
ChYRVTh
NChShYRVN

25 to the 2nd power = Sq.Rt. 4th Rt. 625
5 to the 4th power
The Mountain of Ararat

HRY ARRT

The tenth portion

626
a'aShRVN

	627	{55b}
	628	
Light. [Spelt in full, with HB:V as VA] Blessings	A:V:R: BRKVTh	
	629	
The great trumpet	ShVPR GDVL	
	630	
Angel L.T.D. of Gemini The Holy Spirit	Sa'aRSh RVChA QDYShA ShLSh	
Angels of Geburah, and of Kether of Briah	ShRPYM	
	Pi 631	
Concealed Mystery	DTzNYa'aVThA	
	632	
	633	
Light. [Spelt in full, when HB:V = VV] [Gen. v. 2]	A:V:R: ZKR VNQBH BRAM	
	634	
	635	
	636	
Qliphoth of Virgo	TzPRYRVN	
	637	
Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Capricorn Day Demon of 1st Dec. Libra	PVRNASH ShALVSh	
	638	
	639	
The Tree of Knowledge	a'aTz HDa'aTh	
	640	
The Cup of Consolations	KVS ThNChVMYM	

Third. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 719]	ShLYSh	{56a}
Sun; Sphere of Sun	ShMSh	
Palm of the hand; palm-tree	ThMR	
	Pi 641	
Dema purpureum	AMRTh	
Angel of 9 W.	YRThAL	
"Lights"; defective. [S.D. 142]	MARTh	
	642	
Day Demon of 2nd Dec. Scorpio	PVRShVN	
	Pi 643	
Light. [Spelt in full, when HB:V = VYV]	A:V:R:	
Severities of	GBVRVTh YHVH	
TETRAGRAMMATON		
The Cup of Benedictions	KVS ShL BRKH	
(12 x 13 x 4) + 20 = number of letters in the five tablets of Enoch. [Vide Equinox VII]	644	
	645	
A King of Edom	MShRQH	
	646	
Elohim [HB:M counted as Final]	ALHYM	
Licitum	MVThR	
Rejoicing	MShVSh	
	Pi 647	
Lights	MARVTh	
	648	
	649	
Trance, deep sleep. [Vide no. 244]	ThRDMH	
	650	
Nitre	NThR	{56b}
	651	

Temurah	ThMVRH	
	652	
	Pi 653	
	654	
	655	
	656	
A rose, lily. [Vide no. 706] Delight, joy A furnace	ShVShN ShShVN ThNVR	
	657	
Angel of 3rd Dec. Scorpio Zelbarachith; Leo	VThRVDYAL ZLBRChYTh	
	658	
	Pi 659	
	660	
Scintillae Zones; members	NYTzYTzYTh QShRYN ThYNR	
	Pi 661	
Esther Day Demon of 3rd Dec. Pisces Crinorrhodon (vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 708); a rose Angel L.T.D. of Libra	ASThR YShTVLVSh ShVShNH ThRGBVN	
	662	
Corona Dei	AKThRYAL	
	663	
Lapides marmoris. [Vide Zohar, pt. I. fol. 34. col. 134] Cantio	ABNY ShSh ZMYRVTh	{57a}
	664	

The Womb	665 BYTh HRChM	
SUM (1 - 36). Sun. The Number of THE BEAST	666 <> ALHYSTHR H KRa'aVLHY	
Aleister E. Crowley Aleister Crowley [Rabbi Battiscombe Gunn's v.l.]	ALYSTYR QRVLY	
The number 5, which is 6 (HB:HA), on the Grand Scale	HA x ALP	
Qliphoth of Pisces Spirit of Sun Ommo Satan, the 'Evil Triad' of Satan-Typhon, Apophras, and Besz The Name Jesus	NShYMYRVN SVRTh a'aMMV SThN ShM YHShVH	
The oil for lighting	667 ShMN LMAVR	
Negotiatrrix	668 SChRTh	
Deprecatus	669 670 a'aRTh a'aThR	
Ferens fructum The Law The Gate Adonai. [Spelt in full]	671 a'aVShH PRY Tha'aRA ThRa'aA A:D:N:Y:	{57b}
[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 395]	672 Pi 673 674 SVChRTh	
	675	

HYKL a'aTzSShMYM

Sq.Rt. 676
GLGLYM
a'aThVR

Pi 677

678
a'aRBVTh

679
ABN Ma'aVLPTTh

680
PRTh

681
ThRVa'aH

682
a'aRBYTh

Pi 683

684

685

686

687

688

689 {58a}

690
MNRTh
ThMRYM

	Pi	691	
		692	
The fourth portion	RB	Ya'aYTh	
		693	
Sulphur	G	PRYTh	
		694	
		695	
The Moral World	a'aVLM	MVRGSh	
		696	
		697	
Castella munita; domus munitae	ARMNV	Th	
		698	
		699	
		700	
The Mercy Seat	KPR	Th	
The Veil of the Holy	PRK	Th	
Seth	Sh	Th	
	Pi	701	
[Deut. xxiii. 1]	ASh	Th	
"And lo! three men."	VH	NH ShLShH	
[These be Michael, Gabriel and Raphael, --- ALV-MYKAL-GBRYAL-VRPAL]			
Prolapsus in faciem	NPYL	Th APYM	
		702	
Sabbathum quies	ShB	Th	
		703	
SUM (1 - 37)	MSG	RTh	
Taenia	SAT	ARYAL	{58b}
Qliphoth of Binah			
		704	
"Arbatel." [The "Arbatel" of Magic, by Pietro di	ARBa'a	ThAL	

Abano]
Angel L.T.N. of Pisces

NThDVRYGAL

The stones of
dampness. [Job xxviii. 3]

705
ABNYM MPVLMVTh

Propitiatorium
"Lilies" (I.R.Q. 878), or
"Roses" (von Rosenroth)

706
KPVRTTh
ShVShNYM

The Angel of the
Covenant
Perdition

707
708
MLAK HBRYTh
ShChTh

The Seven Double Letters
HB:B, HB:G, HB:D, HB:K, HB:P, HB:R, HB:Th

Pi 709

Spelunca
Six. (Ch.)

710
Ma'aRTh
ShYTh

Sphere of Saturn
Conversio

711
712
713
ShBThAY
ThShVBH

Secret
Perfumed, fumigated

714
715
NSThRH
QTVRTTh

Vaschti. [Est. i. 9]
Matrona

716
VShThY
MTRVNYThA

{59a}

717

718

Pi 719

:6

.--

720

ChShBThY

ShRRK

Thy Navel. [Cant. vii. 3]

721

NQDH RAShVNH

The Primordial Point

722

QVL ShVPR

The voice of the trumpet

723

724

ACHRYTh HYMYM

The end of the days

725

726

Pi 727

728

ThShKCh

[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 506]

27 to the 2nd power = Sq.Rt. 3rd Rt. 6th Rt. 729

9 to the 3rd power =

3 to the 6th power

[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 505]

QRa'a ShTN

730

731

732

Pi 733

RYShA HVVRH

The white head: a
title of GOD most
High

734

To bring forth	ShThLD	
Tiphareth, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah	735 BMRTzThG	{59b}
Tortuosae	736 a'aQLQLVTh	
(Live coal) --- Blaze, flame	737 ShLHBTh ShTh HBL	
	738	
	Pi 739	
	740	
SUM (1 - 38) (HB:N counted as Final) Amen: see 91	741 AMN	
The four letters of the elements; hence a concealed YHVH	AMThSh	
The Ark of the Testimony. [Lit. "of tremblings," scil. "vibrations"]	742 ARVN Ha'aDVTh	
	Pi 743	
	744	
	745	
The Names	746 ShMVTh	
The voice of the turtle- dove. [Cant. ii. 12]	747 QVL HThVR	
The oil of Anointment	748 ShMN HMLShChH	

	749	
Conclave Lead	750 LShKTh a'aPRTh	
Vir integer	Pi 751 AYSh ThM	{60a}
Satan	752 ShAThAN	
Abraham and Sarah. [Either spelling. Vide 243, 248, 505, & 510]	753	
	754	
	755	
Emanations: numbers Years	756 SPYRVTh ShNVTh	
Netzach and Hod	Pi 757 AShKLVTh	
Perdition Copper ore; bronze	758 MShChYTh NChShTh	
Pulvis aromatarii	759 ABQTh RVKL	
"Both Active and Passive"; said in the Qabalah concerning the Sephiroth Confinement, detention Yesod, 42-fold Name in Yetzirah	760 MQBYL VMThQBL a'aTzRTh QRa'aShMN	
	Pi 761	

762

763

764

765

766

767

768 {60b}

Pi 769

770

Going forth. [Said of MShVTTVTh
the Eyes of TETRAGRAMMATON]
Unfruitful, barren a'aQRTh

771

L.A. Angel of Virgo ShLThYAL

772

Septennium ShBa'a ShNYM

Pi 773

Lapis, seu canalis ABN HShThYH
lapideus Potationis

774

Filia Septenarii BTh ShBa'a

775

[Vide no. 934] DQRDYNVThA

776

777

"The Flaming Sword," if the path
from Binah to Chesed be taken
as = 3. For HB:G connects Arikh
Anpin with Zaur Anpin

One is the AChTh RVCh ALHYM ChYYM
Ruach of the

Elohim of Lives
The World of Shells

a'aVLM HQLYPVTh

778

779

780

I dwell, have dwelt. ("Not"
written.) [I.R.Q. 1122;
Prov. viii. 12]

ShKNThY

Shore, bank

ShPTh

{61a}

781

782

783

28 to the 2nd power
Qliphoth of Cancer

Sq.Rt. 784
ShYChRYRVN

785

786

Smooth

PShVTh

Pi 787

788

The Secret Wisdom:
i.e., The Qabalah.
[Vide 58]

ChKMH NSThRH

789

790

My presence. [I.R.Q. 1122;
Prov. xii.]

ShYKNThY

791

792

[Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 460,
and Ps. xviii. 51]

YShVa'aVTh

793

794

795

796

Calix horroris

KVS HThRa'aLH

Pi 797

798

Mount Gaerisim
and mount Ebal.
[Deut. xi. 29]

HR GRYZYM VHR a'aYBL

Consisting of Seven

ShBYa'aYVTh

799

{61b}

800

A bow; Sagittarius. The three Paths QShTh
leading from Malkuth; hence
much symbolism of the Rain-
bow of Promise

801

401 x 2 = The Reflection of 401
which is HB:ATh, GR:alpha & GR:omega
Consensus vel
Schola vel Academia Superna.
[Refers to A ∴ A ∴, the three
grades which are above the
Abyss. Vide K.D. LO.C.K.
p. 461]

802

YShYBH ShLM a'aLH

Vindicta foederis

An ark, as of Noah or of Moses

NQM BRYTh

ThBTh

803

804

805

806

807

808

"A piece of brass" --- the
Brazen Serpent

NChShThN

Pi 809

810

A Duke of Edom
Octava

YThTh
ShMYNYTh

Pi 811

812

813

Signa
Ararita; a name of GOD
which is a Notarigon of the
sentence AChD RASh:
AChDVThV RASh YYChVDVThV:
ThMVRThV AChD. "One is
His Beginning; one is
His Individuality; His
Permutation One
[Gen i. 3]

AVThVTh
ARARYThA

{62a}

VYAMR ALHYM YHY AVR VYHY AVR

814

815

Ahasuerus

AChShVRSh

816

817

818

819

SUM (1 - 40)

820

Pi 821

822

Lapis effigiei seu figuratus. [Lev. xxvi. 1.] Litterae	Pi 823 ABN MShKYTh AVThYVTh	
	824	
	825	
	826	
	Pi 827	
	828	
	Pi 829	
Issachar Three ("?" third)	830 YShShKR ThLTh	{62b}
	831	
Albedo Crystalli	832 LBNTh SPYR	
Choir of Angels in Kether Transiens super prevaricatione	833 ChYVTh HQDSh a'aVBH a'aL RPSHa'a	
	834	
Brachia Mundi	835 ZRVa'aVTh a'aVLM	
	836	
The profuse giver. [Cf. the Egyptian word Tat.] [HB:M counted as Final. Vide 277. This "is" written]	837 ThTh ZL LMRBH	

	838	
	Pi 839	
	840	
29 to the 2nd power Laudes	Sq.Rt. 841 ThHLVTh	
	842	
	843	
	844	
	845	
Oleum influxus	KB AVThYVTh ShMN HShPa'a	
	846	
	847	
	848	
	849	
Exitus Sabbathi	MVTzAY ShBTh	{Typo was SVTzAY} {63a}
	850	
Blue; perfection My perfect one. ("Not" written.) [Cant. v. s.] Vide 857	ThKLTh ThMThY	
	851	
Souls. [I.R.Q. 1052 et seq.]	NShMThHVN	
	852	
Occellata Aurea; Netzach and Hod receiving influence from Geburah	MShBTzVTh ZHB	
	Pi 853	
An orchard	ShDH ThPVChYM	
	854	

	855	
Summitatis bifidae in Lulabh	856 ThYVMTh	
My twin-sister. ["Is" written]	Pi 857 ThAVMThY	
"To Thee be Power unto the Ages, my Lord" [Vide 35 s.v. HB:AGLA]	858 AThH GBVR La'aVLM ADNY	
Inunctio, copula, phy- lacterium, ornamentumve manus. [Connect with HB:NShR]	Pi 859 ThPLH ShL YD	
	860	
SUM (1 - 41)	861	
	862	
	Pi 863	{63b}
The Woman of Whoredom Sun and Moon	864 AShTh ZNVNYM ShMSh VYRCh	
	865	
Latera aquilonis	866 YRKThY TzPVN	
	867	
Semitae	868 NThYBVTh	
Qliphoth of Tiphareth	869 ThGRYRVN	

Twelve	870	
	ThRYSR	
Septiduum	871	
	872	
	ShBa'aTh YMYM	
	873	
	874	
	875	
	876	
	Pi 877	
	878	
	879	
A King of Edom	880	
	HShSHThYMNY	
Os cranii, cranium	Pi 881	
	QRQPThA	
Dilationes fleminis	882	
	RChVBVTh HNHR	
Lux oriens	Pi 883	
	AVR MThNVTzTz	
Domination	884	
	ThVa'aBVTh	{64a}
	885	
	886	
	Pi 887	
	888	

	889	
Spelunca duplex	890 Ma'aRTh HMKPLH	
	891	
Defectus cogitationis	892 APYSTh HRa'aYVN	
	893	
	894	
	895	
	896	
	897	
	898	
	899	
30 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 900	
	901	
Briatic Palace of Jesod --- Malkuth	902 HYKL LBNTh HSPYR	
SUM (1 - 42) Secret name of Cagliostro	903 AShARATh	
	904	
	905	
Licentia. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 693] Vermis	906 RShVTh ThVLa'aTh	{64b}
	Pi 907	

	908
	909
Beginning. [Vide I.Z.Q. 547, et seq.]	910 RShYTh
Hell of Tiphareth Beginning Remnant	Pi 911 BARShChTh RASHYTh ShARYTh
Pl. of 506 HB:ShVR q.v.	912 ShVRVTh
Berashith; "in the Beginning." [With "small" B.] [Vide A Note on Genesis, Equinox II 163-185, and 2911]	913 BRASHYTh
	914
	915
	916
	917
	918
	Pi 919
	920
Nekudoth; intuitus aspectus. [Vide K.D. L.C.K. p. 547]	921 HSThKLVTh
	922
	923
	924

	925	
	926	{65a}
	927	
	928	
	Pi 929	
Gazophylacia	AVTzRVTh TzPVN	
Septentrionis		
Briah, the Palace	HYKL QVDSH QDSHYM	
of the Supernals		
therein		
	930	
	931	
	932	
The Tree of the	a'aTz HDa'aTh TVB VRa'a	
Knowledge of		
Good and Evil		
	933	
Foedus nuditatis vel	BRYTh HMa'aVR	
Sabbathi vel arcus		
	934	
Coruscatio	BVTzYNA DQRDYNVThA	
vehementissima; splendor		
exactissime dimeticus		
	935	
The Cause of causes	SBTh HSBVTh	
[Vide Eccles. ii. 8, &	Tha'aNVGVTh	
S.D. v. 79]		
	936	
Kether. [Spelt in full]	K:Th:R:	
	Pi 937	
	938	

939

940

Angel of 1st Dec. Sagittarius Pi 941
MShRATh

942 {65b}

943

944

945
The small point: a title NQDH PShVTh {WEH NOTE: typo had NQRH, &
normal of GOD most High spelling would be NQVDH PShVTH for "Smooth Point"}

SUM (1- 43) 946

Angel of 1st Dec. Cancer Pi 947
MThRAVSh

948

949

[Vide no. 1204] 950
HMThHPKTh

951
The Book of the Law SPR ThVRH {WEH NOTE: This actually
means: "Torah" or "Old Testament Bible"}

952

Vigiliae Pi 953
AShMVRVTh

954

955

956

Unguentum Magnificentiae 957
MShChA RBVTh

958

959

960

Tabuae argenteae

ChTzVTzRVTh KSP

31 to the 2nd power

Sq.Rt. 961

962

963

Achad; unity. [Spelt fully]
Garland, Crown; a little
wreath [Vide K.D.
L.C.K. p. 614

A:CH:D:
a'aTRTh a'aTRH

{66a}

964

Memoriale iubilationis.
[Note Root HB:ZKR, 227 q.v.
showing phallic nature of
this 'memorial']

ZKRVN ThRVa'aH

965

966

Pi 967

968

969

970

Angel of Water

ThRShYS

Pi 971

Shemhamphorasch,
the 'Divided Name'
of GOD

ShM HMPVRSh

972

973

	974	
	975	
	976	
	Pi 977	
	978	
	979	
	980	
	981	
	982	
Urbs Quaternionis	Pi 983 QRYTh ARBa'a	
The Beginning of Wisdom (is The Wonderment at TETRAGRAMMATON. Psalms).	984 RAShYTh ChKMH	{66b}
	985	
Vehementia; obiectio rigorosa	986 HThQPThA	
	987	
Foedus pacis	988 BRYTh ShLVM	
Pascens inter Lilia	989 RVa'aH BShVShNYM	
SUM (1 - 44)	990	
	Pi 991	
	992	

The joy of the
whole Earth.
[Vide no. 296]

MShVSh KL HARTz

993

994

995

996

The Most Holy
Ancient One

a'aThYQA QDYShA

Pi 997

998

Foedus linguae

BRYTh LShVN

999

10 to the 3rd power
[Vide no. 1100]
A Qabalistic Method of
Exegesis; "spelling
Qabalistically backward"

3rd Rt. 1000

ShShTh

ThShRQ

1001

The bank of a stream
#

1002

ShPTh HYAVR

{67a}

1003

1004

1005

1006

The Law

TRVT

1007

TAROT. [But vide 671]

ThARVTh

1008

Pi 1009

1010

1011

1012

Pi 1013

1014

1015

1016

[Vide no. 1047]

YVThRTh

1017

Vasa vitrea, langenae, phiale

AShYShVTh

1018

Pi 1019

1020

Pi 1021

1022

1023

32 to the 2nd power = Sq.Rt. 5th Rt. 10th Rt 1024
4 to the 5th power =
2 to the 10th power
Qliphoth of Virgo

NChShThYRVN

1025

Absconsiones
sapientiae

Tha'aLVMVTh ChKMH

1026

1027 {67b}

1028

	1029
	1030
	Pi 1031
Sphere of Primum Mobile	1032 RAShYTh HGLGLYM
	Pi 1033
	1034
SUM (1 - 45)	1035
	1036
	1037
	1038
	Pi 1039
	1040
	1041
	1042
	1043
	1044
	1045
	1046
Diaphragma supra hepar (vel hepatitis)	1047 YVThRTh HKBD
	1048
	Pi 1049

	1050	
	Pi 1051	
	1052	
	1053	
	1054	
	1055	
The lily	1056 ShVShNTh	
	1057	
	1058	{68a}
	1059	
The Tabernacle [HB:N final]	1060 MShKN	{Typo had "[N final]"}
[Vide I.R.Q. 939]	Pi 1061 ASThThR VYPCh BAPYV NShMTh ChYYM	
	1062	
	Pi 1063	
	1064	
	1065	
	1066	
	1067	
	1068	
	Pi 1069	

		1070	
		1071	
		1072	
		1073	
		1074	
		1075	
		1076	
		1077	
		1078	
		1079	
		1080	
Tiphareth	SUM (1 - 46)	1081	ThPARTh
		1082	
		1083	
		1084	
		1085	
		1086	
		Pi 1087	
		1088	
33 to the 2nd power		Sq.Rt. 1089	{68b}
		1090	
The Rose of Sharon		Pi 1091	ChBTzLTh HShRVN

	1092
	Pi 1093
	1094
	1095
	1096
	Pi 1097
	1098
	1099
Sextiduum	1100 ShShTh YMYM
	1101
	1102
	Pi 1103
	1104
	1105
The giving of the Law	1106 MThN HThVRH
	1107
	1108
	Pi 1109
	1110
	1111
	1112
	1113

1114

1115

1116

Pi 1117

1118

1119

1120

1121

1122 {69a}

Pi 1123

1124

1125

1126

1127

SUM (1 - 47) 1128

Pi 1129

1130

1131

1132

1133

1134

1135

1136

	1137	
	1138	
	1139	
	1140	
	1141	
	1142	
	1143	
	1144	
	1145	
Jars, globular vessels	1146 TzNThRVTh	
Byssus contorta	1147 ShSh MShZR	
	1148	
	1149	
	1150	
	Pi 1151	
	1152	
	Pi 1153	
	1154	
	1155	
34 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 1156	{69b}
Specula turmarum	1157 MRAVTh HTzVBAVTh	
	1158	

1159

1160

1161

1162

Pi 1163

1164

1165

1166

1167

1168

1169

1170

Pi 1171

1172

1173

[With HB:N counted as
Final]

ATh YHVH ALHYN

1174

1175

Conclave caesum

LShKTh HGZYTh

SUM (1 - 48)

1176

1177

1178

1179

	1180	
	Pi 1181	
	1182	
	1183	
	1184	
	1185	
	1186	
	Pi 1187	
	1188	{70a}
	1189	
	1190	
	1191	
	1192	
	Pi 1193	
	1194	
	1195	
	1196	
Fasciculi; rami palmarum	KPVTh ThMRYM	
	1197	
	1198	
	1199	
	1200	
	Pi 1201	

	1202	
	1203	
Flamma gladii versatilis	1204 LHT ChRB HMThHPKTh	
	1205	
The Holy Intelligence A water-trough	1206 NShMThA QDYShA ShQThVTh	
	1207	
	1208	
	1209	
Angel of Geburah of BriaH	1210 ThRShYSh	
	1211	
	1212	
	Pi 1213	
	1214	
	1215	
	1216	{70b}
	Pi 1217	
	1218	
Formator eius quod in principiis	1219 YVTzR BRAShYTh	
Hell of Hod The beaten oil	1220 Sha'aRYMRTh ShMN KThYTh	

1221

1222

Pi 1223

1224

SUM (1-49) = 35 to the 2nd power. Venus. Sq.Rt. 1225
The Ancient of the a'aThYQA Da'aThYQYN
Ancient Ones

1226

1227

1228

Pi 1229

1230

Pi 1231

1232

1233

1234

1235

1236

Pi 1237

1238

1239

1240

1241

1242

1243

1244

1245

1246 {71a}

1247

1248

Pi 1249

1250

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1258

Pi 1259

1260

Angels of Netzach and
of Geburah of Briah

ThRShYShYM

1261

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	1265	
	1266	
	1267	
	1268	
	1269	
	1270	
	1271	
	1272	
	1273	
	1274	
SUM (1 - 50)	1275	
	1276	
	Pi 1277	
	1278	
	Pi 1279	
Ignis sese reciprocans	ASh MThLQChTh	{71b}
	1280	
	1281	
	1282	
	Pi 1283	
	1284	
	1285	
	1286	

1287

1288

Pi 1289

1290

Pi 1291

1292

1293

1294

Chorda fili coccini

ThQVTh ChVT HShNY

1295

36 to the 2nd power = 6 to the 4nd power Sq.Rt. 4 Rt. 1296

Pi 1297

1298

1299

1300

Pi 1301

1302

Pi 1303

1304

1305

1306

Pi 1307

Angel L.T.D, of 2nd Dec. Capricorn,
and King-Demon of
Geburah AShThRVTh

1308

1309

1310 {72a}

1311

1312

1313

1314

1315

1316

1317

1318

Pi 1319

1320

Pi 1321

The Lily of the Valleys

1322

1323

1324

1325

SUM (1 - 51) 1326

Pi 1327

1328

1329

1330

11 to the 3rd power	3 Rt.	1331	
		1332	
		1333	
		1334	
		1335	
		1336	
		1337	
		1338	
		1339	
		1340	
		1341	
		1342	
		1343	
		1344	{72b}
		1345	
		1346	
		1347	
		1348	
		1349	
The numerical value of the 9 Paths of the Lesser Beard: viz. HB:N, HB:S, HB:a'a, HB:P, HB:Tz, HB:Q, HB:R, HB:Sh, and HB:Th		1350	
		1351	
		1352	

	1353
	1354
	1355
	1356
Crooked by-paths. [Jud. v. 6]	1357 AVRChVTh a'aQLQLVTh
	1358
	1359
	1360
Pi	1361
	1362
	1363
	1364
	1365
	1366
Pi	1367
	1368
37 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 1369
	1370
	1371
	1372
Pi	1373
	1374

	1375	{73a}
	1376	
	1377	
SUM (1 - 52)	1378	
	1379	
	1380	
The lip of the liar	ShPTh ShQR	
	Pi 1381	
	1382	
	1383	
	1384	
	1385	
	1386	
	1387	
	1388	
	1389	
	1390	
	1391	
	1392	
	1393	
	1394	
	1395	
	1396	

1397

1398

Pi 1399

1400

Chaos, or = HB:ATh, 401 q.v.
Tria Capita

ATh {Aleph is large}
ThLTh RYShYN

1401

1402

1403

1404

1405

1406

1407 {73b}

1408

Pi 1409

1410

1411

1412

1413

1414

1415

1416

1417

1418

1419

1420

1421

1422

Pi 1423

1424

1425

1426

Pi 1427

1428

Pi 1429

1430

SUM (1 - 53) 1431

1432

Pi 1433

1434

1435

1436

1437

1438

Pi 1439

1440

1441

	1442	{74a}
	1443	
38 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt.	1444
	1445	
The remnant of his heritage	LShAYRYTh NChLThV	
	1446	
	Pi	1447
	1448	
	1449	
	1450	
	Pi	1451
	1452	
	Pi	1453
	1454	
	1455	
	1456	
	1457	
	1458	
	Pi	1459
	1460	
Quies cessationis	ShBTh ShBThVN	
	1461	
	1462	
	1463	

1464

1465

1466

1467

1468

1469

1470

Pi 1471

1472

1473

1474 {74b}

1475

1476

1477

1478

1479

1480

Septem heptaeterides

ShBa'a ShBThVTh

Pi 1481

1482

Rotunditates, seu
vasa rotunda capitellarum,
seu capitella rotunda

GVLVTh HKVThRVTh

Pi 1483

1484

SUM (1 - 54)	1485	
	1486	
Pi	1487	
	1488	
Pi	1489	
	1490	
	1491	
	1492	
Pi	1493	
	1494	
The total numerical value of the Paths of the Tree; i.e. of the Beards conjoined; i.e. of the whole Hebrew Alphabet	1495	
	1496	
	1497	
	1498	
Pi	1499	
	1500	
	1501	
	1502	
	1503	{75a}
	1504	
	1505	

1506

1507

1508

1509

1510

Pi 1511

1512

1513

1514

1515

1516

1517

1518

1519

1520

39 to the 2nd power

Sq.Rt. 1521

1522

Pi 1523

1524

1525

1526

1527

1528

		1529	
		1530	
	Pi	1531	
		1532	
		1533	
		1534	
		1535	
		1536	
		1537	
		1538	{75b}
		1539	
SUM (1 - 55)		1540	
		1541	
		1542	
The Oil of the Anointing	ShMN MShChTh QDSh		
	Pi	1543	
		1544	
		1545	
		1546	
		1547	
		1548	
	Pi	1549	
		1550	

1551

1552

Pi 1553

1554

1555

1556

1557

1558

Pi 1559

1560

1561

1562

1563

1564

1565

1566

Pi 1567

1568

1569

1570

Pi 1571 {76a}

1572

1573

1574

1575

1576

1577

1578

Pi 1579

1580

1581

1582

Pi 1583

1584

1585

1586

1587

1588

1589

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1591

1592

1593

1594

1595

SUM (1 - 56)

1596

	Pi	1597	
		1598	
		1599	
40 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt.	1600	
	Pi	1601	
		1602	
		1603	
		1604	
		1605	
		1606	{76b}
	Pi	1607	
		1608	
	Pi	1609	
		1610	
		1611	
		1612	
	Pi	1613	
		1614	
		1615	
		1616	
		1617	
		1618	
	Pi	1619	

1620

Pi 1621

1622

1623

1624

1625

1626

Pi 1627

1628

1629

1630

1631

1632

1633

1634

1635

1636

Pi 1637

1638

1639

1640

1641 {77a}

1642

1643

1644

1645

1646

1647

1648

1649

1650

1651

1652

SUM (1 - 57)

1653

1654

1655

1656

Pi 1657

1658

1659

1660

1661

1662

Pi 1663

1664

The pure olive
oil beaten out

ShMN ZYThZK KThYTh

1665

1666

Pi 1667

1668

Pi 1669

1670

1671

1672

1673

1674 {77b}

1675

1676

1677

1678

1679

1680

41 to the 2nd power Sq.Rt. 1681

1682

1683

1684

1685

1686

1687

1688

1689

1690

1691

1692

Pi 1693

1694

1695

1696

Pi 1697

1698

Pi 1699

1700

1701

1702

1703

1704

1705

1706

1707

1708

Pi 1709 {78a}

1710

SUM (1 - 58)		1711
		1712
		1713
		1714
		1715
		1716
		1717
		1718
		1719
		1720
	Pi	1721
		1722
	Pi	1723
		1724
		1725
		1726
		1727
12 to the 3rd power	3rd Rt.	1728
		1729
		1730
		1731
		1732
	Pi	1733

1734

1735

1736

1737

1738

1739

1740

Pi 1741

1742

1743

1744 {78b}

1745

1746

Pi 1747

1748

1749

1750

1751

1752

Pi 1753

1754

1755

Holy, Holy,
Holy, Lord GOD of Hosts!

QDVSh QDVSh QDVSh YHVH TzBAVTh

		1756	
		1757	
		1758	
	Pi	1759	
		1760	
		1761	
		1762	
		1763	
42 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt.	1764	
		1765	
		1766	
		1767	
		1768	
		1769	
SUM (1 - 59)		1770	
		1771	
		1772	
		1773	
		1774	
		1775	
		1776	{79a}
	Pi	1777	
		1778	

1779

1780

1781

1782

Pi 1783

1784

1785

1786

Pi 1787

1788

Pi 1789

1790

1791

1792

1793

1794

1795

1796

1797

1798

1799

1800

Pi 1801

1802

1803

1804

1805

1806

1807

1808

1809

1810

Pi 1811 {79b}

1812

1813

1814

1815

1816

1817

1818

1819

1820

1821

1822

Pi 1823

1824

1825

1826

1827

1828

1829

SUM (1 - 60)

1830

Pi 1831

1832

1833

1834

1835

1836

1837

1838

1839

1840

1841

1842

1843

1844

1845

1846 {80a}

Pi 1847

	1848
43 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 1849
	1850
	1851
	1852
	1853
∴7	
∴--	1854
	1855
	1856
	1857
	1858
	1859
	1860
	Pi 1861
	1862
	1863
	1864
	1865
	1866
	Pi 1867
	1868
	1869
	1870

Pi 1871

1872

Pi 1873

1874

1875

1876

Pi 1877

1878

Pi 1879

1880

1881 {80b}

1882

1883

1884

1885

1886

1887

1888

Pi 1889

1890

SUM (1 - 61) 1891

1892

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1894

1895

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1897

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1899

1900

Pi 1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

Pi 1907

1908

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1911

1912

Pi 1913

1914

1915

1916 {81a}

1917

1918

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Pi 1931

1932

Pi 1933

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1935

44 to the 2nd power

Sq.Rt. 1936

1937

1938

1939

	1940	
	1941	
	1942	
	1943	
	1944	
	1945	
	1946	
	1947	
	1948	
Pi	1949	
	1950	
Pi	1951	{81b}
	1952	
SUM (1 - 62)	1953	
	1954	
	1955	
	1956	
	1957	
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Pi 1973

1974

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Pi 1979

1980

1981

1982

1983

1984

1985

	1986	{82a}
Pi	1987	
	1988	
	1989	
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Pi	1993	
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Pi	1997	
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Pi	1999	
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Pi	2003	
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	2008	

	2009	
	2010	
Pi	2011	
	2012	
	2013	
	2014	
	2015	
SUM (1 - 63)	2016	
Pi	2017	
	2018	
	2019	
	2020	
	2021	{82b}
	2022	
	2023	
	2024	
45 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt.	2025
	2026	
	Pi	2027
	2028	
	Pi	2029
	2030	
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Pi 2039

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2051

2052

Pi 2053

2054

2055

2056 {83a}

2057

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2061

2062

Pi 2063

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Pi 2069

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	2078	
	2079	
SUM (1 - 64). Mercury	2080	
Spirit of Mercury	ThPTThRThRTh	
	Pi 2081	
	2082	
	Pi 2083	
	2084	
	2085	
	2086	
	Pi 2087	
	2088	
	Pi 2089	
	2090	{83b}
	2091	
	2092	
	2093	
	2094	
	2095	
	2096	
	2097	
	2098	
	Pi 2099	

2100

2101

2102

2103

2104

2105

2106

2107

2108

2109

2110

Pi 2111

2112

Pi 2113

2114

2115

46 to the 2nd power

Sq.Rt. 2116

2117

2118

2119

2120

2121

2122

2123

2124

2125 {84a}

2126

2127

2128

Pi 2129

2130

Pi 2131

2132

2133

2134

2135

2136

Pi 2137

2138

2139

2140

Pi 2141

2142

Pi 2143

2144

SUM (1 - 65) 2145

2146

2147

2148

2149

2150

2151

2152

Pi 2153

2154

2155

2156

2157

2158

2159

2160 {84b}

Pi 2161

2162

2163

2164

2165

2166

2167

2168

2169

2170

2171

2172

2173

2174

2175

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2177

2178

Pi 2179

2180

2181

2182

2183

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2186

3 to the 7th power

7 Rt. 2187

2188

2189

2190

2191

		2192	
		2193	
		2194	
		2195	{85a}
		2196	
13 to the 3rd power	3 Rt.	2197	
		2198	
		2199	
		2200	
		2201	
		2202	
	Pi	2203	
		2204	
		2205	
		2206	
	Pi	2207	
		2208	
47 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt.	2209	
		2210	
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		2212	
	Pi	2213	
		2214	

2215

2216

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Pi 2221

2222

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2230 {85b}

2231

2232

2233

2234

2235

2236

Pi 2237

2238

Pi 2239

2240

2241

2242

Pi 2243

2244

2245

2246

2247

2248

2249

2250

Pi 2251

2252

2253

2254

2255

2256

2257

2258

2259

2260

2261

2262

2263

2264

2265 {86a}

2266

Pi 2267

2268

Pi 2269

2270

2271

2272

Pi 2273

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2277

SUM (1 - 67) 2278

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Pi 2281

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2285

2286

Pi 2287

2288

2289

2290

2291

2292

Pi 2293

2294

2295

2296

Pi 2297

2298

2299

2300 {86b}

2301

2302

2303

48 to the 2nd power Sq.Rt. 2304

2305

2306

2307

2308

Pi 2309

2310

Pi 2311

2312

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2320

2321

2322

2323

2324

2325

2326

2327

2328

2329

2330

2331

2332

Pi 2333

2334

2335 {87a}

2336

2337

2338

Pi 2339

2340

Pi 2341

2342

2343

2344

2345

SUM (1 - 68) 2346

Pi 2347

2348

2349

2350

Pi 2351

2352

2353

2354

2355

2356

Pi 2357

2358

2359

2360

2361

2362

2363

2364

2365

2366

2367

2368

2369

2370 {87b}

Pi 2371

2372

2373

2374

2375

2376

Pi 2377

2378

2379

2380

Pi 2381

2382

Pi 2383

2384

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2386

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Pi 2389

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Pi 2393

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Pi 2399

2400

49 to the 2nd power = 7 to the 4th power Sq.Rt. 4th Rt. 2401

2402

2403

2404

2405 {88a}

2406

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Pi 2411

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2414

SUM (1 - 69) 2415

2416

Pi 2417

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Pi 2423

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2436

Pi 2437

2438

2439

2440 {88b}

Pi 2441

2442

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2444

2445

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Pi 2447

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2453

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Pi 2459

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2462

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2466

Pi 2467

2468

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2471

2472

Pi 2473

2474

2475 {89a}

2476

Pi 2477

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2480

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50 to the 2nd power

Sq.Rt. 2500

2501

2502

Pi 2503

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2510 {89b}

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Pi 2521

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2523

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Pi 2531

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Pi 2539

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2541

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Pi 2543

2544

2545 {90a}

2546

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2548

Pi 2549

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Pi 2551

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SUM (1 - 71) 2556

Pi 2557

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2578

Pi 2579

2580 {90b}

2581

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2583

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2586

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Pi 2591

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Pi 2593

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2599

2600

51 to the 2nd power

Sq.Rt. 2601

2602

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	2606	
	2607	
	2608	
Pi	2609	
	2610	
	2611	
	2612	
	2613	
	2614	
	2615	{91a}
	2616	
Pi	2617	
	2618	
	2619	
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	2622	
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Pi 2633

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2641

2642

2643

2644

2645

2646

Pi 2647

2648

2649

2650 {91b}

2651

2652

2653

2654

2655

2656

Pi 2657

2658

Pi 2659

2660

2661

2662

Pi 2663

2664

2665

2666

2667

2668

2669

2670

Pi 2671

2672

2673

2674

2675

2676

Pi 2677

2678

2679

2680

2681

2682

Pi 2683

2684

2685 {92a}

2686

Pi 2687

2688

Pi 2689

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2691

2692

Pi 2693

2694

2695

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	2698	
	Pi 2699	
	2700	
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52 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 2704	
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	Pi 2707	
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	2709	
	2710	
	Pi 2711	
	2712	
	Pi 2713	
	2714	
	2715	
	2716	
	2717	
	2718	
	Pi 2719	
	2720	{92b}

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Pi 2729

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Pi 2731

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Pi 2741

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14 to the 3rd power

3rd Rt. 2744

2745

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Pi 2749

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2751

2752

Pi 2753

2754

2755 {93a}

2756

2757

2758

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2761

2762

2763

2764

2765

2766

Pi 2767

2768

2769

2770

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2774

SUM (1 - 74) 2775

2776

Pi 2777

2778

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Pi 2789

	2790	{93b}
Pi	2791	
	2792	
	2793	
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	2796	
Pi	2797	
	2798	
	2799	
	2800	
Pi	2801	
	2802	
Pi	2803	
	2804	
	2805	
	2806	
	2807	
	2808	
53 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt.	2809
		2810
		2811
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Pi 2819

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2821

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2823

2824

2825 {94a}

2826

2827

2828

2829

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2831

2832

Pi 2833

2834

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Pi 2837

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Pi 2843

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SUM (1 - 75) 2850

Pi 2851

2852

2853

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2856

Pi 2857

2858

2859

2860 {94b}

Pi 2861

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2863

2864

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2874

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Pi 2879

2880

2881

2882

2883

2884

2885

2886

Pi 2887

2888

2889

2890

2891

2892

2893

2894

2895 {95a}

2896

Pi 2897

2898

2899

2900

2901

2902

Pi 2903

2904

	2905
	2906
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Pi	2909
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54 to the 2nd power	Sq.Rt. 2916
	Pi 2917
	2918
	2919
	2920
	2921
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	Pi 2927

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2930 {95b}

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Pi 2939

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Pi 2953

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2956

Pi 2957

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2960

2961

2962

Pi 2963

2964

2965 {96a}

2966

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Pi 2969

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Pi 2971

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	2997	
	2998	
	Pi 2999	
	3000	{96b}
	Pi 3001	
	3002	
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	3004	
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		3034	
		3035	{97a}
		3036	
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	Pi	3041	
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Pi 3049

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Pi 3061

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Pi 3067

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3070 {97b}

3071

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3073

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Pi 3079

3080

SUM (1 - 78) 3081

3082

Pi 3083

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Pi 3089

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3099

3100

3101

3102

3103

3104

3105 {98a}

3106

3107

3108

Pi 3109

3110

3111

3112

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Pi 3119

3120

Pi 3121

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3123

3124

5 to the 5th power

5th Rt. 3125

3126

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3135

56 to the 2nd power

Sq.Rt. 3136

Pi 3137

3138

3139

3140 {98b}

3141

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Pi	3167	
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Pi	3169	
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	3171	
	3172	
	3173	
	3174	
	3175	{99a}
	3176	
	3177	
	3178	
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Pi 3181

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Pi 3187

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Pi 3191

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32x(10 to the 2nd power)
The paths of the Whole
Tree in excelsis

3200

BRAShYTh BRA ALHYM {Far left Beth larger}

3201

3202

Pi 3203

3204

3205

3206

3207

3208 {99b}

Pi 3209

3210

3211

3212

3213

3214

3215

3216

Pi 3217

3218

3219

3220

Pi 3221

3222

3223

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3228

Pi 3229

3230

3231

3232

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3234

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3239

SUM (1 - 80) 3240

3241

3242

3243 {100a}

3244

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3248

57 to the 2nd power

Sq.Rt. 3249

3250

Pi 3251

3252

Pi 3253

3254

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3256

Pi 3257

3258

Pi 3259

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3264

3265

3266

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Pi 3271

3272

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3277

3278 {100b}

{WEH NOTE: The columns on this final page are broken in the following fashion: To the left, numbers from 3279 to 3299. To the right, numbers from 3300 to 3320. The entry for 3321 extends entirely across the page, with the number itself in the right hand position as a termination of the right side column. The balance of the page is full across.}

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3297

3298

Pi 3299

3300

Pi 3301

3302

3303

3304

3305

3306

Pi 3307

3308

3309

3310

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Pi 3313

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3315

3316

3317

3318

Pi 3319

3320

SUM (1 - 81). Moon. 3321
The Intelligence of MLKA BThRShYShYM Va'aD BRVH ShHRYM{WEH NOTE:using
finals}
the Intelligences
of the Moon
The Spirit of the ShDBRShHMa'aTh ShRThThN{WEH NOTE: using finals}
Spirits of the Moon

[A pendant to this work, on the properties of pure number, is in preparation under the supervision of Fratres P. and GR:psi. Also a companion volume on the Greek Qabalah by them and Frater J. M.]

{101}

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63 captures

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SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM
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THE EQUINOX
THE EQUINOX
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A :: A ::
THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM
EDITED BY SOROR VIRAKAM
SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM
An. IX VOL. I. NO. IX Sun in Aries

MARCH MCMXIII
O.S.

"THE METHOD OF SCIENCE---THE AIM OF RELIGION"

WEILAND & CO.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, SOUTH KENSINGTON
LONDON, S.W.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, W.D.,
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

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About this capture

"[These pages are reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor
of the A ∴ A ∴]"

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A ∴ A ∴

c/o THE EQUINOX,
33 Avenue Studios,
76 Fulham Road,
South Kensington, S.W.

Telephone: 2632 KENSINGTON,

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

=====

THE Chancellor of the A ∴ A ∴ wishes to warn readers of THE EQUINOX against accepting instruction in his name from an ex-Probationer, Captain J. F. C. Fuller, whose motto was "Per Ardua." This person never advanced beyond the Degree of Probationer, never sent in a record, and has presumably neither performed practices nor obtained results. He has not, and never has had, authority to give instructions in the name of the A ∴ A ∴.

=====

THE Chancellor of the A ∴ A ∴ considers it desirable to make a brief statement of the financial position, as the time has now arrived to make an effort to spread the knowledge to the ends of the earth. The expenses of the propaganda are roughly estimated as follows ---

Maintenance of Temple, and service . . .	Pounds200 p.a.
Publications	Pounds200 p.a.
Advertising, electrical expenses, etc. . .	Pounds200 p.a.
Maintenance of an Hermitage where poor Brethren may make retirements . . .	Pounds200 p.a.

	Pounds800 p.a.
	=====

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As in the past, the persons responsible for the movement will give the whole of their time and energy, as well as their worldly wealth, to the service of the A ∴ A ∴.

Unfortunately, the sums at their disposal do not at present suffice for the contemplated advance, and the Chancellor consequently appeals for assistance to those who have found in the instructions of the A ∴ A ∴ a sure means to the end they

sought. All moneys received will be applied solely for the purpose of aiding those who have not yet entered the circle of the light.

The Chancellor wishes to express his gratitude to those who have so generously come forward with assistance. The full amount is, however, not yet guaranteed, and he hopes that those interested will make a special effort without delay.

=====

Owing to the unnecessary strain thrown upon Neophytes by unprepared persons totally ignorant of the groundwork taking the Oath of a Probationer, the Imperator of A ∴ A ∴, under the seal and by the authority of V.V.V.V.V., ordains that every person wishing to become a Probationer of A ∴ A ∴ must first pass three months as a Student of the Mysteries.

He must possess the following books: ---

1. THE EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the current number.
2. "Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.
3. "The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."
4. "Konx Om Pax."
5. "The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.
6. "777."
7. "Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.
8. "The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King." {iii}
9. "Tannhauser," by A. Crowley.
10. "The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.
11. "Time," by A. Crowley.
12. "Eleusis," by A. Crowley.
[These four last times are to be found in his
Collected Works.]
13. "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage."
14. The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tzu (Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL).

An examination in these books will be made. The Student is expected to show a thorough acquaintance with them, but not necessarily to understand them in any deeper sense. On passing the examination he may be admitted to the grade of Probationer.

=====

With the publication of No. X of THE EQUINOX in September next the Official Pronouncements of the A ∴ A ∴ will cease, according to the Rule of the Order, which

prescribes Five Years of Silence alternating with Five Years of Speech. This Silence was maintained from the year 0 to the year IV of this era. Speech followed, from the year V to the year IX. Silence will, therefore, be maintained from the year X to the year XIV. After this September, therefore, there will be no further open publications made by the Executive until March 1918 O.S.

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I.N.R.I.
BRITISH SECTION OF THE
ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS
O.T.O.
M ∴ M ∴ M ∴

The Premonstrator of the A ∴ A ∴ permits it to be known that there is not at present any necessary incompatibility between the A ∴ A ∴ and the O. T. O. and M ∴ M ∴ M ∴, and allows membership of the same as a valuable preliminary training.]

[This Order in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge of England.]

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ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

MYSTERIA MYSTICA MAXIMA

PREAMBLE

DURING the last twenty-five years, constantly increasing numbers of earnest people and seekers after truth have been turning their attention to the study of the hidden laws of Nature.

The growth of interest in these matters has been simply marvellous. Numberless societies, associations, orders, groups, etc., etc., have been founded in all parts of the civilized world, all and each following some line of occult study.

While all these newly organized associations do some good in preparing the minds of thoughtful people for their eventually becoming genuine disciples of the One Truth, yet there is but ONE ancient organization of Mystics which shows to the student a Royal Road to discover the One Truth. This organization has permitted the formation of the body known as the "ANCIENT ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS." It is a modern School of Magi. Like the ancient Schools of Magi it derived its knowledge from Egypt and Chaldea. This knowledge is never revealed to {vii} the profane, for it gives immense power for either good or evil to its possessors.

It is recorded in symbol, parable and allegory, requiring a Key for its interpretation.

The symbols of Freemasonry were originally derived from the more ancient mysteries, as all who have travelled the burning sands know. The ritual and ceremonies, signs and passwords have been preserved with great fidelity: but the Real Key has been long lost to the crowds who have been initiated, advanced and raised in Masonry.

The KEY to this knowledge can, however, be placed within the reach of all those who unselfishly desire, study and work for its possession.

The Symbols of Ancient Masonry, the Sacred Art of the Ancient Chemi (Egyptians), and Homer's Golden Chain are but different aspects of the One Great Mystery. They represent but different degrees of initiation. By the Right Use of the "Key" alone the "Master Word" can be found.

In order to afford genuine seekers after Hermetic Truth some information of the aims of the Ancient Order of Oriental Templars, we now print the preliminary instruction issued by the Fratres of this Order.

FIRST INSTRUCTION

"To all whom it may concern ---"

Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of {viii} conquering error, and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the truth. This order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world

under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical or political, or social despotism or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the one light of truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless he has the power to enter it himself by virtue of his own interior illumination: neither can any one, after he has once entered, be expelled, unless he should expel himself by becoming unfaithful to his principles, and forget again the truths which he has learned by his own experience.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists also an external, visible organization of such men and women who, having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great spiritual brotherhood {ix} will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society. In regard to the spiritual aspect of this secret order, one of the Brothers says ---

"Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: 'Let there be light!' and it will continue to exist till the end of time. It is the Society of the Children of Light, who live in the light and have attained immortality therein. In our school we are instructed directly by Divine Wisdom, the Celestial Bride, whose will is free and who selects as her disciples those who are devoted to her. The mysteries which we are taught embrace everything that can possibly be known in regard to God, Nature and Man. Every sage that ever existed in the world has graduated at our school; for without wisdom no man can be wise. We all study only one book, the Book of Nature, in which the keys to all secrets are contained, and we follow the only possible method in studying it, that of experience. Our place of meeting is the Temple of the Holy Spirit pervading the universe; easily to be found by the elect, but for ever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to every one capable to receive them."

As to the external organization of that society, it will be necessary to give a glance at its history, which has been one and the same in all. Whenever that spiritual society manifested itself on the outward plane and appeared in the world, it consisted at its beginning of a few able and enlightened people, forming a nucleus around which others were {x} attracted. But invariably, the more such a society grew in numbers, the more became attracted to its elements, such as were not able to understand or follow its principles; people who joined it for the purpose of gratifying their own ambition or for making the society serve their own ends obtained the majority over those that were pure. Thereupon the healthy portion of it retired from the field and continued their

benevolent work in secrecy, while the remaining portion became diseased and disrupted, and sooner or later died disgraced and profaned. For the Spirit had departed from them.

For this reason the external organization of which we speak has resolved not to reveal its name or place to the vulgar. Furthermore, for the same reason, the name of the teachers and members of this society shall remain unknown, except to such as are intimately associated with them in their common work. If it is said that in this way the society will gain only few members, it may be answered that our society has a spiritual head, and that those who are worthy of being admitted will be guided to it by means of their intuition; while those who have no intuition are not ripe for it and not needed. It is better to have only a comparatively small number of capable members than a great many useless ones.

From the above it will be clear that the first and most necessary acquirement of the new disciple is that he will keep silent in regard to all that concerns the society to which he is admitted. Not that there is anything in that Society which needs to be afraid of being known to the virtuous and good; but it is not necessary that things which are elevated and {xi} sacred should be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, and be bespattered by them with mud. This would only impede the society in its work.

Another necessary requirement is mutual confidence between the teacher and the disciple; because a disciple who has no faith in his master cannot be taught or guided by him. There may be things which will appear strange, and for which no reasons can be given to the beginner; but when the disciple has attained to a certain state of development all will be clear to him or her. The confidence which is required will also be of little service if it is only of a short duration. The way of development of the soul, which leads to the awakening of the inner senses, is slow, and without patience and fortitude nothing will be accomplished.

From all this it follows as a matter of course that the next requisite is obedience. The purpose of the disciple is to obtain the mastery over his own lower self, and for this reason he must not submit himself to the will of his lower nature, but follow the will of that higher nature, which he does not yet know, but which he desires to find. In obeying the will of the master, instead of following the one which he believes to be his own, but which is in reality only that of his lower nature, he obeys the will of his own higher nature with which his master is associated for the purpose of aiding the disciple in attaining the conquest over himself. The conquest of the higher self over the lower self means the victory of the divine consciousness in man over that which in him is earthly and animal. Its object is a realization of true manhood and womanhood, and the attainment of conscious immortality in the realization of the highest state of existence in perfection. {xii}

These few preliminary remarks may be sufficient for those who desire information concerning our order; to those who feel themselves capable to apply for admission, further instructions will be given.

Address all communications to The Grand Secretary General, M :: M :: M ::, c/o THE EQUINOX, 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W.

THE FOLLOWING

DISCOURSE

"(Translated from the original French)"

"Was lately pronounced at Brunswick (Lower Saxony) where
PRINCE is GRAND MASTER
of M., by COUNT T., at the Initiation of his Son."

"I congratulate you on your admission into the most ancient, and perhaps the most respectable, society in the universe. To you the mysteries of M. are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed lustre on you eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

"These are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our {xiii} expectations be deceived. You are the son of a M. who glories in the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

"You are now, as a member of this illustrious order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are opened to your view, wherein true patriotism is exemplified in glowing colours, and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of Time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manilus to sacrifice their children to the love of their country are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable order.

"This moment, my son, you owe to me a second birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of M., my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in M. The wisest of princes, SOLOMON, planned our institution by raising a temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

"Swear, my son, that you will be a true and faithful M. Know, from this moment, that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the {xiv} world, by your new allegiance, you are deserving our favours, and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to justice.

"View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happiest acquisition of your life.

"Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue and to govern your passions: and ere long you will have occasion to say: 'In becoming a M., I truly became the man; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize.'

"If I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day's labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and worthy M."

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09002.html>

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About this capture

EDITORIAL

WITH the issue of the next Number in September, the present series of the "Equinox" will close until March 1918, O.S., and no further open pronouncements from the A ∴ A ∴ may be expected until that date. The work will be carried on privately. The "Equinox" will, however, be replaced by another publication under the same Management, of smaller size, lower price, and more frequent appearance. It will be principally devoted to Mysteria Mystica Maxima, the extraordinary growth of which has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its founders.

The first number of the new magazine will contain important pronouncements of this Body.

Full particulars will be given in the Editorial pages of No. X. of the "Equinox", which will appear on September 23, 1913.

Those readers who have not got complete sets are strongly advised to lose no time in making them up, as the demand is constantly increasing, and it will shortly be impossible to supply any more copies from this office. That we have been able to do so hitherto is only due to the enterprise of our agents in buying up second-hand copies all over the country.

Sets of the first eight numbers made up with such {xxiii} second-hand copies have recently been sold in America for forty dollars ("Pounds"8).

What spectacle is more tragically pathetic than that of a man who has done good work reduced to beggary, his only remaining capital, his brain, in state of hopeless

decay? Poor Mathers never recovered from the exposure of his association with the Horos Gang.

Think of him as he is at present, laboriously copying out with his own hand the silly "Looking Glass" articles and sending them to the staff of the "Equinox", who have all had their own copies for years, and were not particularly interested in them even at the time when the statements were fresh enough to be funny!

When one thinks that he could have had these articles reprinted for a few shillings a thousand, what a state of penury it reveals! His own followers appear to have abandoned him, or he could not be in such distress. Considering the debt which Occultism owes him for the translation of the "Key of Solomon," the "Kabbalah Unveiled," and the "Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin,"<> we have confidence in appealing to the generosity of the readers of the "Equinox" to form a Fund to enable the shattered mind and body to end its days in the comparative comfort of a "private" asylum.

Another blow to Morality; one more of our guardians has fallen. Mr. De Wend Fenton will be remembered as the gentleman who took exception to the Rites of Eleusis, though he was good enough to say after publishing the first of his {xxiv} articles attacking them, that he meant no harm, and would like to meet Mr. Crowley at dinner; presumably in the hope that mild and pious persuasion would induce him to amend his ways. An invitation which was "not" accepted. It is consequently with the greatest regret that we reprint the following cutting from the "Daily Mail."

FINE ON "PINK 'UN" EDITOR

Mr. De Wend Fenton, editor of the "Sporting Times," was fined " Pounds"10 and " Pounds"5 5"s." costs at Mansion House by Alderman Sir John Knill on each of six summonses --- " Pounds"91 10"s." in all --- for sending through the post indecent articles contained in the paper.

=====

Mr. George Raffalovich is in no way connected with "The Equinox."

Mr. George Raffalovich has never been connected with "The Equinox" in any way but as an occasional contributor.

It cannot be too clearly understood that "the Equinox" has no connection with Mr. George Raffalovich.

We have much pleasure in stating that Mr. George Raffalovich is in no way connected with "The Equinox."

We have no reason to anticipate that "The Equinox" will in any way be connected with Mr. George Raffalovich.

We trust that Mr. George Raffalovich will be satisfied with these statements of fact, to which we are prepared to testify on oath. {xxv}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09003.html>

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About this capture

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING

{1}

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

THE KING

THE POET

WE left Frater P. at the end of 1906, acknowledged and admitted a Master of the Temple, and even more than this, as it were in perspective, and yet refusing to admit even to himself that he had obtained that Crown for which he had striven so earnestly since the beginning. Into these eight years had been concentrated the work not of one lifetime, but of many, but he felt that this work was in no sense complete. He might be entitled to the Grade without as yet being initiated into it, and we shall find that these eight years grew to eleven before this occurred.

We must now record how these three years were occupied. We learn that in September 1906, with Frater D.D.S., he had prepared a Ritual of the Augoeides, which might serve to initiate those who had not yet made any attainment on the path. We may again quote from the History Lesson: ---

19. Returning to England, he laid his achievements humbly at the feet of a certain adept D.D.S., who welcomed him brotherly and admitted his title to that grade which he had so hardly won.

20. Thereupon these two adepts conferred together, saying: May it not be written that the tribulations shall be {3} shortened? Therefore they resolved to establish a new Order which would be free from the errors and deceits of the former one.

21. Without Authority they could not do this, exalted as their rank was among adepts. They resolved to prepare all things, great and small, against that day when such Authority should be received by them, since they knew not where to seek for higher adepts than themselves, but knew that the true way to attract the notice of such was to equilibrate the symbols. The temple must be builded before the God can indwell it.

22. Therefore by order of D.D.S. did P. prepare all things by his arcane science and wisdom, choosing only those symbols which were common to all systems, and rigorously rejecting all names and words which might be supposed to imply any religious or metaphysical theory. To do this utterly was found impossible, since all language has a history, and the use (for example) of the word "spirit" implies the Scholastic Philosophy and the Hindu and Taoist theories concerning the breath of man. So was it difficult to avoid implication of some undesirable bias by using the words "order," "circle," "chapter," "society," "brotherhood," or any other to designate the body of initiates.

23. Deliberately, therefore, did he take refuge in Vagueness. Not to veil the truth to the Neophyte, but to warn him against valuing non-essentials. Should therefore the candidate hear the name of any God, let him not rashly assume that it refers to any known God, save only the God known to himself. Or should the ritual speak in terms (however vague) which seem to imply Egyptian, Taoist, Buddhist, Indian, Persian, Greek, Judaic, Christian, or Moslem philosophy, let him reflect that {4} this is a defect of language; the literary limitation and not the spiritual prejudice of the man P.

24. Especially let him guard against the finding of definite sectarian symbols in the teaching of his master, and the reasoning from the known to the unknown which assuredly will tempt him.

We labour earnestly, dear brother, that you may never be led away to perish upon this point; for thereon have many holy and just men been wrecked. By this have all the visible systems lost the essence of wisdom.

We have sought to reveal the Arcanum; we have only profaned it.

25. Now when P. had thus with bitter toil prepared all things under the guidance of D.D.S. (even as the hand writes, while the conscious brain, though ignorant of the detailed movements, applauds or disapproves the finished work) there was a certain time of repose, as the earth lieth fallow.

26. Meanwhile these adepts busied themselves intently with the Great Work.

27. In the fullness of time, even as a blossoming tree that beareth fruit in its season, all these pains were ended, and these adepts and their companions obtained the reward which they had sought --- they were to be admitted to the Eternal and Invisible Order that hath no name among men.

28. They therefore who had with smiling faces abandoned their homes, their possessions, their wives, their children, in order to perform the Great Work, could with steady calm and firm correctness abandon the Great Work itself; for this is the last and greatest projection of the alchemist.

In the spring of 1907 we consequently find Frater P. {5} living quietly his ordinary life as a man and engaged in no particular practices. His diary for this year 1907 has been lost,<> and we shall not be able to fill in the events of the year in any detail. We have, however, been able to inquire of those who had conversation with him during this period, and we hear of him as occupied mainly in reviewing the whole of his magical

career --- though why should we use an adjective, since every second of that career had been understood as part of the operation of the Magic of Light? It seems to him that this career was in some ways imperfect --- as if he had jumped over some of the puddles in the path. He wished to explain to himself how this could be so, and, in particular, why. He found, for example, with regard to magical powers, that he was not able to exercise these in the way which he had originally conceived. He found, in short, that they were like all other powers, and could only be exercised as circumstance permitted. Even Herr Salchow could not cut his famous star unless there happened to be ice, and he was able to get to that ice with skates. Although he had performed so many wonders he perceived that his ability depended entirely upon some antecedent necessity. He was not a free agent. He was part of a universal scheme. Now the principal mark of the Master of the Temple was, in his opinion, that he could exercise these powers at will; that he could enter Samadhi at will. He now saw that these words "At will" really meant at the will of the Universe, and he could only obtain this freedom through the coincidence of his will with the Universal Will. The active and the passive must be perfectly harmonious before free-will became intelligible. Only Destiny could exercise free-will. In order to exercise free-will he must, {6} therefore, become Destiny. He was then to know sooner or later the meaning of the Thirteenth Ether, to which subject we shall return in the proper place.

We are now to consider a further passage from the History Lesson: ---

29. Also one V.V.V.V.V. arose, an exalted adept of the rank of Master of the Temple (or this much He disclosed to the Exempt Adepts), and His utterance is enshrined in the Sacred Writings.

30. Such are Liber Legis, Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente, Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli and such others whose existence may one day be divulged unto you. Beware lest you interpret them either in the Light or in the darkness, for only in L.V.X. may they be understood.

Of V.V.V.V.V. we have no information. We do not know, and it is of no importance that we should know, whether he is an actual person or a magical projection of Frater P., or identical with Aiwass, or anything else, for the reasons previously given when discussing the utterance of Liber Legis, "Equinox" VII, pp. 384 and 385. It is sufficient to say that all the Class A publications of the A ∴ A ∴ should be regarded as not only verbally and liberally inspired by Him, but that this accuracy should be taken to extend even to the style of the letter. If a word is unexpectedly spelt with a capital letter, it must not be thought that this is a mistake; there is some serious reason why it should be so. During this year 1907, therefore, we find a number of such books dictated by him to Frater P. Of the sublimity of these books no words can give expression. It will be noticed that they are totally different in style from Liber Legis, just as both of them are {7} different from any of the writings of Frater P. We may turn for a moment to consider the actual conditions under which he received them. We find the hint of the nature of the communication in Liber LX and Liber VII. On one or two occasions the scribe introduced his thought upon the note, in particular Liber VII, Chapter I, Verse 30, where Verse 29 suggested Verse 30 to Frater P., who wrote it consciously and was corrected in Verse 31. Frater P. is, however, less communicative about this writing than about Liber Legis. It appears that during the whole period of writing he was actually in Samadhi, although, strangely enough, he did not know it himself. It is a

question of the transference of the Ego from the personal to the impersonal. He, the conscious human man, could not say "I am in Samadhi"; he was merely conscious that "that which was he" was in Samadhi. This came to him as a sort of consolation for the disappointment which he was experiencing, for it was in his attempt to get into Samadhi that the writing of these books occurred. Yet the consolation itself was in a sense a disappointment. The transference of the human conscience to the divine, the partial to the universal, was no longer an explosion, a spasm, an orgasm. It was a passing into peace unaccompanied by any of the dazzling and overwhelming phenomena with which he was familiar. He did not realize that this was an immense advance. He did not see that it meant that he had become so attuned to Samadhi that its occurrence became hardly noticeable. He was still farther from understanding that that Samadhi is permanent, eternal, entirely beyond accident of time or place; that it was only necessary, as it were, to lean back into it to be there. He knew that by pronouncing the {8} Ineffable Name, the Universe dissolved in flame and earthquake. He was far from the point at which by the utterance of a single sigh the universe slipped into dissolution. Like Elijah in the mountain, he expected to see the Lord in the tempest and the lightnings. He did not understand the still small voice. We shall find an increasing difficulty in writing of Frater P., because from this time he is increasing that nameless and eternal Nothing of which nothing true can be said, and it sometimes seems as if the conscious man was ever diminishing, ever less important, ever much nearer to the normal human being. In reality it is that he is much less confused. He does not allow the Planes to interfere with each other. He perceives that each Plane must work out its own salvation; that it is fatally wrong to appeal to the higher. He has identified himself with the will of the higher, and that will must extend downwards, radiating upon the lower. The lower may aspire to the higher, but not in order to get help from its troubles. It may wish as a whole to unite itself with the higher, to lose itself in the higher, but it should be very wary about asking the higher to rearrange its parts.

Apart from these writings, the years 1907 and nearly the whole of 1908 are quite uneventful. We do, however, find that he went into several Magical retirements, for in the spring of 1907 we hear of him at Tangier; in the winter in the English Lakes; but a great deal of his time must have been taken up by the personal matter referred to on page 44 of No. VIII of the "Equinox." That cup of bitterness, at least, he drank to the dregs. In May 1908 he was at Venice while we find that he spent August and September on a long walk through Spain. We do not learn that he did anything particular during this {9} period, but on the first of October, he began a serious Retirement of a really strenuous character of about a fortnight in duration, which has been recorded for us minute by minute in a book called "John St. John," published in "Equinox I." The ostensible object of this Retirement was to discover for certain whether by the use of the plain straightforward methods accessible to the normal man he could definitely attain Samadhi within a reasonable time. In other words, whether the methods themselves were valuable. This was a most important experiment, for a great many people had argued that he owed his Attainment to his personal genius; that any methods would have done for him; that his methods might be useless for another. He was sufficiently satisfied with the efficacy of the methods to determine upon a course for which he had hitherto found no excuse --- that of undertaking the gigantic task of the publication of all these methods on the basis of pure scepticism. There is, further, no

doubt that by this retirement he acquired a stock of magical energy which enabled him to carry out this work, to all intents and purposes without assistance, except of the most temporary and casual kind, from any other person. The mere quantity of this work in itself constitutes a miracle. The quality of this work is such that the word miracle is quite inadequate. It must be remembered that it was not only a question of writing down the details of this extraordinary knowledge, though that is surprising enough. For example, Book 777 from cover to cover was written down by him from memory in a single week, at a time when he was seriously ill and in constant pain. But in addition to this, he was compelled to waste his time in overseeing the mechanical details of printing and publishing. It is better to fight with beasts at Ephesus like {10} St. Paul than with printers in London as he did. He had, moreover, to furnish practically the whole of the funds required for the publication. He gave not only the remains of his great fortune, but all his hope of future fortune, and he issued his publications at cost price, often very much below it. In addition to this he was continually harassed and distressed by every form of domestic affliction. The ability to endure these five years following seems cheaply purchased at the cost of a fortnight's hard work.

From this moment, however, our own task becomes extremely simple. Hitherto Frater P. has been a private character, of whose life no one was competent to speak. Without his diaries it would not have been possible to write a single page of this book. But henceforward he is a public character, occupied in public work, and little, indeed, will be the content of his private life; and yet there remains the most important event to be recorded: the dissolution of that life, the losing of his name.

("To be continued")

{11}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09004.html>

32 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Jan FEB Mar

24

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY VIOLINIST ON HER
PLAYING IN A GREEN DRESS DESIGNED
BY THE AUTHOR

HER dress clings like a snake of emerald
And gold and ruby to her swaying shape;
In its constraint she sways, entranced, enthralled,
Her teeth set lest her rapture should escape
The parted lips --- Oh mouth of pomegranate!
Is not Persephone with child of Fate?

What sunlit snows of rose and ivory
Her breasts are, starting from the green, great moons
Filling the blue night with white ecstasy
Of rippling rhythms, of tumultuous tunes.
Artemis tears the gauzes from her gorge,
And violates Hephaestus at his forge.

Then the mad lightnings of her magic bow!
They rave and roar upon the stricken wood,
Swift shrieks of death, solemnities too slow
For birth. Infernal lust of dragon-hued
Devils, sublimest song of Angel choirs,
Echo, and do not utter, her desires!

I am Danae in the shower of gold
This Zeus flings forth, exhausted and possessed, {13}
Each atom of my being raped and rolled
Beneath her car of music into rest
Deeper than death, more desperate than life,
The agony of primaeval slime at strife.

I am the ecstasy of infamy.
Tossed like a meteor when the Gods play ball,
Racked like Ixion, like Pasiphae
Torn by the leaping life, with myrrh and gall
My throat made bitter, I am crucified
Like Christ with my dead selves on either side.

She stabs me to the heart with every thrust
Of her wild bow, the pitiless hail of sound;
Her smile is murder --- the red lips of lust
And the white teeth of death! Her eyes profound
As hell, and frenzied with hell's love and hate,
Gleam grey as God, glare steadier than fate.

She gloats upon my torture as I writhe.
Her head falls back, her eyes turn back, she shakes
And trembles. A sharp spasm takes the lithe
Limbs, and her body with her spirit aches.

The sweat breaks out on her; there bursts a flood
Of shrieks; she bubbles at the mouth with blood.

As Satan fell from heaven, so she crashes
Upon my corpse; one long ensanguine groan
Ends her; the soul has burnt itself to ashes;
The spirit is incorporate with its own,
The abiding spirit of life, love, and light
And liberty, fixed in the infinite. {14}

There is the silence, there the night. Therein
Nor space nor time nor being may intrude;
There is no force to move, no fate to spin,
Nor God nor Satan in the solitude.
O Pagan and O Panic Pentecost!
Lost! lost eternally! --- for ever lost
ALEISTER CROWLEY.

{15}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09005.html>
38 captures
13 Jan 2002 - 30 Nov 2024
Nov DEC Jan
31
2022 2023 2024

About this capture

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

{17}

ENERGIZED ENTHUSIASM

A NOTE ON THEURGY

I

I A O the supreme One of the Gnostics, the true God, is the Lord of this work. Let us therefore invoke Him by that name which the Companions of the royal Arch blaspheme to aid us in the essay to declare the means which He has bestowed upon us!

II

The divine consciousness which is reflected and refracted in the works of Genius feeds upon a certain secretion, as I believe. This secretion is analogous to semen, but not identical with it. There are but few men and fewer women, those women being invariably androgynous, who possess it at any time in any quantity.

So closely is this secretion connected with the sexual economy that it appears to me at times as if it might be a by-product of that process which generates semen. That some form of this doctrine has been generally accepted is shown in the prohibitions of all religions. Sanctity has been assumed to depend on chastity, and chastity has nearly always been interpreted as abstinence. But I doubt whether the relation is so simple as this would imply; for example, I {19} find in myself that manifestations of mental creative force always concur with some abnormal condition of the physical powers of generation. But it is not the case that long periods of chastity, on the one hand, or excess of orgies, on the other, are favourable to its manifestation or even to its formation.

I know myself, and in me it is extremely strong; its results are astounding.

For example, I wrote "Tannhauser," complete from conception to execution, in sixty-seven consecutive hours. I was unconscious of the fall of nights and days, even after stopping; nor was there any reaction of fatigue. This work was written when I was twenty-four years old, immediately on the completion of an orgie which would normally have tired me out.

Often and often have I noticed that sexual satisfaction so-called has left me dissatisfied and unfatigued, and let loose the floods of verse which have disgraced my career.

Yet, on the contrary, a period of chastity has sometimes fortified me for a great outburst. This is far from being invariably the case. At the conclusion of the K 2 expedition, after five months of chastity, I did no work whatever, barring very few odd lyrics, for months afterwards.

I may mention the year 1911. At this time I was living, in excellent good health, with the woman whom I loved. Her health was, however, variable, and we were both

constantly worried.

The weather was continuously fine and hot. For a period of about three months I hardly missed a morning; always on waking I burst out with a new idea which had to be written down. {20}

The total energy of my being was very high. My weight was 10 stone 8 lb., which had been my fighting weight when I was ten years younger. We walked some twenty miles daily through hilly forest.

The actual amount of MSS. written at this time is astounding; their variety is even more so; of their excellence I will not speak.

Here is a rough list from memory; it is far from exhaustive:

- (1) Some dozen books of A ∴ A ∴ instruction, including liber Astarte, and the Temple of Solomon the King for "Equinox VII."
- (2) Short Stories: The Woodcutter.
His Secret Sin.
- (3) Plays: His Majesty's Fiddler
Elder Eel
Adonis . written straight off, one
The Ghouls. after the other
Mortadello.
- (4) Poems: The Sevenfold Sacrament
A Birthday.
- (5) Fundamentals of the Greek Qabalah (involving the collection and analysis of several thousand words).

I think this phenomenon is unique in the history of literature.

I may further refer to my second journey to Algeria, where my sexual life, though fairly full, had been unsatisfactory.

On quitting Biskra, I was so full of ideas that I had to get off the train at El-Kantara, where I wrote "The Scorpion." Five or six poems were written on the way to Paris; "The {21} Ordeal of Ida Pendragon" during my twenty-four hours' stay in Paris, and "Snowstorm" and "The Electric Silence" immediately on my return to England.

To sum up, I can always trace a connection between my sexual condition and the condition of artistic creation, which is so close as to approach identity, and yet so loose that I cannot predicate a single important proposition.

It is these considerations which give me pain when I am reproached by the ignorant with wishing to produce genius mechanically. I may fail, but my failure is a thousand times greater than their utmost success.

I shall therefore base my remarks not so much on the observations which I have myself made, and the experiments which I have tried, as on the accepted classical methods of producing that energized enthusiasm which is the lever that moves God.

III

The Greeks say that there are three methods of discharging the genial secretion of which I have spoken. They thought perhaps that their methods tended to secrete it, but

this I do not believe altogether, or without a qualm. For the manifestation of force implies force, and this force must have come from somewhere. Easier I find it to say "subconsciousness" and "secretion" than to postulate an external reservoir, to extend my connotation of "man" than to invent "God."

However, parsimony apart, I find it in my experience that it is useless to flog a tired horse. There are times when I am absolutely bereft of even one drop of this elixir. Nothing {22} will restore it, neither rest in bed, nor drugs, nor exercise. On the other hand, sometimes when after a severe spell of work I have been dropping with physical fatigue, perhaps sprawling on the floor, too tired to move hand or foot, the occurrence of an idea has restored me to perfect intensity of energy, and the working out of the idea has actually got rid of the aforesaid physical fatigue, although it involved a great additional labour.

Exactly parallel (nowhere meeting) is the case of mania. A madman may struggle against six trained athletes for hours, and show no sign of fatigue. Then he will suddenly collapse, but at a second's notice from the irritable idea will resume the struggle as fresh as ever. Until we discovered "unconscious muscular action" and its effects, it was rational to suppose such a man "possessed of a devil"; and the difference between the madman and the genius is not in the quantity but in the quality of their work. Genius is organized, madness chaotic. Often the organization of genius is on original lines, and ill-balanced and ignorant medicine-men mistake it for disorder. Time has shown that Whistler and Gauguin "kept rules" as well as the masters whom they were supposed to be upsetting.

IV

The Greeks say that there are three methods of discharging the Lyden Jar of Genius. These three methods they assign to three Gods.

These three Gods are Dionysus, Apollo, Aphrodite. In English: wine, woman and song.

Now it would be a great mistake to imagine that the {23} Greeks were recommending a visit to a brothel. As well condemn the High Mass at St. Peter's on the strength of having witnessed a Protestant revival meeting. Disorder is always a parody of order, because there is no archetypal disorder that it might resemble. Owen Seaman can parody a poet; nobody can parody Owen Seaman. A critic is a bundle of impressions; there is no ego behind it. All photographs are essentially alike; the works of all good painters essentially differ.

Some writers suppose that in the ancient rites of Eleusis the High Priest publicly copulated with the High Priestess. Were this so, it would be no more "indecent" than it is "blasphemous" for the priest to make bread and wine into the body and blood of God.

True, the Protestants say that it is blasphemous; but a Protestant is one to whom all things sacred are profane, whose mind being all filth can see nothing in the sexual act but a crime or a jest, whose only facial gestures are the sneer and the leer.

Protestantism is the excrement of human thought, and accordingly in Protestant countries art, if it exist at all, only exists to revolt. Let us return from this unsavoury allusion to our consideration of the methods of the Greeks.

V

Agree then that it does not follow from the fact that wine, woman and song make the sailor's tavern that these ingredients must necessarily concoct a hell-broth.

There are some people so simple as to think that, when {24} they have proved the religious instinct to be a mere efflorescence of the sex-instinct, they have destroyed religion.

We should rather consider that the sailor's tavern gives him his only glimpse of heaven, just as the destructive criticism of the phallicists has only proved sex to be a sacrament. Consciousness, says the materialist, axe in hand, is a function of the brain. He has only re-formulated the old saying, "Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost."!

Now sex is justly hallowed in this sense, that it is the eternal fire of the race. Huxley admitted that "some of the lower animalculae are in a sense immortal," because they go on reproducing eternally by fission, and however often you divide "x" by 2 there is always something left. But he never seems to have seen that mankind is immortal in exactly the same sense, and goes on reproducing itself with similar characteristics through the ages, changed by circumstance indeed, but always identical in itself. But the spiritual flower of this process is that at the moment of discharge a physical ecstasy occurs, a spasm analogous to the mental spasm which meditation gives. And further, in the sacramental and ceremonial use of the sexual act, the divine consciousness may be attained.

VI

The sexual act being then a sacrament, it remains to consider in what respect this limits the employment of the organs.

First, it is obviously legitimate to employ them for their natural physical purpose. But if it be allowable to use them {25} ceremonially for a religious purpose, we shall find the act hedged about with many restrictions.

For in this case the organs become holy. It matters little to mere propagation that men should be vicious; the most debauched roue might and almost certainly would beget more healthy children than a semi-sexed prude. So the so-called "moral" restraints are not based on reason; thus they are neglected.

But admit its religious function, and one may at once lay down that the act must not be profaned. It must not be undertaken lightly and foolishly without excuse.

It may be undertaken for the direct object of continuing the race.

It may be undertaken in obedience to real passion; for passion, as the name implies, is rather inspired by a force of divine strength and beauty without the will of the individual, often even against it.

It is the casual or habitual --- what Christ called "idle" --- use or rather abuse of these forces which constitutes their profanation. It will further be obvious that, if the act in itself is to be the sacrament in a religious ceremony, this act must be accomplished solely for the love of God. All personal considerations must be banished utterly. Just as any priest can perform the miracle of transubstantiation, so can any man, possessing the necessary qualifications, perform this other miracle, whose nature must form the

subject of a subsequent discussion.

Personal aims being destroyed, it is "a fortiori" necessary to neglect social and other similar considerations.

Physical strength and beauty are necessary and desirable {26} for aesthetic reasons, the attention of the worshippers being liable to distraction if the celebrants are ugly, deformed, or incompetent. I need hardly emphasize the necessity for the strictest self-control and concentration on their part. As it would be blasphemy to enjoy the gross taste of the wine of the sacrament, so must the celebrant suppress even the minutest manifestation of animal pleasure.

Of the qualifying tests there is no necessity to speak; it is sufficient to say that the adepts have always known how to secure efficiency.

Needless also to insist on a similar quality in the assistants; the sexual excitement must be suppressed and transformed into its religious equivalent.

VII

With these preliminaries settle in order to guard against foreseen criticisms of those Protestants who, God having made them a little lower than the Angels, have made themselves a great deal lower than the beasts by their consistently bestial interpretation of all things human and divine, we may consider first the triune nature of these ancient methods of energizing enthusiasm.

Music has two parts; tone or pitch, and rhythm. The latter quality associates it with the dance, and that part of dancing which is not rhythm is sex. Now that part of sex which is not a form of the dance, animal movement, is intoxication of the soul, which connects it with wine. Further identities will suggest themselves to the student. {27}

By the use of the three methods in one the whole being of man may thus be stimulated.

The music will create a general harmony of the brain, leading it in its own paths; the wine affords a general stimulus of the animal nature; and the sex-excitement elevates the moral nature of the man by its close analogy with the highest ecstasy. It remains, however, always for him to make the final transmutation. Unless he have the special secretion which I have postulated, the result will be commonplace.

So consonant is this system with the nature of man that it is exactly parodied and profaned not only in the sailor's tavern, but in the society ball. Here, for the lowest natures the result is drunkenness, disease and death; for the middle natures a gradual blunting of the finer feelings; for the higher, an exhilaration amounting at the best to the foundation of a life-long love.

If these Society "rites" are properly performed, there should be no exhaustion. After a ball, one should feel the need of a long walk in the young morning air. The weariness or boredom, the headache or somnolence, are Nature's warnings.

VIII

Now the purpose of such a ball, the moral attitude on entering, seems to me to be of supreme importance. If you go with the idea of killing time, you are rather killing yourself. Baudelaire speaks of the first period of love when the boy kisses the trees of

the wood, rather than kiss nothing. At the age of thirty-six I found myself at Pompeii, passionately {28} kissing that great grave statue of a woman that stands in the avenue of the tombs. Even now, as I wake in the morning, I sometimes fall to kissing my own arms.

It is with such a feeling that one should go to a ball, and with such a feeling intensified, purified and exalted, that one should leave it.

If this be so, how much more if one go with the direct religious purpose burning in one's whole being! Beethoven roaring at the sunrise is no strange spectacle to me, who shout with joy and wonder, when I understand (without which one cannot really be said ever to see) a blade of grass. I fall upon my knees in speechless adoration at the moon; I hide my eyes in holy awe from a good Van Gogh.

Imagine then a ball in which the music is the choir celestial, the wine the wine of the Graal, or that of the Sabbath of the Adepts, and one's partner the Infinite and Eternal One, the True and Living God Most High!

Go even to a common ball --- the Moulin de la Galette will serve even the least of my magicians --- with your whole soul aflame within you, and your whole will concentrated on these transubstantiations, and tell me what miracle takes place!

It is the hate of, the distaste for, life that sends one to the ball when one is old; when one is young one is on springs until the hour falls; but the love of God, which is the only true love, diminishes not with age; it grows deeper and intenser with every satisfaction. It seems as if in the noblest men this secretion constantly increases --- which certainly suggests an external reservoir --- so that age loses all its bitterness. We find "Brother Lawrence," Nicholas Herman of Lorraine, at the age of eighty in continuous enjoyment of {29} union with God. Buddha at an equal age would run up and down the Eight High Trances like an acrobat on a ladder; stories not too dissimilar are told of Bishop Berkeley. Many persons have not attained union at all until middle age, and then have rarely lost it.

It is true that genius in the ordinary sense of the word has nearly always showed itself in the young. Perhaps we should regard such cases as Nicholas Herman as cases of acquired genius.

Now I am certainly of opinion that genius can be acquired, or, in the alternative, that it is an almost universal possession. Its rarity may be attributed to the crushing influence of a corrupted society. It is rare to meet a youth without high ideals, generous thoughts, a sense of holiness, of his own importance, which, being interpreted, is, of his own identity with God. Three years in the world, and he is a bank clerk or even a government official. Only those who intuitively understand from early boyhood that they must stand out, and who have the incredible courage and endurance to do so in the face of all that tyranny, callousness, and the scorn of inferiors can do; only these arrive at manhood uncontaminated.

Every serious or spiritual thought is made a jest; poets are thought "soft" and "cowardly," apparently because they are the only boys with a will of their own and courage to hold out against the whole school, boys and masters in league as once were Pilate and Herod; honour is replaced by expediency, holiness by hypocrisy.

Even where we find thoroughly good seed sprouting in favourable ground, too often is there a frittering away of the forces. Facile encouragement of a poet or painter is far {30} worse for him than any amount of opposition. Here again the sex question (S.Q.

so-called by Tolstoyans, chastity-mongers, nut-fooders, and such who talk and think of nothing else) intrudes its horrid head. I believe that every boy is originally conscious of sex as sacred. But he does not know what it is. With infinite diffidence he asks. The master replies with holy horror; the boy with a low leer, a furtive laugh, perhaps worse.

I am inclined to agree with the Head Master of Eton that paederastic passions among schoolboys "do no harm"; further, I think them the only redeeming feature of sexual life at public schools.

The Hindoos are wiser. At the well-watched hour of puberty the boy is prepared as for a sacrament; he is led to a duly consecrated temple, and there by a wise and holy woman, skilled in the art, and devoted to this end, he is initiated with all solemnity into the mystery of life.

The act is thus declared religious, sacred, impersonal, utterly apart from amorism and eroticism and animalism and sentimentalism and all the other vilenesses that Protestantism has made of it.

The Catholic Church did, I believe, to some extent preserve the Pagan tradition. Marriage is a sacrament.<> But in the attempt to deprive the act of all accretions which would profane it, the Fathers of the Church added in spite of themselves other accretions which profaned it more. They tied it to property and inheritance. They wished it to serve both God and Mammon. {31}

Rightly restraining the priest, who should employ his whole energy in the miracle of the Mass, they found their counsel a counsel of perfection. The magical tradition was in part lost; the priest could not do what was expected of him, and the unexpended portion of his energy turned sour.

Hence the thoughts of priests, like the thoughts of modern faddists, revolved eternally around the S.Q.

A special and Secret Mass, a Mass of the Holy Ghost, a Mass of the Mystery of the Incarnation, to be performed at stated intervals, might have saved both monks and nuns, and given the Church eternal dominion of the world.

IX

To return. The rarity of genius is in great part due to the destruction of its young. Even as in physical life that is a favoured plant one of whose thousand seeds ever shoots forth a blade, so do conditions kill all but the strongest sons of genius.

But just as rabbits increased apace in Australia, where even a missionary has been known to beget ninety children in two years, so shall we be able to breed genius if we can find the conditions which hamper it, and remove them.

The obvious practical step to take is to restore the rites of Bacchus, Aphrodite and Apollo to their proper place. They should not be open to every one, and manhood should be the reward of ordeal and initiation.

The physical tests should be severe, and weaklings should be killed out rather than artificially preserved. The same remark applies to intellectual tests. But such tests should be as wide as possible. I was an absolute duffer at school in all {32} forms of athletics and games, because I despised them. I held, and still hold, numerous mountaineering world's records. Similarly, examinations fail to test intelligence. Cecil Rhodes refused to employ any man with a University degree. That such degrees lead

to honour in England is a sign of England's decay, though even in England they are usually the stepping-stones to clerical idleness or pedagogic slavery.

Such is a dotted outline of the picture that I wish to draw. If the power to possess property depended on a man's competence, and his perception of real values, a new aristocracy would at once be created, and the deadly fact that social consideration varies with the power of purchasing champagne would cease to be a fact. Our pluto-hetairo-politicocracy would fall in a day.

But I am only too well aware that such a picture is not likely to be painted. We can then only work patiently and in secret. We must select suitable material and train it in utmost reverence to these three master-methods, or aiding the soul in its genial orgasm.

X

This reverent attitude is of an importance which I cannot over-rate. Normal people find normal relief from any general or special excitement in the sexual act.

Commander Marston, R.N., whose experiments in the effect of the tom-tom on the married Englishwoman are classical and conclusive, has admirably described how the vague unrest which she at first shows gradually assumes the sexual form, and culminates, if allowed to do so, in shameless masturbation or indecent advances. But this is a natural {33} corollary of the proposition that married Englishwomen are usually unacquainted with sexual satisfaction. Their desires are constantly stimulated by brutal and ignorant husbands, and never gratified. This fact again accounts for the amazing prevalence of Sapphism in London Society.

The Hindus warn their pupils against the dangers of breathing exercises. Indeed the slightest laxness in moral or physical tissues may cause the energy accumulated by the practice to discharge itself by involuntary emission. I have known this happen in my own experience.

It is then of the utmost importance to realize that the relief of the tension is to be found in what the Hebrews and the Greeks called prophesying, and which is better when organized into art. The disorderly discharge is mere waste, a wilderness of howlings; the orderly discharge is a "Prometheus unbound," or a *L'age d'airain*," according to the special aptitudes of the enthused person. But it must be remembered that special aptitudes are very easy to acquire if the driving force of enthusiasm be great. If you cannot keep the rules of others, you make rules of your own. One set turns out in the long run to be just as good as another.

Henry Rousseau, the duanier, was laughed at all his life. I laughed as heartily as the rest; though, almost despite myself, I kept on saying (as the phrase goes) "that I felt something; couldn't say what."

The moment it occurred to somebody to put up all his paintings in one room by themselves, it was instantly apparent that his "naivete" was the simplicity of a Master.

Let no one then imagine that I fail to perceive or underestimate the dangers of employing these methods. The {34} occurrence even of so simple a matter as fatigue might change a *LasMeninas* into a stupid sexual crisis.

It will be necessary for most Englishmen to emulate the self-control of the Arabs and Hindus, whose ideal is to deflower the greatest possible number of virgins --- eighty is considered a fairly good performance --- without completing the act.

It is, indeed, of the first importance for the celebrant in any phallic rite to be able to complete the act without even once allowing a sexual or sensual thought to invade his mind. The mind must be as absolutely detached from one's own body as it is from another person's.

XI

Of musical instruments few are suitable. The human voice is the best, and the only one which can be usefully employed in chorus. Anything like an orchestra implies infinite rehearsal, and introduces an atmosphere of artificiality. The organ is a worthy solo instrument, and is an orchestra in itself, while its tone and associations favour the religious idea.

The violin is the most useful of all, for its every mood expresses the hunger for the infinite, and yet it is so mobile that it has a greater emotional range than any of its competitors. Accompaniment must be dispensed with, unless a harpist be available.

The harmonium is a horrible instrument, if only because of its associations; and the piano is like unto it, although, if unseen and played by a Paderewski, it would serve.

The trumpet and the bell are excellent, to startle, at the crisis of a ceremony. {35}

Hot, drubbing, passionate, in a different class of ceremony, a class more intense and direct, but on the whole less exalted, the tom-tom stands alone. It combines well with the practice of mantra, and is the best accompaniment for any sacred dance.

XII

Of sacred dances the most practical for a gathering is the seated dance. One sits cross-legged on the floor, and sways to and fro from the hips in time with the mantra. A solo or duet of dancers as a spectacle rather distracts from this exercise. I would suggest a very small and very brilliant light on the floor in the middle of the room. Such a room is best floored with mosaic marble; an ordinary Freemason's Lodge carpet is not a bad thing.

The eyes, if they see anything at all, see then only the rhythmical or mechanical squares leading in perspective to the simple unwinking light.

The swinging of the body with the mantra (which has a habit of rising and falling as if of its own accord in a very weird way) becomes more accentuated; ultimately a curiously spasmodic stage occurs, and then the consciousness flickers and goes out; perhaps breaks through into the divine consciousness, perhaps is merely recalled to itself by some variable in external impression.

The above is a very simple description of a very simple and earnest form of ceremony, based entirely upon rhythm.

It is very easy to prepare, and its results are usually very encouraging for the beginner {36}

XIII

Wine being a mocker and strong drink raging, its use is more likely to lead to trouble than mere music.

One essential difficulty is dosage. One needs exactly enough; and, as Blake points out, one can only tell what is enough by taking too much. For each man the dose varies enormously; so does it for the same man at different times.

The ceremonial escape from this is to have a noiseless attendant to bear the bowl of libation, and present it to each in turn, at frequent intervals. Small doses should be drunk, and the bowl passed on, taken as the worshipper deems advisable. Yet the cup-bearer should be an initiate, and use his own discretion before presenting the bowl. The slightest sign that intoxication is mastering the man should be a sign to him to pass that man. This practice can be easily fitted to the ceremony previously described.

If desired, instead of wine, the elixir introduced by me to Europe may be employed. But its results, if used in this way, have not as yet been thoroughly studied. It is my immediate purpose to repair this neglect.

XIV

The sexual excitement, which must complete the harmony of method, offers a more difficult problem.

It is exceptionally desirable that the actual bodily movements involved should be decorous in the highest sense, and many people are so ill-trained that they will be unable to regard such a ceremony with any but critical or lascivious {37} eyes; either would be fatal to all the good already done. It is presumably better to wait until all present are greatly exalted before risking a profanation.

It is not desirable, in my opinion, that the ordinary worshippers should celebrate in public.

The sacrifice should be single.

Whether or no ...

XV

Thus far had I written when the distinguished poet, whose conversation with me upon the Mysteries had incited me to jot down these few rough notes, knocked at my door. I told him that I was at work on the ideas suggested by him, and that --- well, I was rather stuck. He asked permission to glance at the MS. (for he reads English fluently, though speaking but a few words), and having done so, kindled and said: "If you come with me now, we will finish your essay." Glad enough of any excuse to stop working, the more plausible the better, I hastened to take down my coat and hat.

"By the way," he remarked in the automobile, "I take it that you do not mind giving me the Word of Rose Croix." Surprised, I exchanged the secrets of I.N.R.I. with him. "And now, very excellent and perfect Prince," he said, "what follows is under this seal." And he gave me the most solemn of all Masonic tokens. "You are about," said he, "to compare your ideal with our real."

He touched a bell. The automobile stopped, and we got out. He dismissed the chauffeur. "Come," he said, "we have a brisk half-mile." We walked through thick woods to {38} an old house, where we were greeted in silence by a gentleman who, though in court dress, wore a very "practicable" sword. On satisfying him, we were passed through a corridor to an anteroom, where another armed guardian awaited us.

He, after a further examination, proceeded to offer me a court dress, the insignia of a Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix, and a garter and mantle, the former of green silk, the latter of green velvet, and lined with cerise silk. "It is a low mass," whispered the guardian. In this anteroom were three or four others, both ladies and gentlemen, busily robing.

In a third room we found a procession formed, and joined it. There were twenty-six of us in all. Passing a final guardian we reached the chapel itself, at whose entrance stood a young man and a young woman, both dressed in simple robes of white silk embroidered with gold, red and blue. The former bore a torch of resinous wood, the latter sprayed us as we passed with attar of roses from a cup.

The room in which we now were had at one time been a chapel; so much its shape declared. But the high altar was covered with a cloth that displayed the Rose and Cross, while above it were ranged seven candelabra, each of seven branches.

The stalls had been retained; and at each knight's hand burned a taper of rose-coloured wax, and a bouquet of roses was before him.

In the centre of the nave was a great cross --- a "calvary cross of ten squares," measuring, say, six feet by five --- painted in red upon a white board, at whose edge were rings through which passed gilt staves. At each corner was a banner, bearing lion, bull, eagle and man, and from the top of their {39} staves sprang a canopy of blue, wherein were figured in gold the twelve emblems of the Zodiac.

Knights and Dames being installed, suddenly a bell tinkled in the architrave. Instantly all rose. The doors opened at a trumpet peal from without, and a herald advanced, followed by the High Priest and Priestess.

The High Priest was a man of nearly sixty years, if I may judge by the white beard; but he walked with the springy yet assured step of the thirties. The High Priestess, a proud, tall sombre woman of perhaps thirty summers, walked by his side, their hands raised and touching as in the minuet. Their trains were borne by the two youths who had admitted us.

All this while an unseen organ played an Introit.

This ceased as they took their places at the altar. They faced West, waiting.

On the closing of the doors the armed guard, who was clothed in a scarlet robe instead of green, drew his sword, and went up and down the aisle, chanting exorcisms and swinging the great sword. All present drew their swords and faced outward, holding the points in front of them. This part of the ceremony appeared interminable. When it was over the girl and boy reappeared; bearing, the one a bowl, the other a censer. Singing some litany or other, apparently in Greek, though I could not catch the words, they purified and consecrated the chapel.

Now the High Priest and High Priestess began a litany in rhythmic lines of equal length. At each third response they touched hands in a peculiar manner; at each seventh they kissed. The twenty-first was a complete embrace. The bell tinkled in the architrave; and they parted. The High Priest {40} then took from the altar a flask curiously shaped to imitate a phallus. The High Priestess knelt and presented a boat-shaped cup of gold. He knelt opposite her, and did not pour from the flask.

Now the Knights and Dames began a long litany; first a Dame in treble, then a Knight in bass, then a response in chorus of all present with the organ. This Chorus was:

EVOE HO, IACCHE! EPELTHON, EPELTHON, EVOE, IAO! Again and again it

rose and fell. Towards its close, whether by "stage effect" or no I could not swear, the light over the altar grew rosy, then purple. The High Priest sharply and suddenly threw up his hand; instant silence.

He now poured out the wine from the flask. The High Priestess gave it to the girl attendant, who bore it to all present.

This was no ordinary wine. It has been said of vodka that it looks like water and tastes like fire. With this wine the reverse is the case. It was of a rich fiery gold in which flames of light danced and shook, but its taste was limpid and pure like fresh spring water. No sooner had I drunk of it, however, than I began to tremble. It was a most astonishing sensation; I can imagine a man feel thus as he awaits his executioner, when he has passed through fear, and is all excitement.

I looked down my stall, and saw that each was similarly affected. During the libation the High Priestess sang a hymn, again in Greek. This time I recognized the words; they were those of an ancient Ode to Aphrodite.

The boy attendant now descended to the red cross, stooped and kissed it; then he danced upon it in such a way that he {41} seemed to be tracing the patterns of a marvellous rose of gold, for the percussion caused a shower of bright dust to fall from the canopy. Meanwhile the litany (different words, but the same chorus) began again. This time it was a duet between the High Priest and Priestess. At each chorus Knights and Dames bowed low. The girl moved round continuously, and the bowl passed.

This ended in the exhaustion of the boy, who fell fainting on the cross. The girl immediately took the bowl and put it to his lips. Then she raised him, and, with the assistance of the Guardian of the Sanctuary, led him out of the chapel.

The bell again tinkled in the architrave.

The herald blew a fanfare.

The High Priest and High Priestess moved stately to each other and embraced, in the act unloosing the heavy golden robes which they wore. These fell, twin lakes of gold. I now saw her dressed in a garment of white watered silk, lined throughout (as it appeared later) with ermine.

The High Priest's vestment was an elaborate embroidery of every colour, harmonized by exquisite yet robust art. He wore also a breastplate corresponding to the canopy; a sculptured "beast" at each corner in gold, while the twelve signs of the Zodiac were symbolized by the stones of the breastplate.

The bell tinkled yet again, and the herald again sounded his trumpet. The celebrants moved hand in hand down the nave while the organ thundered forth its solemn harmonies.

All the knights and Dames rose and gave the secret sign of the Rose Croix.

It was at this part of the ceremony that things began to {42} happen to me. I became suddenly aware that my body had lost both weight and tactile sensibility. My consciousness seemed to be situated no longer in my body. I "mistook myself," if I may use the phrase, for one of the stars in the canopy.

In this way I missed seeing the celebrants actually approach the cross. The bell tinkled again; I came back to myself, and then I saw that the High Priestess, standing at the foot of the cross, had thrown her robe over it, so that the cross was no longer visible. There was only a board covered with ermine. She was now naked but for her coloured and jewelled head-dress and the heavy torque of gold about her neck, and the

armlets and anklets that matched it. She began to sing in a soft strange tongue, so low and smoothly that in my partial bewilderment I could not hear all; but I caught a few words, lo Paian! lo Pan! and a phrase in which the words lao Sabao ended emphatically a sentence in which I caught the words Eros, Thelema and Sebazzo.

While she did this she unloosed the breastplate and gave it to the girl attendant. The robe followed; I saw that they were naked and unashamed. For the first time there was absolute silence.

Now, from an hundred jets surrounding the board poured forth a perfumed purple smoke. The world was wrapt in a fond gauze of mist, sacred as the clouds upon the mountains.

Then at a signal given by the High Priest, the bell tinkled once more. The celebrants stretched out their arms in the form of a cross, interlacing their fingers. Slowly they revolved through three circles and a half. She then laid him down upon the cross, and took her own appointed place. {43}

The organ now again rolled forth its solemn music.

I was lost to everything. Only this I saw, that the celebrants made no expected motion. The movements were extremely small and yet extremely strong.

This must have continued for a great length of time. To me it seemed as if eternity itself could not contain the variety and depth of my experiences. Tongue nor pen could record them; and yet I am fain to attempt the impossible.

1. I was, certainly and undoubtedly, the star in the canopy. This star was an incomprehensibly enormous world of pure flame.

2. I suddenly realized that the star was of no size whatever. It was not that the star shrank, but that it (= I) became suddenly conscious of infinite space.

3. An explosion took place. I was in consequence a point of light, infinitely small, yet infinitely bright, and this point was "without position."

4. Consequently this point was ubiquitous, and there was a feeling of infinite bewilderment, blinded after a very long time by a gush of infinite rapture (I use the word "blinded" as if under constraint; I should have preferred to use the words "blotted out" or "overwhelmed" or "illuminated").

5. This infinite fullness --- I have not described it as such, but it was that --- was suddenly changed into a feeling of infinite emptiness, which became conscious as a yearning.

6. These two feelings began to alternate, always with suddenness, and without in any way overlapping, with great rapidity.

7. This alternation must have occurred fifty times --- I had rather have said an hundred. {44}

8. The two feelings suddenly became one. Again the word explosion is the only one that gives any idea of it.

9. I now seemed to be conscious of everything at once, that it was at the same time "one" and "many." I say "at once," that is, I was not successively all things, but instantaneously.

10. This being, if I may call it being, seemed to drop into an infinite abyss of Nothing.

11. While this "falling" lasted, the bell suddenly tinkled three times. I instantly became my normal self, yet with a constant awareness, which has never left me to this hour, that the truth of the matter is not this normal "I" but "That" which is still dropping

into Nothing. I am assured by those who know that I may be able to take up the thread if I attend another ceremony.

The tinkle died away. The girl attendant ran quickly forward and folded the ermine over the celebrants. The herald blew a fanfare, and the Knights and Dames left their stalls. Advancing to the board, we took hold of the gilded carrying poles, and followed the herald in procession out of the chapel, bearing the litter to a small side-chapel leading out of the middle anteroom, where we left it, the guard closing the doors.

In silence we disrobed, and left the house. About a mile through the woods we found my friend's automobile waiting.

I asked him, if that was a low mass, might I not be permitted to witness a High Mass?

"Perhaps," he answered with a curious smile, "if all they tell of you is true."

In the meanwhile he permitted me to describe the ceremony and its results as faithfully as I was able, charging me only to give no indication of the city near which it took place. {45}

I am willing to indicate to initiates of the Rose Croix degree of Masonry under proper charter from the genuine authorities (for there are spurious Masons working under a forged charter) the address of a person willing to consider their fitness to affiliate to a Chapter practising similar rites.

XVI

I consider it supererogatory to continue my essay on the Mysteries and my analysis of "Energized Enthusiasm."

{46}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09006.html>

29 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE "TITANIC"

FORTH flashed the serpent streak of steel,
Consummate crown of man's device;
Down crashed upon an immobile
And brainless barrier of ice.
Courage!
The grey gods shoot a laughing lip: ---
Let not faith founder with the ship!

We reel before the blows of fate;

Our stout souls stagger at the shock.
Oh! there is Something ultimate
Fixed faster than the living rock.
Courage!
Catastrophe beyond belief
Harden our hearts to fear and grief!

The gods upon the Titans shower
Their high intolerable scorn;
But no god knoweth in what hour
A new Prometheus may be born.
Courage!
Man to his doom goes driving down;
A crown of thorns is still a crown! {47}

No power of nature shall withstand
At last the spirit of mankind:
It is not built upon the sand;
It is not wastrel to the wind.
Courage!
Disaster and destruction tend
To taller triumph in the end.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

{48}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09007.html>

34 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Jan FEB Mar

24

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

A LITERATOORALLOORAL

TREASURE-TROVE

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TREASURE-TROVE

THE happiest of literary discoveries would presumably be the complete works of Sappho. In the meantime we have got along wonderfully well with the masterpiece of "G. Ragsdale M'Clintock" which Mark Twain unearthed in his matchless "Cure for the Blues." (He does not specify Oxford or Cambridge.) The phrase that chiefly sticks in my memory is one of which Mark Twain makes especial fun: "the topmast topaz of an ancient tower." But this is not funny, it is superb; it is pure early Maeterlinck, and better than the Belgian imitation at that. I admit, however, that the rest of the book is quite as absurd as Mark Twain makes out.

But after all this is no funnier than the "St. Irvine; or, The Rosicrucian," and the "Zastrozzi" of Percy Bysshe Shelley; and I may modestly claim recognition as the finder of a rarer and more exquisite treasure. Modestly, for my treasure-trove was not the result of research; I followed up no clues; I deciphered no cryptogram. I claim only this degree of insight and moral courage: the minute I found it, I stole it.

I feel sure it was the author's own copy; for I cannot believe that any one else would have had one. My atonement be to give him belated recognition!

On the approved principles, let me describe my booty. It is a small 4to about 6 1/2" x 4 1/2, quietly bound in black cloth. It is printed on very bad paper, and the edges have been cut and marbled. {51}

Unassuming, indeed, is this slim booklet of 207 pages. But the author knew his business; for on the front cover appear these words --- it is like an obscure grey battleship suddenly belching her broadside ---

SONNETICAL NOTES ON PHILOSOPHY

By WM. HOWELL WILLIAMS.

The first shot struck me between wind and water. Sonnetical! There's glory for you! A beautiful new adjective; a perfect adjective; so simple, and yet nobody ever thought of it before. Get smoked glasses and look at it! No good; one cannot comment or criticize or weave a word picture (as the D----- M----- might say) about it. One can only bow down in reverent silence and adore.

But that is not all. That is only external barbaric splendour. There is more behind. Think of all the things that "might" be sonnetical --- why, there isn't one. Nothing is sonnetical but a sonnet. Aha! that is where your great mind droops; where you stop, Wm. Howell Williams begins.

Notes on Philosophy are to be sonnetical. Now one can think of many things about which sonnets have been written; there is just one which you would never think of --- Philosophy. That is where Wm. Howell Williams has you every time.

In a stunned manner one opens the book. The author pours in his second

broadside, and leaves you but a laughter-logged derelict. What "might" these Sonnetical Notes on Philosophy be? It suggests Rousseau and Shelley, in a kind {52} of way. One might think of Bertram Dobell --- a mildly atheistic set of sonnets. Oh dear no!

There is one thing that could not be there --- and there it is. It is a reproduction of Holman Hunt's picture of the Saviour with a stable lantern trying to look like Nana Sahib in his more cynically cruel moments.

(I understand that the original of this picture has been acquired by Manchester; and from what I am told of Manchester, the penalty fits the crime.)

And opposite that is the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," etc.

You now begin to wonder if two books have not got mixed up; but no.

The title-page then appears.

SONNETICAL
NOTES
ON
PHILOSOPHY
BY
WM. HOWELL WILLIAMS.

No date; no publisher; no price. But on the reverse we find, very small ---

Copyrighted by
Wm. Howell Williams
April 1901.

(It was in May 1906 that I stole this copy.) {53}

Now one would like a preface, something to explain the astounding choice of form, and so on. Or to give some idea of the scope and purpose of the treatise. No; nothing of the sort. He butts right in with

INTRODUCTION

And no sooner does this begin that you see what the author is driving at. He is out to prove that no matter how simple language may seem, in his master hands it can be made absolutely unintelligible. He begins:

"Philosophy must knowledge be,
Hence knowledge is philosophy."

Ponder that "hence." At least it must lead to something else. No. He continues:

"It matters not what savant say
If somehow knowledge comes man's way."

You now see the beginning of his first great rule of grammar: "Never inflect a verb!"

But wait! he is going to lay a trap for the unwary. He is going to give us three couplets which seem consecutive, and possess a meaning ---

"Supposing can be only fun,
And knowledge never so begun.
With supposition's wand laid by
Hume, Berkley ("sic"), Kant and Hegel fly.
Nay! single, several, or all,
Together taken they appall."

The spelling of "appall" is perhaps intended to spur the relaxed attention; for the next couplet wants it.

"Philosophers need not agree,
Still is philosophy to be." {54}

The comma is a very subtle weapon! And when you discover (by and by) that his Seventh great Rule is "Never use relative pronouns!" a return to this sublime Sphinx-verse leaves you worse off than you are at the first reading.

"All knowledge is on being cast:
The being first and knowledge last."

Quite so: you must "be" before you can know. Wait.

"But note --- 'The first shall be the last
And last shall be the first' ere cast."

How's that, umpire?

Perhaps the next couplet will clear things up. No: it only serves to introduce a point --- of etiquette rather than of law --- which deprecates sentences containing a principal verb.

"Such knowledge only consciousness
In case of being under stress."

White resigned.

Wm. Howell Williams, however, has now got on to his mashie. Every couplet within a foot of the hole.

"All other were mere vanity,
Save, sadly, 'tis profanity."

And, a little later, for I cannot quote the whole twenty-three pages of this lucid introduction:

"In consciousness experience

Is manifesting prescience.
In prescience experience
Establishes thought permanence.
Nor need eventuation solve
All prescience assume to prove.
Beginning nor the end of time
Eventuation need not chime.
Time being but persistency
Of some conditionality."

{55}

These, as Sherlock Holmes would say, are indeed deep waters, Watson.
However, Wm. gets irritated, I think, on page 13, when he says:

"Each perfectly see it is so
And yet the fool to logic go."

But in the next verse he explains:

"He only taking in as sent
Away will reason increment."

Still on the bullying tack! Still using words of three syllables to hide his meaning in!
But the master will rise to the heights yet.

"Not faith but knowledge would lead man,
Did he himself but see as can."

There's the true gold. Until the very last word you think it's going to mean
something: and then --- smash!

Very rarely, however, he tries a simpler method yet. He writes you a couplet which
does mean something, though of course out of all connection with the context, and that
something is the maddest nonsense.

"To give mankind a consciousness
Lived Jesus Christ of Nazareth."

This sentence is not written merely to show off his ability as a rimester; no, the
master wants you to think, "Well, Wm. means something else when he writes
'consciousness.'" Then he has you. Because never will he give you a glimmer of his
meaning. He will unsettle you about simple terms in this way, and then leave you to
perish miserably. {56}

Again:

"Ere was condition manifest,
The unconditioned was at rest."

Yes, certainly. That I did know before.

"Relations of rest with unrest
Hence did conditions manifest."

Um. Seems to skate over the difficulty a little. But go on.

"To such relation specify
We use the word velocity."

Do we?

"Velocity sole history
Of uncondition's mystery."
! .. ! .. !

We may leave the introduction with the surmise:

"Specific trouble history
Of introduction's mystery."

I think I have fairly caught the style!

But this is only introduction; this is all mere mashie chips on the green: come and see what he can do with a wooden club, this plus four Wm. Howell Williams.

On page 24 he just gives you one more flick of the mashie, and reprints four couplets of the Introduction --- not consecutive, and of course not coherent. Then comes the half-title "Sonnetical Notes on Philosophy" and the Magnum Opus starts. There are One Hundred and Eighty-two "Sonnets," and the master rapidly introduces some important and novel rules.

The Octet "must" end with a colon.

A sonnet should if possible contain one sentence only.

That sentence should have no subject, predicate or object. But the reader should be led to think that they are there, and gently undeceived as the sonnet unfolds. {57}

Sonnet I exhibits these qualities in maddening perfection. I must quote it in full. Another writer might have led one up to this, might have feared a falling-off. But not so Wm. Howell Williams. Just as the Introduction went calmly on, never hesitating, never turning aside, rolling over the difficulties as if they were not there, so he begins and so he ends, never one seed of doubt in his mind.

"While man trains up the child in way men go,
It goes without the saying that man's way
In life convention only will display,
As each one by himself can surely know;
Hence may these notes that light of rush-light throw
Where glares so-called, civilization's day,
Without night's darkness chasing once away,

Perchance as simple truth for some one glow."

Now I have studied Wm. as reverently as Mr. Frank Harris has studied the other Wm. and I would almost swear I know what these lines mean. The secret is that line 8 belongs to line 5. The "Hence" is my real difficulty. Education leads to conventionality (lines 1-4), therefore these notes may glow as simple truth for some one.

I'm afraid

"Each perfectly see it is so
And yet the fool to logic go"

is one on me. But all speculations are futile, for the sonnet continues as follows:

"If seen the curse, if be a curse, on man
Is taxing self to understand, amid
Environment that ever keeps its place,
What shape may take his life, if any can,
That haunting foolishness alone not bid
Him to endure, with pain, but for disgrace."

{58}

Where's your subject now? Where's your principal sentence? Where's any vestige of connection with anything? You can find a meaning of sorts if you pick out any line or two, and are allowed to supply all sorts of those cheap and nasty little words that the master has discarded: "e.g." ---

If (it be) seen (that) the curse, if (it) be a curse, on man is (that he is obliged to be) taxing (him) self to understand (the universe) amid (his) environment that ever keeps its place ----

There's enough conjecture there to endear me more than ever to my dear old tutor, Dr. A. W. Verrall (since I wrote this article, alas! he has joined Agamemnon) --- but anyhow, there it stops. I cannot imagine in my wildest moments any nexus with the last three lines of the sestet. I cannot see the merest germ of an apodosis for that majestic protasis.

The second sonnet is not quite equal to this, in my opinion. The method is not the same --- perhaps, though, this is the master's plan, to give us the same effect in a totally different fashion. But I call it sheerly meretricious to "spoil" the sonnet by a full stop after four lines.

"Man's place is truth that makes no sign, but is,
Which man, who seek a sign where is no sign
Will ever overlook till forced repine
In dumb despair since nothingness is his."

Put "seeks" for "seek," and "to" before "repine," and it makes sense. An! but there's a "for" coming!

"For other than what is may not say 'tis

But to impose on blind a fool's design
As thorns about the brow of Christ define
Not him, but those who mock, with emphasis:
Less puncto see and pundit silent pass
Mankind from truth will ever wander on ---"

{59} and so on, almost intelligibly. With a single word he knocks down our castle of cards. Who or what is "puncto"?

I'm not sure about "less," it may be Wm.ese for lest. It occurs again in line 13.

"Less absolute, as absolute, be gone -----"

There is a fine passage in Sonnet III:

"Whence knowledge once a sensibility
Of a present conditionality,
Mus helpless self-persistence enterprise."

These lines are rather important, as they bunch the Dramatis Personae of these sonnets. He rings the changes on Sensibility Sahib and Count Conditionality and Sir Self-Persistence all through the book. But the Principal Boy is called "propositional"; he is introduced to us in the wonderful 29th sonnet.

"A proposition: propositional
To imagery of persence in sense felt
Of actuality: is ever spelt,
By consciousness as abstract actual,
Persisting unperceived as well, withal,
As when perceived: an image nothing pelt
Against without itself is backward dealt
As if by something quite perpetual"
Whence seen non-actual relation come
As mystery unveiled to simulate
In imagery that actual won't deal:
And budding thence has blossomed forth till dome
Of all creation cannot estimate
Imaginary being that existence steal."

I regard this as one of the very finest sonnets in the book. I like "pelt"; it baffles conjecture entirely. And the final "steal," which suddenly checkmates the aspiring intellect that {60} thought the last three lines were going to mean something, is a supreme touch of Wm.'s art.

But one cannot select; the whole is so stupendous a piece of perfection. The absolute balance of phrases which mean something (if taken in watertight compartments) with those which mean nothing, and can mean nothing; the miraculous skill shown in avoiding even a suggestion of a subject, the expectation of which is so

compelled by the beginning "A proposition": the admirable steam-roller obsquatulation of grammar and syntax --- all these things and many more make this sonnet unique in the language. I am afraid the rest of our investigations (said I) will be anti-climax. Dear, no! Wm. Howell Williams is not so poor in pride. Whenever you stop, whenever you think he must stop, just there he begins. In Sonnet XXXV, for example:

"A propositional abstractional
Remain, that proposition may include
An indisputable, as well exclude
Disputable, in sphere provisional
To stand immovable conditional,
Whence comprehension never to conclude
But ever know what thereto did intrude
Lest venturing become habitual:
As in imaginary personage
Usurp the functionality bestowed
On creature by a providential hand,
And rashly venturing themselves engage
To journey through their lives without a road
That they can see or guide they can command."

This is sublime art. To the last five lines one could put a beginning to make sense; and it seems to refer to the fear (of Providence) lest venturing should become habitual. With {61} one single line "as in imaginary personage" the whole idea is reduced to ruin. That line is a mammoth.

Note; it is the first line of the sestet. And the first line of the octet is that dinosaur

"A propositional abstractional"

with the lovely verb "remain" following it, lest any "habitual venturer" should conjecture that one or both of the adjectives was a noun.

He is evidently pleased with it himself; for XXXVI begins:

"Abstractional, as propositional."

Here is another very charming method. It consists of repeating words with different verbs and things, a sort of weaving. The only limitation of course is that of meaning. Try Sonnet LXX:

"Philosophy, as quantity, be less
When knowledge as a quantity be more
Than quantity, philosophy can score;
Hence quantity less quality possess,
Sensation never can put under stress;
Since semblance of condition cannot store
Shades protean as quality before

Proportionate of quantity duress:
Since semblance of condition unity
Possess by holding unit under stress,
As quantity, however, change will stay;
While quality as mere diversity,
Stress more or less of quality, more or less
Enforced, with dying force will melt away."

One can only say Look! Ecce Wm.!
Another very pretty plan is to use constantly words which {62} may be either nouns or verbs, and "that" where it may be either relative or demonstrative.
In Sonnet X, for example, he begins:

"Though aggregation form, as semblance place,
Where mere sensation will substantial find
Unseen relation force conditioned mind
Form aggregation ever set to face
Perception shall be as fixed for the case."

Remember that Wm. has suppressed prepositions. Then "form," "place," "find," "Unseen," "force," "mind," "Form," may any of them be either nouns or verbs; and of course in no case can sense be made of the sentence.

Take also the passage in Sonnet CIX:

"Example: Huxley nihil bonum screen;
How:"

Parse screen!

And what can it mean, this Fragment of Ozymandias? It stands there, absolutely isolated from any reference to Huxley; as an "example," but of what who can say? on all sides, boundless and bare, the lone and level sonnets stretch far away.

Did Huxley put a screen on the market called the nihil bonum?

Did he give shelter to "nothing good"? or did "nothing good" save him from exposure?

Or was Huxley's screen no good? Or it is no good to screen Huxley?

It makes me feel what he feels in No. CXIII: {63}

"Creation absolute by absolute
Of absolute for absolute imply
What self-pride primes mere mortals to deny;
Nor other fluting for its fluting flute,
But idle tooting idle fancy toot
That never any being satisfy
But leaves all hungering, -----"

And in his last sonnet, CLXXXII, he most surely utters the supreme wish of every

would-be reader:

"O Lord, arise, help and deliver us
For Thy name's sake."

But it was time to stop: his eagle pinions droop; the last quatrain of the octet becomes sense, grammar, almost poetry.

"O Lord, arise, help and deliver us
From pride and foolish faith and idle fears
That baseless phantom Hope in man uprears
Since Eos woke his eons dolorous."

It is his first slip;, but he accepts Nature's warning, and retires into private life. This

"henchman stout
To blow imagination's windy flute
That aggregations wantoning en route
To thin Attenuation whistles out:

returns to his propositional abstractional unconditioned absolute consciousness quality less quantity require like a mere Newton temple Rimmon "To be or not to be" "Fools, liars, hypocrites" brigade flut, and leaves us who have certainly "stood at the door, and knocked" long enough to our dormant deride aggregated imagination eradicate; until "attenuation properly, withal, Semblantic manifestation repossess," "all sensation notes is vacancy."

LEMUEL S. INNOCENT. {64}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09008.html>

30 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

THRENODY

POETS die because they find
Words too petty to express
All the things they have in mind.
Rime and rhythm only dress
All their naked loveliness.

Poets die because their love

Grows too great for life to stem;
Death alone can soar above
Limits that encircle them.

Poets die because --- but why
Should divine ones be divined?
Let the sleeping secret lie!
It suffices --- poets die.

{65}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09009.html>

35 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

DISCHMATAT BY NIGHT

THERE is a dirge of cataracts that fall
Far far away up in the shadowed glen.
A faint wind moans among the pines, and then
Shudders away to silence. The deep pall
Of snow lies chill and voiceless over all.
And through the mist the moon peers down as when
By the veiled light of lanthorns speechless men
Gaze on some sheeted corpse's funeral.

Savagely mute; remotely merciless,
There is a Presence here that awes and chills,
A Stillness aged and inviolate.
It is the Spirit of the wilderness,
The everlasting Silence of the hills
Who shroud themselves in Solitude: and wait.

{66}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09010.html>

33 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 25 Sep 2021

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About this capture

A QUACK PAINTER

A QUACK PAINTER

ALGERNON AGRIPPA DOOLEY was the Only-begotten Son of the Reverend Archibald Agrippa Dooley. The unusual capitals are intended to indicate the importance of this fact to our petty cosmos. The Reverend Archibald was a fussily feeble old soul who would have been in his place in a hunting shire; his purchase of a fat metropolitan living was a tragic joke for his parishioners. Utterly incapable of intellectual movement himself, he bitterly resented intellect in others, regarding not only its display but its reputed possession as a direct insult to himself. "A fine morning, Mr. Dooley!" was met by an action described in the family circle as "pluffing," which resembled the gathering rage of the turkey, with purpler effects. It culminated in a splutter, "You're a very impudent young fellow." And why? Because the freely expressed contempt of his son and heir had in the course of years drilled into him that very stupid people spoke of the weather. Ergo, when a reputedly clever person spoke to him if it, the implication was that it was a shaft of satire.

Individuals, unlike nations, do not always get the government they deserve. Nothing in Mr. Dooley's character called for such punishment as the wife the gods had given him. A secret drinker and a cunning adulteress, she concealed both defects and the infinite malignity of a hell-hound under the {69} most odious and consummate hypocrisy of conduct and the most saintly and venerable exterior. She was perhaps in all this not blameworthy. Her entire family was epileptic, her sister Amelia a hopeless melancholic whom --- it is a characteristic trait of the family --- they imprisoned in the house rather than face the publicity of a certificate, despite of the young children who were thus brought up in earshot of her screams. Original taints weaken if the stock survive; and what in one sister was insanity, and the other vice, became in one daughter dipsomania, in another viraginity, and in our hero "petit mal" and a taste for art.

Algernon gave no early sign of his eventual P.R.A.; he passed scatheless through dame's school and Harrow. It was the talk made in undergraduate circles by the decadents that caught his puberty, and thrust it in that direction. And of original genius or capacity he had none. Of all essentials he had none. But, on the other hand, of inessentials, of all superficial qualities, he had all. His mimetic faculty was fine, almost incredibly fine. Fortunately for my credit, my collection comprises not only borders and initials of which probably no expert would care to swear that they were not the work of

William Morris, but pencil sketches of Rossetti girls and Burne-Jones girls done with equal excellence and Beardsleyesque drawings imitating even the miraculous fineness of that great draughtsman's execution. Some one had said to him the Beardsley's line showed no rough edge under a glass. He satisfied himself of the fact, and in a few weeks came near to rival the master.

But there was a limitation. He could copy these masters --- the only masters, except Watts, of whom he had not yet {70} heard --- only by copying their work directly. He could not sketch from Nature at all, only from the reproductions that he possessed, and from imagination. Nor could he treat a Beardsley subject in a Rossetti style, or "vice versa."

This faculty of imitation possessed his mind in every detail. He projected a press "like the Kelmscott Press," a periodical "like the Yellow Book." He could not even get near enough to originality to propose a Morris periodical!

Of course something very like this stage is common to all artists. Nothing is more pitiable and slavish than Shelley's early plagiarisms of Mrs. Aphra Behn, Keats's efforts to reproduce Moore at his worst --- by "Moore at his worst" I do not here seek a euphemism for "George Moore." In fact, the sensitiveness and receptivity which is one side of genius makes this inevitable. So that one might have hoped to see the stem of Dooley spring from roots which drew sustenance from these many masters.

It was some three years before I had another opportunity of observing this youth; but no stem had yet appeared; it was the tangle still. Here was a fan painted exquisitely on silk in Conder's own technique, though (with a better artist as his model) Dooley had not made quite such a success. It was not Conder at his best; but it was not Conder plus anything or anybody. Such as it was, it was pure Conder. On an easel was the portrait of a girl by Rembrandt-Dooley; against the wall another girl by Whistler-Dooley; the big easel held a vast Velasquez-Dooley which was not going very well.

By this time (observe!) Dooley had learnt to paint from Nature, but he could not reach the Velasquez-conception, the {71} Whistler point-of-view; and to this extent he failed --- and oh! how glaring and how ghastly was the failure! --- to reproduce their style. But in all the inessentials he was there all the time. Theme, brush-work, treatment, tone, composition, all that was imitable he imitated admirably; and he had none of his own.

It was very amusing to hear him explain his failure --- which he occasionally realized, for in some ways he was a fine critic, though with no real standard of balance. Painting he declared to be a lost art, in the same sense as the manufacture of gunpowder might be. He thought the old masters had "amber in their varnish." He bought a truck-load of books on chemistry to find out what was wrong with his colours; a task joyfully undertaken and rigorously prosecuted with that degree of success which might have been prognosticated by any scientific person who happened to be cognizant of the fact that he knew absolutely no chemistry --- or even any other exact science to help him a little with the terminology. However, he made endless experiments; he ground up his own colours and used all kinds of oils, and in every other way exhibited the indomitable perseverance which does indeed bring one to the top of a Sunday-school, but is unfortunately useless to the alchemist of silk-purse from sow's ear.

He tried many another plan. No draughtsman, he photographed his models with the assistance of a bald ratcatcher in a Norfolk jacket who had a perpetual snuffle and was named Mowles; pantographed the photo on to a canvas "Double Bishop," and

proceeded to paint it in! I do not think that many geniuses do this at twenty-five! {72}

He had, too, a great deal of trouble with his Whistler, because of Whistler's "low tone." As he had no real idea of harmony and balance, this was quite beyond him. But somebody told him that Whistler used black as a harmonizer; so he mixed everything with black. I saw him mix paint the colour of London mud for the high light on the cheek of a blonde. These pictures were scarcely discernible in the light of day, especially after --- in spite of chemistry! --- the paint had sunk in. In fact he told me himself a year ago that he started to paint over an old canvas, thinking it was only a background, to recognize (too late!) his favourite portrait of the Honourable Mavourneen Jones.

Any real advance that he may have made at this time was due to various friends who really could paint, or rather, who had something to paint, and couldn't paint it to their liking. (Dooley had nothing to paint; "there never was a Dooley.") But the only visible result was a number of very creditable J. W. Morrice landscapes. And, unfortunately, there was an American among these good folk of Paris; like Gilbert, "his name I shall not mention," but he really was a discontented sugar broker, if ever there was one. He was Pinkerton of "The Wrecker" come to life. He started with newspapers in the gutters of Chicago, and was earning Pounds 2,000 a year by his gift of suggesting an American girl to any person who had never seen one by a representation of a spider's web struck by lightning. This youth fell under the influence of Dooley, whose manner was bluster and bounce "a l'Ameraine," but more so, and thus eminently calculated to subjugate the Yank, who cannot suspect an effete European of drawing two cards to three little clubs. Dooley inspired {73} him with a higher mawrl code, and in three weeks he was trying to imitate Dooley! So admirably did he succeed that nobody could tell the difference --- each being always mud --- and the supreme jest was that he exhibited the picture in the Salon, on the strength of his name!

His gratitude to Dooley was great, and he pointed out, just like Pinkerton, that artists must advertise, and proceeded to boom him in the Transatlantic press.

Another evil influence was a very old friend, a surgeon whose sole claim to distinction was his beautiful bedside manner, and his deference to the heads of his profession. I remember Dooley criticizing him one night in Lavenue's for this very fault. "When you see him with the big man," he said, "it's --- damn it, it's almost like this." With his perfect art of mimicry, he gave the smile and the hand-rub of the shop-walker. In twelve months, he was doing the same thing himself!

Yet a third; a medical failure who fancied himself as a playwright, and by adapting 15-year old Palais Royal farces captured the English stage. He also had the impudence to publish novels page after page of which was stolen almost verbatim from various other books.<> His only other qualifications were his stutter, and his incapacity to conceive of greatness of any kind. That Dooley should have taken this creature seriously, even thought him an artist, exhibits the melancholy ruin into which his critical faculty had followed his aspirations. I am sorry about this: Dooley had always been a gentleman of high ideals. He had honestly wished to achieve art, and toiled like a man to attain. Now he began to criticize Milton: {74}

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and sits aloft in those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As He pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in Heaven accept thy meed."

He found that there was "no money in France"; "England is the market"; so to England he went, and sat down to paint in an atmosphere which would have turned Titian into a maker of coloured illustrations for society novels. Ultimately even he revolted, and furnished a studio in the most fashionable part of the West End at the cost of some thousand pounds or so with works of art of every nation. But still no Dooleys.

In default of these, he set seriously to work to obtain commissions, through the social influence of his family and his friends. The seats of the mighty, he learnt, were amicably stirred by the titillation of a tongue; the brush became a secondary instrument in his armoury. His very conversation forgot art; he began to prate of "gentlemen" and "his social position." He began to reproach me one day for knowing painters who could paint. "There are bad painters who are gentlemen," he said, "and there are bad painters who are not gentlemen. Now "my" friends are gentlemen." I had humbly to confess that I did know one bad painter who was not a gentleman!

His ideals were by now wholly commercial. He no longer asked himself "Who are the greatest painters? Let me paint like they did!" but "What is the most paying branch of Art?" and being answered on all hands "Portrait painting," continued, "Who are the best-paid portraitists to-day? Let me {75} paint like they do!" He then proceeded to produce Sargents and Shannons, so as to deceive the very elect. His attitude to his older friends was now very beautiful. "Yes," he would say, "I'm painting rubbish. I'm painting pot-boilers, frankly. But no artist attains complete mastery of his method till he is sixty; by then I shall have made a fortune, and can afford to paint what I like!" This from the owner of No. 1, Vanderbilt Studios, Astor Place, Rockefeller Street, Park Lane!

Another typical tragedy is the Affair of Lady X. This excellent lady was of such blood that she could afford to regard the Plantagenet part of her ancestry as rather a blot on her 'scutcheon. Dooley cadged a commission, and made her look like her own housekeeper. This circumstance attracting comment, the great Dooley suddenly shifted his ground. It now appeared that he was not painting the particular, but the general. It was not Lady X.; it was "The Perfect Lady," or "Quite the Lady." Not a camel, but a whale --- and oh! how like a whale!

When a man reaches this state, he is beyond hope. You cannot call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. "Why is your face so dirty?" "Do you cast stones at the poor?" "Then why do you wear a frock coat?" "I hope I am a gentleman." Dooley had discovered the secret of epithets, that you can make any one of them sound praise or dispraise as you will. He was therefore beyond criticism.

"Quel est le philosophe fransais qui disait, 'Je suis un dieu qui ai mal dine?' --- 'Cette ironie ne mordrait pas sur un esprit enleve par le haschisch,' il repondrait tranquillement. 'Il est possible que j'ai mal dine, mais je suis un dieu.'"

Dooley's vanity could give a stroke a hole to hashish; he {76} would reply that he had dined badly in order to mortify his flesh.

Such degradation can hardly go further; it only remains to set the seal upon it. As

valour is not increased, but only recognized, by the Victoria Cross, so nothing can be done for Dooley but to make him A.R.A.

A QUILLER, JR.

{77}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09011.html>

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About this capture

AT SEA

AS night hath stars, more rare than ships
In ocean, faint from pole to pole,
So all the wonder of her lips
Hints her innavigable soul.

Such lights she gives as guide my bark;
But I am swallowed in the swell
Of her heart's ocean, sagely dark,
That holds my heaven and holds my hell.

In her I live, a mote minute
Dancing a moment in the sun:
In her I die, a sterile shoot
Of nightshade in oblivion.

In her my elf dissolves, a grain
Of salt cast careless in the sea;
My passion purifies my pain
To peace past personality.

Love of my life, God grant the years
Confirm the chrism --- rose to rood!
Anointing loves, asperging tears
In sanctifying solitude! {79}

Man is so infinitely small
In all these stars, determinate.

Maker and moulder of them all,
Man is so infinitely great!
ALEISTER CROWLEY.

{80}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09012.html>

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About this capture

CANCER?

CANCER?

A STUDY IN NERVES<>

BERTIE BERNARD, Societaire of the Salon des Beaux Arts, and officer of the Legion d'Honneur, looked at the world from the window of his favourite cafe. In front, behold the hideous facade of the Gare Montparnasse and the clattering devastation of the Place de Rennes! It was a chill summer morning; a thin rain fell constantly. Great columns of ice came into the restaurant on men's backs; waiters with napkins knotted round their necks sprinkled the sandy boards with water, laid the tables for lunch, bore great basins piled with slabs of sugar here and there; in short, began the day. Behind a small bar, perched, the lady cashier performed mysterious evolutions with a book of green tickets and counterfoils; a small blind puppy nestled into the crook of her elbow.

There was a greyness in everything. Without the good sun's kiss, or the glare of the lights and the kaleidoscope of the demi-monde, Paris is a sad city. Nowhere, I think, are the distances so great, the communications so bad. Nowhere do the pavements tempt so, and tire so.

Nor, as it happened, was Bernard full of that internal sunlight which transforms the world. For four months he had worked like a demon. Six pictures --- 'twas his right ---

hung on the walls of the Salon, excellent in a wilderness of {83} mediocrity or worse --- nay, nothing is worse! but one cannot live on a reputation alone, and the American Slump had hit the painters hard.

His was a solitary life at the best of times, and, when one works, that life offers indeed the best of times. But when work is over, when one has worked so hard that there is no longer energy to play --- a gloomy world for the solitary!

So here he sat in the Cafe de Versailles and droned through the inanities of the Overseas (as distinguished from the Half-Seas-Over) "Daily Wail." His eye caught a sudden paragraph: "Death of a Well-known Baronet." "He had been complaining," said the paper "of his throat for some time, but had not thought it worth while to consult a doctor. On Saturday last he saw Sir Herpes Zoster, who took so serious a view of the matter that he advised an immediate operation. Unhappily, pneumonia supervened, and death ensued early on Tuesday morning. ..."

Cancer! read Bernard between the lines. At the word a whole cohort of ancient thoughts, armed and angry, swept up the glacis that defended his brain, and entering put the defenders to the sword.

Cancer! The one great memory of his boyhood; his mother's illness. They had shown him --- idiots! --- the dreadful tumour that was --- uselessly, of course --- to be cut away from the breast that, eight years before, had been his life. The bedside, the cold cleanliness of things, the false-smiling faces that failed to hide their fear, his mother's drawn face and staring eyes, the hideous disease itself --- all this stood out in his mind, clear-cut and vivid as it had been yesterday; a violence done to his childhood. {84}

Then, his face already blanched, rose in his memory certain episodes of youth. Once in Switzerland, sleeping out on the mountains, a stone had bruised his side as he lay on it, and two days after, having forgotten the origin of the blue-brown stain, he had thought it cancer, and been laughed at by a medical friend in the hotel. But again the thought, "Is it hereditary?" leapt at him. Nobody knows --- that is the trouble! Nobody knows anything at all about the cause of cancer. There are no precautions, no prognoses, no diathesis except (as some said) the negative one of incompatibility with tubercle.

Bernard would have liked a little tubercle. There's Luxor, Davos, Australia --- but for cancer? Cancer is everywhere. Cancer takes no account of conditions.

Now Bernard was a brave man. For sheer devilment he had gone over and taken a hand in the Cuban mix-up. He had shot tigers on foot in Burmah, and was indeed so afraid of fear that he had always refused to take the least care of his health. Better die facing death! One must die. It is no good running away. One may as well live a man's life. So he fished for salmon without waders, and found by immunity that the doctors know as little about rheumatism as about anything else.

But on this morning at the Cafe de Versailles things went ill with his thoughts. All that he had ever read about cancer; all the people he had ever heard of who had died of it; all the false wicked bombast of the newspapers (once a week on an average) that an "eminent Scientist" --- whatever a "scientist" may be --- had discovered a perfect cure --- puppy's livers, roseleaves, tomato-juice, strange serums, {85} anything and everything. All Ignorance! Ignorance!! Ignorance!!!

He dropped the paper with listless anger, rapped on the marble, threw down his franc, and rose. And as he caught the sharp air of the street a little cough took his

throat. "God! God!" he cried, "I have it at last!" And the precise parallelism between his symptoms and those of the dead baronet hit him, as it were a giant with a club.

He, too, had been troubled for a long while. He, too, had not thought it worth while to consult a doctor.

Then the healthy reaction surged up in him. "You're a hysterical fool, my lad, and I'll teach you a lesson. You shall go and see a doctor, and be laughed at, and pay ten francs for your cowardice!"

Up sprang the assailing thought. "On Saturday he saw Sir Herpes Zoster, who took so serious a view of the matter that ..."

"I daren't! I daren't!" he cried inwardly, with bitter anguish. Bowed and old, his face wrinkled and blue-grey with fear, he faltered and turned back. He sat down on a little cane chair outside the cafe, and drove his nails into the palms of his hands.

Abject indecision had him by the throat. He would do this, he would do that. He would go to Italy, to New York, to ride horseback through Spain, to shoot in Morocco, to --- half a hundred schemes. ...

Each impulse was inhibited. He half rose from his chair again and again, and always fell back as the terrible reply beat him down. For New York he must have a new trunk, and the idea of going into a shop and buying one seemed as {86} insanely impossible as if he had needed a live dodo. For Spain, the terrors of the Custom House on the frontier smote him back. Trifle after trifle, fierce and menacing, beat upon him, and the cry of his sane self: "Don't be a fool, it's only nerves, get away anywhere; eat, sleep, amuse yourself and you'll be all right in a day or so!" grew feebler and feebler as the dominant demon swung his fell spear, "Go away? you've got cancer --- cancer --- cancer --- you can't go away from cancer!" He knew, too, that did he but once decide to do anything, the cloud would clear. But decide he could not.

If only a good hearty stupid Briton had come along and taken him out of himself for a moment!

But he was a solitary; and the early morning is not the time for meeting such few acquaintances as he possessed. He might have called on one or two friends, but he dared not. Laden with his terrible secret, he could not confront them.

At last he rose, still purposeless, driven by physical disquietude. The muscles, irritated by the anguish of the nerves, became uneasy, sent jerky, meaningless messages to the brain. He walked and walked, feebly and foolishly, everywhere and yet nowhere --- the muscles of his back ached.

Cancer of the kidney! he thought, and was swept into a whirlpool of fear. He had once been supposed to have weak kidneys. "The seat of a previous lesion" was a likely spot. He put his hand to his neck to adjust his collar. There was a small "blackhead" half formed. Cancer!

He remembered how the previous evening --- no! last week, last year --- what did it matter? --- one of his friends had told of a man in South America who had died of a cancer on the neck, caused, he thought, but the irritation of his collar. {87} Bernard wrenched at his collar to tear it off. "Useless! too late!" cried one interior voice. "Nothing is known of the cause," whispered the consoler, common-sense. Then, louder: "My dear good ass, every man wears a collar; only one man in twenty-one dies of cancer, and probably not one in twenty-one of those have cancer of the neck."

Louder, for the physical violence of his wrench had sent his blood faster, pulled him together a little.

In the new-found courage he began again to contemplate a change, for it was only too clear that his nerves were wrong. But the enemy had an answer to this: "One of the most painful features of the disease is the dreadful anxiety -----" he remembered from some old medical book.

It had begun to rain more heavily; he was wet. The physical discomfort braced him; he looked up.

He was in the Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées, not a hundred yards from his doctor's house.

In a flash his mind was made up. He strode at six miles an hour to the physician, an old friend, one Dr. Maigrette, and was shown into the consulting room. If the doctor had happened to see him as he entered, he would not have had to wait, as was the case.

Waiting, he could not tolerate the alleged amusing journals. He looked for the poison that was eating out his soul. Soon he happened on the "Lancet," and found to his taste an authoritative article on "Cancer of the Ileum," urging speedy operation before --- so he gathered --- the appearance of any symptoms whatever.

"Unfortunately," wrote the great surgeon, "cancer is a painless disease for many months." {88}

God! God! "He, too, had no pain!" He did not know where the ileum might be; he never even knew that he "had" an ileum. And what an awakening! He had got cancer of it. For many, many months he had had no pain!

His perception of the absurd was utterly snowed under.

With clenched teeth, the sweat rolling from his brow, he rushed from the house.

What followed he never really knew. The agony of the mind had gone a step too far, and dropped below the human into a dull animal consciousness of fear. He was being hunted for his life. The instinct of flight became dominant. He found himself feverishly packing his bag; he found himself at the Gare de Lyon, with no very clear conception of how he came there.

Hunger brought him to. Luckily the restaurant of the station --- one of the best in Paris --- was full of the cheeriest memories. Time and again he had left the station for Italy, Switzerland, Algiers, always with high hope, good courage, pleasurable anticipation.

Almost himself again for the moment, he feasted superbly on a Caneton Rouennais au Sang, with a bottle of the ripe red Burgundy.

A peace stole over him. "I have had a bad attack of nerves;" he thought, "I will go away and rest. Worry and overwork, that's what it is. Where's the laziest place on earth? Venice."

And to Venice he went, almost gaily, in a wagon-lit.

Gaily? At the back of his consciousness was a dull sphere of some forgotten pain, some agony in abeyance.

The exhaustion of the day and the last benediction of the {89} good wine together drove him down the slopes of sleep into the Valley of deepest Anaesthesia. Almost trance.

II

The dull viewless journey up the Rhone Valley, with its everlasting hint of great things beyond, did Bernard good. More than a touch of mountain freshness in the air, nay! the very loathsomeness of the Swiss --- that nation with the Frenchman's meanness without his insouciance, the German's boorishness without his profundity, the Italian's rascality without his picturesqueness, all these things reminded him of his happy youth spent among the glaciers. At lunch he ordered a bottle of Swiss champagne, drank that infamous concoction with a certain relish piercing through the physical disgust at its nauseousness, as remembering the joy of the opened bottle on some peak yet unclimbed by the particular ridge he had chosen. Life seemed very different now-a-days. He would hardly have taken the trouble to climb Mount Everest, had a Jinnee borne him to its foot upon a magic carpet. Fame, love, wealth, friendship --- these things seemed valueless. He knew now what he wanted --- rest --- rest. Death would have pleased him. He thought of the Buddhist Nibbana, and almost determined to become an Arahat, or at least a Bhikkhu, the stage preliminary.

So the long day went by; at its end, Venice, a vulgar approach, a dead level of shapeless houses with insignificant church spires scarce visible.

Then the sudden wonder of the gondola, gliding between the tall jagged subtly coloured palaces, the surprise of the {90} moon, glittering down some unexpected alley. And again the sleep of utmost fatigue, only accentuated by the violent stimulus of the wonderful city, its undeniable romance, its air of dream, of enchantment.

In the morning he rose early. The Grand Canal was stirring, lively, with the pail gold of sunrise kindling it. He hailed a gondola, and until lunch-time drifted about in the narrow waterways, seeking to discover by some subtle mental process the secret which he imagined, as one is compelled to imagine, that each tall house contains.

Yet, lost as he was in the dream, there was ever present in the background of his mental picture, the waking life. What he conceived as the waking life was but that formless mass of horror, the disease whose fear was yet upon him.

In short, he was drugged with Venice, as with an opiate. There would come a reckoning. Life itself was poisoned. The mask matters little; the face behind the mask is all. And for Bernard, behind the mask of Venice, glittered the eyes of Cancer --- Cancer --- Cancer!

But as health came back, he consciously fought the demon.

One may as well die of cancer as anything else, he would think. He insisted on the word; he said it aloud, watching his voice to detect the tremor of fear. He would contemplate death itself --- the worst (after all!) that would come, and discovered death to be but a baseless illusion. He made a dilemma for death. If consciousness ceases, he argued, there is no death, for one is not conscious of it, and nothing exists for the individual of which he is not conscious. If consciousness does not cease --- why, that is life! {91}

And so on, making a brave show of the feeble weapon of intellect, as one sees a frightened insect try to appear terrible. Or as a guardsman struts with moustache and busby.

But this same bold analysis was, as he soon saw, but another shape of fear. It was courage, true! but courage implies fear. There was but one cure, absorption in work. So, as he rested the capacity for work returned. He began, first sketches, then fair-sized picture of the ever-changing, ever-identical beauty of Venice. He spent an altogether joyous morning buying materials for his art.

He met a charming child of Venice in black shawl, with Madonna's face and Venus's body; he painted her into all his foregrounds. In the evening, sitting together in the cafe of the Rialto Inn, he sketched her. He projected a large and sacred picture, full of the sensual strength of Rubens. His tired soul took her virgin vigour into itself; he became like a boy; he idealized, adored his mistress. He would learn a little Italian, so that they might talk together easily, no longer in broken French-Italian.

So one morning he strolled down to the old Dandolo Palace, glorious with memories of Georges Sand and de Musset, and consulted the jolly bearded blonde beautiful hall porter about lessons in Italian.

The porter gave him an address. Would he had added, "Venice is the most relaxing city in the five continents. A week will cure you, a fortnight kill you!"

So our friend was soon knocking at the door of the Signora who taught English.

She was a faded widow, her dyed blonde hair eked out with an improbable fringe, roughed and wrinkled, intensely {92} respectable, Scotch, Presbyterian, sentimental, scented. The room was musty and ill-sized, an imported lodging-house from Ramsgate! The decorations in keeping. Undusted furniture, portraits of "Victoria the Good," and of the lady's "poor dear husband," a Bible, English and Italian novels and grammars. All frivolities, all dullnesses, all inessentials. The very piano had the air of an accident. Poor tired woman! Long since all hope, all purpose, is lost for you, he thought. And "Am I otherwise?" Vital scepticism tinged his disgust with the teacher as, mastering his repulsion, he arranged for a series of lessons.

It was on the third day of these lessons that he saw Germanica Visconti. She was a few minutes early at the teacher's, and intruded on his hour. Paler than death, and clad in deepest mourning, she had yet beauty rare and rich, a charm irresistible. The great sense of beauty that had made him the famous painter that he was allured him.

"Voila une belle idee" --- he scented intrigue. All night he dreamt of her, gliding as a gondola glides into the room. (For so do all Venetian women glide.)

The next day he began --- the cunning fellow! --- with a little apology. Had he overstayed his hour? She was rather a pretty girl (no Don Juan would openly say that; it was a clever subterfuge).

The old-young widow rose easily to the bait. The Visconti had just lost her father. Poor man, he had suffered terribly for two years. Smokers' cancer, they called it. You can operate twice, but the third time he must die. Oh, yes! it is very, very common in Venice.

The pipe in his pocket burnt him like a red-hot coal. {93} The whole horror came flooding back, tenfold stronger for its week of abeyance. Good God! he had come to the very place of all places where he was sure to get it. Yet he was master of himself enough to sit out the lesson, to bow gracefully to Germanica as she came up the stairs. Thence he went shaking into Florian's, and thought filth of all the world.

The city, ever a positive impression, unlike most other cities, which one can ignore, hurt him. Very common here, he mused --- and his throat, really a little irritated by the

slackness and the sirocco, became dominant and menacing. He put his hand to his larynx, imagined a tumour. The word "induration" afflicted him, throbbed in his brain. He could not bear society: he got rid of his model, cruelly and crudely. Nothing but his stubborn courage saved him from throwing his pipe into the canal. By bravado, he smoked double his usual allowance. His throat naturally got worse, and his distress correspondingly increased.

He simply could not stand Venice any longer. Two days of speechless agony, and he went suddenly back to Paris, the dust of the journey aggravating his sore throat, and its misery dragging him ever lower into the abyss of despair. His indecision increased, invaded the smallest details of life. He walked miles, unable to find a restaurant to suit his whim. He would reach the door, perhaps enter, suddenly remember that the coffee was never good there, go out again, walk, walk, walk, repeat the folly again and again, until perhaps he would go to bed foodless. His sore throat (always a depressing influence on all of us) grew worse, and his soul sagged in sympathy. {94}

He could not work, he could not read, he could do nothing. He went out to play Pelota at Neuilly one afternoon, and his very natural failure to play decently increased his misery. I am no more good, he thought, I am getting old. Thirty-six, he mused, and a sob came to his throat --- the very age when cancer most begins to claim its prey.

He engaged a model, and discovered that he could no longer draw. He tried everything, and gave up after an ineffectual hour.

His throat grew worse: it pained him really very badly. The follicles of his tongue, too, inflamed sympathetically, and the horrid vision of a bottled cancerous tongue that he had once seen at the College of Surgeons stood luminous in his mind --- an arched monstrous tongue of a hideous brown colour, with the ulcer just visible in the dorsum. It looked too big to be a human tongue at all, he had thought. Would his own tongue be bottled in a year from now?

He was afraid to go to a doctor; he could hear the diagnosis; the careful preparation to break it gently to him, the furtive eye that would assure itself of the presence of some necessary stimulant; the ---

His thought shot on prophetic to the operation. Would he sink under it? He hoped so. "Early and successful operations afford a respite of from three to five years," he had read. Think of the waiting through those years for its recurrence! Think of Carriere --- he, too, dead of throat-cancer --- who had said after operation, "If it comes back I'll shoot myself" --- Carriere --- his colleague --- his friend.

He had once had an operation, a minor affair. He could picture everything --- "extirpate the entire triangle," the {95} surgeon would say --- and do. He did not know what would be left of himself. Would he be able to speak, to swallow, during those horrible three, four, five years while he waited (in Hell!) for "recurrence"?

Liability to recurrence! he sneered angrily; they know it means always, the dogs!

He thought of the title of a book he had seen advertised, "How Surgery blocks the way to the cure of cancer." and foamed against the folly of the surgeon, than against the blatant quackery of the alternatives. He hated mankind. He hated God, who had made such a world. Why not have ----? and discovered that it is not as easy as it sounds to devise a genuine undeniable improvement upon the universe.

He fought against the notion that his throat was cancerous, did it good with a simple gargle, made it worse again by smoking; finally the shocking anxiety of the terror that he

dared not reveal operated to make him really ill.

Only his magnificent constitution had saved him from being very ill indeed long before this.

As it was, the genuine physical suffering took his mind to some extent off his supposed disease, and in a fit of annoyance he determined to put an end of the matter one way or the other.

He got into a fiacre, and drove off --- idiot! --- to the great Cancer Specialist, Dr. Pommery.

III

It was the very worst thing he --- or any one --- could have {96} done. Dr. Pommery was famous as having --- regardless of expense --- grafted the skin of a pig's belly on to the face and hands of a negress, who was thereby enabled to marry a crazy Vicomte, whose parents objected to black blood in the family. True, she had died. He, too, had discovered the bacillus of cancer, the only flaw in his experiments being that the said bacillus was to be found in all known organic substances except sterilized agar-agar. He had prepared a curative serum which killed cancer patients before the disease got half a chance, and he had received the record fee of Pounds5,000 sterling for killing the actress wife of an English Duke --- or so the Duke's friends laughed over his Grace's cigars and '47 port in his Grace's smoking-room.

He welcomed Bernard with a kindling eye. "Dear me!" (in his kindest professional manner) "Don't worry! don't worry, my dear young friend! I think we shall be able to help the little trouble. At the same time, I must ask you to realize that it is somewhat serious, not at all a matter to neglect. In fact, I ought to tell you --- you are a man, and should be well able to bear a little shock --- that --- that -----"

Bernard had heard him with set face, afraid no more but of showing the white feather. Now as he caught the expression of the great specialist's eyes, the long strain broke. He burst into a torrent of glad tears, caught the doctor's hands in his, and wrung them hard. "I know!" he cried. "It's cancer --- cancer! Thank God! Thank God!"

His fear was over.

He sobered himself, arranged to go the next day to Dr. Pommery's private hospital for the treatment, and went off. His throat was better already. Almost joyfully, he went {97} about his affairs. He bade good-bye to his one good friend at lunch, not wishing to sadden her by telling her the truth. He found a sombre pleasure in keeping the secret. "The next she hears of me, I shall be dead. She will remember this lunch, think kindly of me that I would not spoil her pleasure." Then --- "Poor girl, how will she live when I am gone?"

Bernard had a small regular income; he had no relations; he would leave it to her. So off he went to the Rive Droite to make his will.

The lawyer was an old friend, was grievously shocked at his story, made the usual attempts to minimize the affair, told a long story of how he too had been condemned to death by a doctor -- "Twenty years ago, Herbert, and --- well, I feel sure I shall die, you know, if I have to wait another forty years for it."

Bernard laughed duly, and was cheered; yet the lawyer's sympathy jarred. He detected a professionalism, an insincerity, in the good cheer. He was quite wrong; his friend did think him scared, and was honestly trying to give him courage. He asked him to come back to tea. Bernard accepted.

Now who should chance to drop in but Maigrette, that same old medical friend of Bernard's, from whose consulting-room he had fled in terror a month before! They were four at tea, Jobbs the lawyer and his wife, Maigrette and the dying man.

At the proper moment Bernard began his sad story; it was necessary to say farewell.

Maigrette heard him with patient impatience. To his look, that asked for sympathy, he said but one explosive word, "Pommery!" It sounded like an oath! {98}

"Come here!" he said, catching Bernard by the shoulder and dragging him to the window. He thrust a spoon, snatched from the tea-table, into his mouth. "Say R!"

"R-R-R-R-R," said Bernard obediently, wondering whether to choke or vomit.

"You d----d ass!" thundered Maigrette, shaking him to and fro till his teeth chattered, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jobbs --- what you've got is a very mild go of tonsillitis, and a very bad go of funk. What you're going to do is to go away with my brother Jack to-morrow morning for a month. He'll teach you what speed means. No nonsense, now! Hold up!"

But Bernard went limp, fainted.

While he lay unconscious, "You can tear up that will, Jobbs," said Maigrette, "but it's a bad nervous case, as bad as I want to see. I don't think we'll trust him to go home alone, do you know!"

Bernard came to. The doctor took him back to his studio, packed his bag for him, carried him off to dinner. "Jack," he said to his brother, in a swift aside, "take the big Panhard, and L for leather all the way to Madrid! Let him out of your sight, day or night, for the next week, and I won't answer for it! After that, if he stop brooding --- well, I'll have a look at him myself before you relax." Jack nodded comprehension, and after the cigars had been converted into ash and contentment, he went off with Bernard pounding through the night in a great journey to the south. Bernard, exhausted, dozed uneasily in the tonneau, the wind driving out of his brain the phantoms of its disorder. All day they raced through the haze and heat; {99} fed like giants here and there. The patient grew visibly sleek, his face got blood, his eyes brightness, the furtive inwardness of them sucked out by the good sun, the wild fresh air.

They stopped their headlong course at a small town in the Pyrenees. Bernard was honestly sleepy, as a tired man is, not as an exhausted man. As for Jack, he thought he could never get enough sleep. He had held the wheel nearly all day.

They dined, smoked, took a tentative walk cut short by the eagerness of the air and their own great fatigue. Bernard threw himself upon his bed, and slept instantly. Jack, with a glad sigh, "Safe till the mourning!" imitated him.

So abode the utter stillness of the night upon them; so the dawn arose. A shaft of sunlight came through the mountain cleft, and fell obliquely upon Bernard's face. He half woke, wondered. His memory played him false. Where was he? The strange room baffled him. And suddenly his face whitened. "I have got cancer," he thought. And again: "It is I that have got cancer. It is I." The emphasis of egoity rose to a perfect shriek of nerve, dominated all other chords in the brain, once and for all.

He rose calm and smiling, like a little child, went on tiptoe to the window, kissed his

hand to the sun, whose orb now rose clear of the mountain and looked full upon him.
"What a ripping score off old Jack!" he said in a soft voice, laughing, and after a minute's search in his dressing-case, drew his razor with one firm sweep across his throat.

As he turned and fell, the bright blood sprang, a slim swift jet, and fell bubbling upon the face of the sleeper.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

{100}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09013.html>

34 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Jan FEB Mar

24

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

DUMB!

GABRIEL whispered in mine ear
His archangelic poesie.
How can I write? I only hear
The sobbing murmur of the sea.

Raphael breathed and bade me pass
His rapt evangel to mankind;
I cannot even match, alas!
The ululation of the wind.

The gross grey gods like gargoyles spit
On every poet's holy head;
No mustard-seed of truth or wit
In those curst furrows, quick or dead!

A tithe of what I know would cleanse
The leprosy of earth; and I ---
My limits are like other men's.
I must live dumb, and dumb must die!

{101}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09014.html>

31 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar
24
2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE VITRIOL-THROWER

"To"
"Kathleen Scott."

THE VITRIOL-THROWER

THE Boulevard Edgar Quinet is convenient for life and death. There is a squalid toil and squalid pleasure, represented by the Gare Montparnasse and the Rue de la Gaiete; at the other end is the exotic struggle of the quaint little colony of English artists. The boulevard itself hangs between these extremes; but, sinister and terrible omen! the whole of one side is occupied by that vast cemetery of Montparnasse which Charles Baudelaire has honoured by his bones.

I like to think that Baudelaire, brooding like an unquiet fiend above his carrion, may laugh, though it be but the laugh of hell, at this my tale.

A man who has deliberately taken human life on no responsibility but his own enjoys

some of the immunities of a God. The habit acting first and thinking afterwards is surely divine, or how can we explain the universe? Among civilized people few such men are to be found; they may be known by the grave courage of their steadfast eyes. Would you like to meet one! The first place to search is most certainly the Boulevard Edgar Quinet.

At least this is certain, that if you had been strolling down by the cemetery on Monday night before Mardi-Gras, twelve years ago, you would have had your opportunity.

Clement Seton was a tiny little man with a pale face. {105} One would have said that he suffered from a wasting illness. On his finger flashed a single ruby. Very unwise of you, young man! for the boulevard, deserted and leading no whither in particular, is the haunt of the greatest ruffians in Paris.

The two Apaches in the shadow laughed. Silent and swift, they leapt. But the Scot was swifter yet. Ten feet away he stood with a Colt levelled in the gloom, demanding "Your pleasure, gentlemen?"

He began some stammering excuse; the boy's light laugh trilled out, and he lightly replaced his weapon, turned on his heel, and left them to follow if they dared.

There is almost opposite the end of the boulevard an impasse miscalled the Rue Boissonade. A road it would have been, save for the obstinate leases in the midst thereof. A road it one day surely will be, but at present it is certainly trying that from No. N. to No. N + 1 is a circuitous journey of nearly upon half a mile. On the right as you enter is a small low house, roofed for a studio, old-fashioned, with its ugly modern neighbours sneering over it. It had a bad name, too, even among the easy-going folk of Bohemian Paris.

Is your face the face of a cat or of a pig, strange dweller in that desolate house? Where did you get that shaggy mane of fire? Your face is covered with fine down, every tip whereof stings like a nettle. You have eyes that must devour the soul of a man ere they can sleep. You have long and heavy lips ever twitching; one thinks of an octopus waiting for its prey. Is that your blood that makes them scarlet, or the blood of all those who would not be warned in time?

How is it, too, that all men own you beautiful? How, surer test! that all women deny you beauty? {106}

For beautiful you are. Your face is the face of some divine beast, adored of the Egyptians or the Mexicans.

What of your soul? Is that, too, the soul of a God and a beast? Does your face that warns us, and in vain, tell truth? People are afraid of you, Mirabelle! they cross the road to avoid passing over the pavements you have trod.

Who was that poor Hungarian boy that men cut down one morning from your gate? and the pianist who poisoned himself in Vienna?

What did the painter see in your eyes that he slashed your finished face from his canvas, and drew the second stroke across his throat?

Is there any gate of death, Mirabelle, that some man has not passed --- for you?

Why, too, do you tire your hair so carefully to-night? You only lift your finger, and they die for you. Why, then, do you struggle? There is anxiety, not only pride, in the thrice-gazed-on mirror. You have swathed yourself close like a corpse; the amber silk clings to your beautiful body. After all, you have taken down your hair; it flows over

your breasts like a river of hell.

How is it that you are waiting? Others should wait, surely; it is not for you to wait. You are in danger, Mirabelle; there is a God in heaven after all.

Yes, and you will have him in your arms.

II

Clement Seton shrugged his shoulders and threw his cigar away with a gesture of weariness. Life in Paris seemed {107} tame after his exploits in Somaliland, where he had won the Victoria Cross standing over a wounded comrade half the day, while the survivors of what had been a very smart little outpost scrimmage tried in vain to come to terms with that waterless warrior.

"Most cowardly thing I ever did," he would explain. "The poor beggars couldn't get at us for the rocks. When a head appeared one put a bullet through it. Like bally clay pigeons, by Jove!" and then he would go on, in his talkative nonsensical way, with some absurd paradox in ethics or metaphysics.

Yet what good was to come of Paris? Bitter scorn of the sneaking Apaches ate up his soul. To come to grips with a devil were worth the pains. Murderers, he mused, are the salt of the earth. And lo! the salt hath lost its savour. And he laughed sourly.

At the gate of the lonely house he flung away his cigar, and his hand was on the latch.

Suddenly, a noiseless touch upon the arm, and a low, hurried pleading voice. "Clement, my old friend, listen a moment." He turned, and saw dear, fat, good-natured old Miss Aitken. What was there in this woman to make her (as she had been) the friend of Swinburne, Carriere, and Verlaine?

Artists hate artists, not for envy, but because there can be no companionships among the Gods. Eternally silent in himself, a God sees all, knows all; yet nothing touches him. He can learn nothing from another such, while his study is mankind. So true friendship is their prize; Miss Aitken could not guess their detachment; she thought them human. {108} Maybe this flattered the poor Gods. In their weak hours they accept devotion gladly. Miss Aitken stood, white to the lips; her terror shining about her visibly. "That house is fatal, Clement," she moaned. "Go anywhere but there!" Patient and smiling, Clement heard her out. Half was he fain to put her off with a lie --- some folly about God in heaven.

Then truth urged him to sing the song he had made of Mirabelle ---

"The world for a whore!
The sky for a harlot!
All life --- at your door ---
For a Woman of Scarlet!
A bitter exchange?
A bad bargain to strike? It
May seem to you strange ---
The fact is --- I like it!

You offer me gold,

Place, power, and pleasure
To have and to hold ---
Inexhaustible treasure!
I'll give it and more
In this planet of boredom
For a girl that's a whore
And is proud of her whoredom."

He reflected that such truth might seem to her but a sneer. So in the end he pressed her hand, thanked her, bade her be of good cheer, passed in.

III

Like a frail ghost, poor worn-out Sylvie glided from the graveyard, and confronted Clement Seton.

Three months had passed since his first visit to Mirabelle {109} the wonderful and beautiful, and still daily he strolled down the boulevard to his destiny. Thin and pale are you growing, my fine fool? Is it the air of Paris that robs you of your blood? We know better. Are you quite besotted? Or would you rather die thus than live otherwise?

This we cannot think; he cannot be absorbed body and soul in the contemplation of Mirabelle's perfections; for when poor worn-out Sylvie, with her harsh cough and hectic cheek, addresses him, he hears.

She took him to a corner of the graveyard, eagerly, with her worn face all fire, ever looking back. For he followed sedately. Clement would run nor to nor fro.

She paused by a low grave. "Here," she said, "lies Sergius, whom I loved --- ah God! She took him from me; she threw him away, and laughed when he pistoled himself at her doorstep. You are her lover, monsieur. She will serve you so. I swear it. She lives for nothing else. God! God! to have these fingers but one moment at her throat."

She burst into a passion of weeping anger.

Seton lit a pipe. This Mirabelle! he mused. She leads me to Pisgah, he thought, she feeds me with milk and honey from the Promised Land. But to enter in and to possess it? No. She knows possession is but the prelude to the Captivity, the Exile to great Babylon. But who am I, to waste the months? I have said: Easy to write the curtain-raiser, but few who can pen five pungent acts. Yet, why should I wait? Why not make drama myself? Tragedy, no! for I am God, and must laugh at everything. Well! Well!

"I will kill her, kill her," sobbed the girl, kissing the cross upon the tomb. {110}

Seton smiled, bent down caressingly, and whispered in her ear. Then swiftly turning he bent no undecided step towards the Gardens of his Armida.

* * * * *

Trembling in each other's arms with the violence of their repressed passion, Clement and Mirabelle still lay. Now he put forth all his force; always she easily eluded it.

"For your sake, O goddess!" he exclaimed. "You are not utterly high, because you have not touched humanity. I sacrifice the splendour of our passion to initiate you."

"Not you then, but another!" she laughed wildly. "You are the only one that can play the Game; I will not use you up."

He looked at her doubtfully; then he knew she lied. Hers was a real prudery.

"Galilean!" he cried, "thou hast conquered!"

But so shocking was the irony of his voice that for a moment she feared him.

Then, rising up, they talked of many indifferent things; yet, being gods, all language was hieroglyphic to their intimacy; so that she marked a change.

"Am I adream?" she said; "did not I win the bout?"

"At the odds," he said.

And again a chill passed over her.

Some premonition of things utterly forlorn?

Some intimate fear of the soul, struck bare and cold in the presence of its God?

"Tire yourself carefully to-night," wooed Clement in his velvet voice.

She thought of Jezebel, and a third time she shuddered. {111}

Nevertheless, right comely was she, and golden in sheen of gossamer silk.

In the Boulevard Edgar Quinet the wear is not silk, O Mirabelle the beautiful! Rather a shroud. The desolate trees of the boulevard do not rustle like silk; rather do they whisper like murderers in league. The stones of the boulevard do not rustle like silk; they clatter foolishly. It is not as the tears of your false passion on the adamantine hearts of men?

Mystic and doubtful, from behind a tree leaps out a ghost. With one hoarse word, poor worn-out Sylvie flings her vitriol, and speeds laughing down the boulevard.

Full in the face it splashed her; the great curse rose to a shriek and sank to a moan. Clement Seton carried her back to the studio.

IV

Jolly fat old Miss Aitken! What treasure you are in a world of sorrow!

Mirabelle's sins, which were many, were forgiven; especially as she could sin no more, thought she.

So she and Clement nursed her back to life; the face no more a face. One blind scar, more fearful to look upon than death. Her hands had escaped; one could judge by her hands what her beauty must have been.

But we are interested in her soul. In her weakness she grew human; and Clement, loving her through the flesh, loved her yet more. Why did he make her his mistress? You shall judge. But why did she comply? Who shall {112} judge that? Judge not too easily; I myself, who am the great God who made these, dare not say.

So in the closest intimacy for more than a year they lived; and good-natured Miss Aitken like a mother to them.

Now was a new life stirred in Mirabelle; when Seton heard it, he called Miss Aitken aside privily, and said to her: "Dear friend, you may guess what she and I have always known: Love at its climax must decay thence. Such is the common lot; nothing escapes. I have given Mirabelle a child; let her seek the for new worlds to conquer. For me, I have studied her enough. Sylvie is dying; her consumption draws her to a close. I shall go live with her, and feast upon her end.

"She loves me, since I helped her vengeance; and hates me, since I have lifted her

victim to such heights of joy. You never guessed? Yes, Sylvie loved Sergius, whom Mirabelle stole from her. 'Twas I that bade her throw the acid. Anon."

And he went whistling off. But to Miss Aitken, whose excellent memory broke this atrocious speech to Mirabelle, replied that expressionless mask of horror: "I knew it. I went to the death of myself that night; I went willingly, wittingly. It was Ananke and the Moirai. Moreover, I have had much joy of Clement; I leap with joy, breeding this child to him.

"Let him go to Sylvie: it is a woman's part to see her husband go away on strange errands. Was not Juno foolish, with her gadfly?"

In fact, when Sylvie died, Clement came back to her, brotherly. He had chosen the right moment to break off the {113} tie; Socrates suicide is finer than Socrates turned dotard. So they remained fast friends.

The child was twelve years old last week. In him we see the seeds of miraculous thoughts, things to transcend all limitations mortal and immortal, common to man.

The Overman is surely come; in the second generation is he established.

{114}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09015.html>

34 captures

8 May 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Sep FEB Mar

24

2021 2024 2025

About this capture

THE FAIRY FIDDLER

AWAY in the misty moorland glen
Where the Elf-Folk dance with the Wee Brown Men,
And the rowan-berry burns haughtily
As she tells of the wind's inconstancy ---
'Tis there I am bound by the far faint rune
Of the Fairy Fiddler's silver shoon!

Where the harebell waves from the tufted grass,
There never the foot of a man may pass;
For the painted fireflies glance and gleam
Like the golden thoughts in a goblin's dream,

And the ghostly coppice of oak and pine
Holds a legion of imps from the Moonbeam Mine.

When I lay me down in their wondrous car
I travel so quickly from star to star,
That the Earth and the Moon are as glowworm lights
That flash o'er the field of the blurred blue heights:
For it's where I am bound by the far faint rune
Of the Fairy Fiddler's silver shoon!

ETHEL ARCHER.

{115}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09016.html>

55 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 09 Dec 2024

Jan FEB Mar

24

2023 2024 2025

About this capture

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL
THE SPIRIT OF MARS

AN EVOCATION OF BARTZABEL
THE SPIRIT OF MARS

THE FORMULAE OF THE MAGICK
OF LIGHT, let them be puissant in the

EVOCATION
of the
SPIRIT

HB:BRTzBAL

The Ceremony consists of Five Parts:

1. The Banishings and Consecrations.
2. The Special Preparation of the Material Basis.
3. The Particular Invocations of the Forces of Mars.
4. The Dealings with Bartzabel, that mighty Spirit.
5. The Closing.

Gloria Deo Altissimo
Ra Hoor Khuit
in nomine Abrahadabra et in hoc signo

Pentagram

The Circle has an inscribed Pentagon, and a Tau within that. Without are 5 pentagrams with 5 ruby lamps. There is an Altar with the Square of Mars and the Seal of Mars. The triangle has the names Primeumaton, Anaphaxeton, {119} Anapheneton and Mi-ca-el within. Also the Sigil of Bartzabel, and his name. About the Circle is the name ALHIM.

The Chief Magus wears the robe of a Major Adept, and the Uraeus crown and nemmes. He bears the Lamén of the Hiereus and the 1st Talisman of Mars. He bears as weapons the Spear and Sword, also the Bell.

The Assistant Magus wears the Robe of a Probationer and a nemmes of white and gold. He attends to the suffumigations of Art. He bears the 3rd Talisman of Mars (from the Key of Solomon), and the consecrated Torch. The Magus Adjuvant is robed as his brother, but wears the 5th Talisman of Mars. He attends to the Lustrations of Art. He bears the Book and Pen.

Upon the Altar is the Image of Ra Hoor Khuit, Isis is the East his Mother, Khem is the West facing him. In the South is the Censer, in the North the Cup.

The Material Basis is masked, and robed in red.

On the Altar are also the rope, the burin, the oil, and the Lamén of Mars for the Material Basis.

The Lamps are all alight.

PART I

C.M. "At altar, kneeling in humility."
2 M. "With sword of C.M."
3 M. "In other chamber with M.B."

C.M. HB:V

2 M. Performs Banishing Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram {120} around whole room, and replaces Sword on Altar. 3 M. Washes M.B. with pure water, saying:

.eam.
Asperge : : Domine hyssopo et mundabitur;
.eum.
.eam.
lavabis : : et super nivem dealbabitur.
.eum.
.her.

He masks : : with the mask and robe of Mars, saying:
.him.

By the figurative mystery of these holy vestures of concealment, doth
the Lord cloak thee in the Shroud of Mystery in the strength of the
Most High ANCOR AMACOR AMIDES THEODONIAS ANITOR that our desired

end

may be effected through thy strength, Adonai, unto whom be the Glory
in Saecula saeculorum A M E N.

.her. .her.

He leads : : to : : place in the Triangle.
.him. .his.

The Chief Magus now rises from his knees, and takes the Spear from the
Altar.

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Aeon!

Be this consecrated Spear
A thing of cheer, a thing of fear!
Cheer to me who wield it! ---
My heart, its vigour shield it!
Fear to them who face it ---
Their force, let fear disgrace it! {121}
Be a ray from the Most High,
A glance of His unsleeping eye!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

"He hands Spear to 2nd Magus to hold."

"The Chief Magus takes the Sword."

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Aeon!

Be this consecrated Sword
Not abhorred before the Lord!

A guard of Steel, a tongue of flame
Writing in adamant His Name!
Puissant against the Hosts of Evil!
A mighty fence against the Devil!
A snake of lightning to destroy
Them that work Mischief and Annoy!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

"He hands Sword to 3rd Magus to hold."

"The Chief Magus raises his hands above the Altar."

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Aeon!

Be this consecrated Altar

A sign of sure stability!

Will and Courage never falter,

Thought dissolve in Deity!

Let thy smile divinely curving,

Isis, bless our dark device! {122}

Holy Hawk, our deed unswerving

Be thy favoured sacrifice!

Holy Khem, our vigour nerving,

We have paid the priestly price.

Hail, Ra Hoor, thy ray forth-rolling

Consecrate the instruments,

Thine Almighty power controlling

To the Event the day's events!

Arm me, arm me, in the fray

That shall be fought this dreadful day!

C.M. "Takes Spear from 2nd M. and gives him the Censer and Torch; Sword"

"from 3rd M. and gives him the Cup, Book and Pen."

C.M. "Goes to apex of triangle. The others support him at the base. He"

"takes the cord from the altar."

.Frater.

C.M. : :N! As thou art blindfolded save for that light and sight which

.Soror .

I can give thee, so do I now bind thee, so that thou mayst be for a
space subject to my will and mine alone. ("Ties hands and feet."

"Takes Spear from altar.") And since thou art without the circle in
the place of the triangle, with this Spear do I invoke upon thee the
protection of Ra Hoor Khuit, so that no force either of Heaven or of
Earth, or from under the earth, may act upon thee, save only that
force that I shall invoke within thee.

Bahlasti! Ompehda!

So then, I being armed and exalted to the Power of the Most High, place
upon thy head this drop of {123} consecrated oil, so that the ray of

And I place this holy kiss upon thy neck, so that thy mind may be favourable unto us, open to our words, sensible of the power of our conjurations.

I submit myself to thee and to this operation; I invoke the Powers of Mars to manifest within me. ("done")

."her".

("3rd M. sprinkles thrice around circle walking widdershins.")

("2nd M. censes the circle thrice around, walking widdershins.")

I tread under my feet.

("He now conjures the Dog of Evil.")

In the name of Horus, I say unto thee, Arise.

Thou art imprisoned.
 Confess thou that it is so. {125}
 I have done this in the name and in the might of Horus.
 Except thou set thy face in my defence, thou art blind, and dumb, and
 paralysed: but thou shalt hear the curses of thy Creator, and thou
 shalt feel the torments of my avenging wrath.
 Therefore be thou obedient unto me, as a guard against them that hate me.
 Let thy jaws be terrible as the storm-parted sky.
 Let thy face be as a whirlwind of wrath and fury against the enemy.
 Arise, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.
 O thou! whose head is of coal-black fire!
 Thou, whose eyes are as columns of smoke and flame!
 Thou, from whose nostrils goeth forth the breath of destruction!
 Thou whose body is of iron and brass, bound with exceeding strength: girt
 with the power of awful blind avenging force --- under my control, and
 mine alone!
 Thou, whose claws are as shafts of whirling steel to rip the very bowels
 of my adversaries.
 Thee, thee, I summon to mine aid!
 In the name of Horus: rise: move: appear:
 And aid and guard me in this Work of Art!
 Rise, Dog of Evil, to guard the Abyss of Height!
 Rise, I say, to guard the Four Quarters: the Abyss of the North; the
 Abyss of the South; the Abyss of the East; the Abyss of the West.
 Rise, I say, to guard the Abyss of the Great Deep.
 Horus it is that hath given this commandment. {126}
 Be thou terrible against all them that hate me!
 Be thou mighty to defend me from the Evil Ones!
 At the confines of Matter: at the Threshold of the Invisible: be thou my
 Watcher and my Guardian! Before the face of the Dwellers of the Abodes
 of Night!
 As a flaming sword turning every way to keep the gates of my Universe:
 let thy teeth flash forth!
 Nothing shall stop thee while thou settest thyself in my defence.
 In the name of Horus: Rise, Move, and Appear: Be thou obedient unto me:
 for I am the Master of the Forces of Matter: the Servant of the Same
 thy God is my Name: true Worshipper of the Highest.
 ("Much incense is now burnt, and there is a pause.")

THE INVOCATIONS

("C.M. first performs the Invoking Ritual of Mars.")

("The Adepts stand at the points of the Tau.")

C.M. Even as of old there came three Magi from the ends of the earth to adore
 the Fivefold Star, so come we, O Lord, armed for the holy work of an
 Evocation of Bartzabel the spirit of Mars, that is obedient unto the

Intelligence Graphiel, chosen from the Seraphim who follow Kamael the Great Archangel that serveth God under his name of Elohim Gibor, a spark from Thine intolerable light,

Ra Hoor Khuit!

Therefore hear Thou the Oath of the Obligation that we assume before Thee.
{127}

("The Chief Magus points the Sword downward upon the apex of the"
"Triangle of R.H.K. and the other Magi place their hands upon the"
"hilt.")

We, Perdurabo, a Neophyte of the A ∴ A ∴, All for Knowledge, a Probationer of A ∴ A ∴, and GR:Alpha-gamma-alpha-theta-alpha, a Probationer of A ∴ A ∴, swear unto Thee, O Lord God, by Thine own almighty power, by Thy force and fire, by Thy glittering Hawk's eye and Thy mighty sweeping wings: that we all here in this place and now at this time do utterly devote ourselves, mind, body, and estate, at all times and in all places soever to the establishment of Thy holy Kingdom.

And if we fail herein, may we be burnt and consumed by the Red Eye of Mars!

("Magi return to stations.")

And this our purpose is fivefold:

Firstly, that the Kingdom of Ra Hoor Khuit may be established in the Aeon.

Secondly, that we may succeed in that particular design of which it is not lawful to speak, even before Thee.

Thirdly, that we may have power to help the weak.

Fourthly, that we may be filled with the Courage and Energy of Mars for the Prosecution of the Great Work.

And, lastly, that we may obtain the service of Bartzabel that he may be obedient unto us thy servants, that between him and us there may be peace, and that he may always be ready to come whensoever he is invoked and called forth. {128}

Now because in such a work it is not possible for us to do anything at all of ourselves, we have humble recourse unto Thine Almighty power, beseeching upon our knees Thy favour and Thine aid.

("The Magi kneel at three sides of altar, all clasping spears in the"
"proper manner.")

I adore Thee in the Song:

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, O Ra Hoor Khuit!

Unity uttermost shewed!

I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God
Who makest the Gods and death
To tremble before Thee:
I, I adore Thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!
Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka!
The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it fill me!

"All say, repeatedly:"
A Ka dua
Tuf ur biu {129}
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru!

"When the Chief Magus is satisfied with the Descent of the God, let"
"all rise and let C.M. say:"
So that Thy light is in me; and its red flame is as a sword in my hand to
push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish
thy way in all the quarters ... as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume
Me: I have made a secret door
Into the house of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra, and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-f-n-Khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuith!
Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O winged snake of light, Hadith!
Abide with me, Ra Hoor Khuit!

("Magus faces "Fire", and others support him.")
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!
Send forth a spark of thine illimitable light and force, we beseech Thee,
that it may appear in the Heaven of Mars as the God Elohim Gibor.
O winged glory of gold! O plumes of justice and stern brows of majesty!
O warrior armed with {130} spear and shield! O virgin strength and
splendour as of spring! That ridest in thy Chariot of Iron above the

Storm upon the Sea! Who shootest forth the Arrows of the Moon! Who
wieldest the Four Magick Weapons! Who art the Master of the Pentagram
and of the blazing fury of the Sun!
Come unto me, thou great God Elohim Gibor, and send thy Angel Kamael, even
Kamael the mighty, the Leader of thine Armies the fiery Serpents, the
Seraphim, that he may answer my behests.
O purple flame that is like unto the whirling wheel of Life! O strong
shoulders and virginal breasts and dancing limbs!
Kamael! Kamael! Kamael! Kamael!
I see thee before me, O thou great Archangel! Art thou not the Leader of
the armies of the Lord? Of the grey snakes upon whose heads are triple
crowns of spiritual light, and whose tongues are triply forked with
judgment? Whose bodies are like the Sun in his strength, whose scales
are of the adamant of Vulcan, who are slim and splendid and virginal as
they rush flaming over the lashed sea?
Come unto me, Kamael, thou archangel almighty, and send to me Graphiel
that great intelligence of thine, that he may answer my behest.
O moon, that sailest on the shoulders of the Sun! Whose warrior body is
like white-hot steel! Whose virgin limbs and golden wings move like
ripe corn at the caress of the thunderstorm! {131}
O thou that wieldest the Sword and Balances of Power!
Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel!
Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel!
Come unto us, thou bright intelligence of Mars, and answer my behest. In
the name of Kamael thy Lord, I say: Compel the spirit Bartzabel that is
under thy dominion to manifest within this triangle of Art, within the
Ruach of the material basis that is consecrated to this work, within
this pure and beautiful human form that is prepared for his habitation.
And now I see thee, O thou dull deceitful head, that I shall fill with wit
and truth; thou proud heart that I shall humble and make pure; thou cold
body that I shall fashion into a living flame of amethyst. Thou sexless
being of whom I shall make the perfect child of Hermes and Aphrodite
that is God; thou dull ox that I shall turn into the Bull of Earth; thou
house of idleness wherein I shall set up the Throne of Justice.
Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel!
Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel!

Come forth, and manifest beyond the bars!
Forth from the palace of seraphic stars!
Come, O thou Bartzabel, the sprite of Mars!

Come: I unbind thee from the chains of Hell,
Come: I enclose thee in the invisible
To be my slave, thou spirit Bartzabel! {132}
By the spear, the sword, the spell,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By the word that openeth Hell!
Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By the power o' th' panther's pell,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By the circling citadel,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!
By this mind of miracle
Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By Ra Hoor Khuit, by Elohim Gibor,
By Kamael and the Seraphim; by Hoor,
Khem, and Mentu, and all the Gods of War,
Ares and Mars and Hachiman and Thor,
And by thy master, Graphiel,
Come unto me, Bartzabel!

And if he come not, let the Chief Magus and his assistants humble themselves mightily, and repeat these holy invocations, even unto thrice.

And if still he be obdurate and disobedient unto the Words of Power, the Chief Magus shall assume the dignity of Khem, and conjure him and curse him as his own ingenium shall direct. Yet, if the rites have been duly performed, he will assuredly have manifested before this.

And these will probably be the tokens of the manifestation:

A ruddy light will play about the form of the Material Basis; or even a dark lustre beetle-brown or black. And the Face thereof will be suffused with blood, {133} and the Heart beat violently, and its words will be swift and thick and violent. The voice thereof must be entirely changed; it may grow deep and hoarse, or at least strained and jerky, and it may be that it will suffer the torment of burning.

On the appearance of the Spirit much incense is thrown upon the Censer.

THE CHARGE

Hail, Bartzabel, and welcome, thou mighty spirit of Madim!

Welcome unto us art thou who comest in the name of Graphiel and of Kamael and of Elohim Gibor, and of Ra Hoor Khuit the Lord of the Aeon.

I charge thee to answer and obey.

1. How shall the Kingdom of the Aeon be established?
2. Will success attend that particular design of which it is not lawful to speak?
3. We shall obtain power to aid the weak; in what manner? Give us a sign.
4. Give us a sign of the Courage and Energy of Mars that floweth and shall ever flow through us by virtue of this ceremony.
5. Lastly, O thou Spirit Bartzabel, lay thine hands upon this sword, whose point I then place upon thine head, and swear faith and obedience unto me by Ra Hoor Khuit, the

Lord of the Aeon, saying after me: {134}

I, Bartzabel, the Spirit of Mars, do swear by the glory of Him that is Lord of the Aeon, and by the Might of Elohim Gibor, and by the Fear of Kamael and the Hosts of Fiery Serpents, and by Graphiel whose hand is heavy upon me --- before which names I tremble every day --- that I will punctually fulfil this present charge, not perverting the sense thereof, but obedient to the inmost thought of the Chief Magus; that I will be ever the willing servant of thee and thy companions, a spirit of Truth in Force and Fire; that in departing I will do no hurt to any person or thing, and in particular that the Material Basis shall not suffer through this ceremony, but shall be purified and fortified thereby; that I will be at peace with thee and seek never to injure thee, but to defend thee against all thine enemies, and to work eternally for thy welfare; finally, that I will be ready to come unto thee to serve thee whensoever I am invoked and called forth, whether by a word, or a will, or by this great and potent conjuration of Magick Art.

A M E N.

THE BENEDICTION

Let Ra Hoor Khuit bless thee!

Let His light shine perpetually in thy darkness!

Let His force eternally brace up thy weakness!

Let His blessing be upon thee for ever and for ever!

Yea, verily and Amen, let His blessing be upon thee for ever and ever!
{135}

THE LICENSE TO DEPART

Now, O thou Spirit Bartzabel, since thou didst come at my behest and swear faith and fealty unto me by the Lord of the Aeon,

I license thee to depart in peace with the blessing of the Lord until
such time as I have need of thee.

THE CLOSING

Let the Chief Magus perform the Banishing Ritual of Mars, give great Thanks unto the Lord of the Aeon, and perform the Lesser Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram.

{136}

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09017.html>

30 captures

19 Aug 2002 - 18 Sep 2015

Aug SEP Oct

18

2014 2015 2016

About this capture

THE TESTAMENT OF
MAGDALEN BLAIR

"To"
"My Mother"

THE TESTAMENT OF
MAGDALEN BLAIR

Part I

I

IN my third term at Newnham I was already Professor Blair's favourite pupil. Later, he wasted a great deal of time praising my slight figure and my piquant face, with its big round grey eyes and their long black lashes; but the first attraction was my singular gift. Few men, and, I believe, no other women, could approach me in one of the most priceless qualifications for scientific study, the faculty of apprehending minute differences. My memory was poor, extraordinarily so; I had the utmost trouble to enter Cambridge at all. But I could adjust a micrometer better than either students or professor, and read a vernier with an accuracy to which none of them could even aspire. To this I added a faculty of subconscious calculation which was really uncanny. If I were engaged in keeping a solution between (say) 70 Degree and 80 Degrees I had no need to watch the thermometer. Automatically I became aware that the mercury was close to the limit, and would go over from my other work and adjust it without a thought.

More remarkable still, if any object were placed on my {139} bench without my knowledge and then removed, I could, if asked within a few minutes, describe the object roughly, especially distinguishing the shape of its base and the degree of its opacity to heat and light. From these data I could make a pretty good guess at what the object was.

This faculty of mine was repeatedly tested, and always with success. Extreme sensitiveness to minute degrees of heat was its obvious cause.

I was also a singularly good thought-reader, even at this time. The other girls feared me absolutely. They need not have done so; I had neither ambition nor energy to make use of any of my powers. Even now, when I bring to mankind this message of a doom so appalling that at the age of twenty-four I am a shrivelled, blasted, withered wreck, I am supremely weary, supremely indifferent.

I have the heart of a child and the consciousness of Satan, the lethargy of I know not what disease; and yet, thank --- oh! there can be no God! --- the resolution to warn mankind to follow my example, and then to explode a dynamite cartridge in my mouth.

II

In my third year at Newnham I spend four hours of every day at Professor Blair's house. All other work was neglected, gone through mechanically, if at all. This came about gradually, as the result of an accident.

The chemical laboratory has two rooms, one small and capable of being darkened. On this occasion (the May term of my second year) this room was in use. It was {140} the first week of June, and extremely fine. The door was shut. Within was a girl, alone, experimenting with the galvanometer.

I was absorbed in my own work. Quite without warning I looked up. "Quick!" said I, "Gladys is going to faint." Every one in the room stared at me. I took a dozen steps towards the door, when the fall of a heavy body sent the laboratory into hysterics.

It was only the heat and confined atmosphere, and Gladys should not have come to work that day at all, but she was easily revived, and then the demonstrator acquiesced in the anarchy that followed. "How did she know?" was the universal query; for that I knew was evident. Ada Brown ("Athanasia contra mundum") pooh-poohed the whole affair; Margaret Letchmere thought I must have heard something, perhaps a cry inaudible to the others, owing to their occupied attention; Doris Leslie spoke of second sight, and Amy Gore of "Sympathy." All the theories, taken together, went round the clock of conjecture. Professor Blair came in at the most excited part of the discussion, calmed the room in two minutes, elicited the facts in five, and took me off to dine with him. "I believe it's this human thermopile affair of yours," he said. "Do you mind if we try a few parlour tricks after dinner?" His aunt, who kept house for him, protested in vain, and was appointed Grand Superintendent in Ordinary of my five senses.

My hearing was first tested, and found normal, or thereabouts. I was then blindfolded, and the aunt (by excess of precaution) stationed between me and the Professor. I found that I could describe even small movements that he made, so {141} long as he was between me and the western window, not at all when he moved round to the other quarters. This is in conformity with the "Thermopile" theory; it was contradicted completely on other occasions. The results (in short) were very remarkable and very puzzling; we wasted two precious hours in futile theorizing. In the event the aunt (cowed by a formidable frown) invited me to spend the Long Vacation in Cornwall.

During these months the Professor and I assiduously worked to discover exactly the nature and limit of my powers. The result, in a sense, was "nil."

For one thing, these powers kept on "breaking out in a new place." I seemed to do all I did by perception of minute differences; but then it seemed as if I had all sorts of different apparatus. "One down, t'other come on," said Professor Blair.

Those who have never made scientific experiments cannot conceive how numerous and subtle are the sources of error, even in the simplest matters. In so obscure and novel a field of research no result is trustworthy until it has been verified a thousand times. In our field we discovered no constants, all variables.

Although we had hundreds of facts any one of which seemed capable of overthrowing all accepted theories of the means of communication between mind and mind, we had nothing, absolutely nothing, which we could use as the basis of a new theory.

It is naturally impossible to give even an outline of the course of our research. Twenty-eight closely written notebooks referring to this first period are at the disposal of my executors. {142}

III

In the middle of the day, in my third year, my father was dangerously ill. I bicycled over to Peterborough at once, never thinking of my work. (My father is a canon of Peterborough Cathedral.) On the third day I received a telegram from Professor Blair, "Will you be my wife?" I had never realized myself as a woman, or him as a man, till that moment, and in that moment I knew that I loved him and had always loved him. It

was a case of what one might call "Love at first absence." My father recovered rapidly; I returned to Cambridge; we were married during the May week, and went immediately to Switzerland. I beg to be spared any recital of so sacred a period of my life: but I must record one fact.

We were sitting in a garden by Lago Maggiore after a delightful tramp from Chamounix over the Col du Geant to Courmayeur, and thence to Aosta, and so by degrees to Pallanza. Arthur rose, apparently struck by some idea, and began to walk up and down the terrace. "I was quite suddenly impelled to turn my head to assure myself of his presence."

This may seem nothing to you who read, unless you have true imagination. But think of yourself talking to a friend in full light, and suddenly leaning forward to touch him. "Arthur!" I cried, "Arthur!"

The distress in my tone brought him running to my side. "What is it, Magdalen?" he cried, anxiety in every word.

I closed my eyes. "Make gestures!" said I. (He was directly between me and the sun.)

He obeyed, wondering. {143}

"You are ----- your are" ----- I stammered ----- "no! I don't know what you are doing. I am blind!"

He sawed his arm up and down. Useless; I had become absolutely insensitive. We repeated a dozen experiments that night. All failed.

We concealed our disappointment, and it did not cloud our love. The sympathy between us grew even subtler and stronger, but only as it grows between all men and women who love with their whole hearts, and love unselfishly.

IV

We returned to Cambridge in October, and Arthur threw himself vigorously into the new year's work. Then I fell ill, and the hope we had indulged was disappointed. Worse, the course of the illness revealed a condition which demanded the most complete series of operations which a woman can endure. Not only the past hope, but all future hope, was annihilated.

It was during my convalescence that the most remarkable incident of my life took place.

I was in great pain one afternoon, and wished to see the doctor. The nurse went to the study to telephone for him.

"Nurse!" I said, as she returned, "don't lie to me. He's not gone to Royston; he's got cancer, and is too upset to come."

"Whatever next?" said the nurse. "It's right he can't come, and I was going to tell you he had gone to Royston; but I never heard nothing about no cancer."

This was true; she had not been told. But the next morning we heard that my "intuition" was correct. {144}

As soon as I was well enough, we began our experiments again. My powers had returned, and in triple force.

Arthur explained my "intuition" as follows: "The doctor (when you last saw him) did

not know consciously that he had cancer; but subconsciously Nature gave warning. You read this subconsciously, and it sprang into your consciousness when you read on the nurse's face that he was ill."

This, farfetched as it may seem, at least avoids the shallow theories about "telepathy."

From this time my powers constantly increased. I could read my husband's thoughts from imperceptible movements of his face as easily as a trained deaf-mute can sometimes read the speech of a distant man from the movements of his lips.

Gradually as we worked, day by day, I found my grasp of detail ever fuller. It is not only that I could read emotions; I could tell whether he was thinking 3465822 or 3456822. In the year following my illness we made 436 experiments of this kind, each extending over several hours; in all 9363, with only 122 failures, and these all, without exception, partial.

The year following, our experiments were extended to a reading of his dreams. In this I proved equally successful. My practice was to leave the room before he woke, write down the dream that he had dreamt, and await him at the breakfast-table, where he would compare his record with mine.

Invariably they were identical, with this exception, that my record was always much fuller than his. He would nearly always, however, purport to remember the details supplied by me; but this detail has (I think) no real scientific value.

But what does it all matter, when I think of the horror impending? {145}

V

That my only means of discovering Arthur's thought was by muscle-reading became more than doubtful during the third year of our marriage. We practised "telepathy" unashamed. We excluded the "muscle-reader" and the "super-auditor" and the "human thermopile" by elaborate precautions; yet still I was able to read every thought of his mind. On our holiday in North Wales at Easter one year we separated for a week, at the end of that week he to be on the leeward, I on the windward side of Tryfan, at an appointed hour, he there to open and read to himself a sealed packet given him by "some stranger met at Pen-y-Pass during the week." The experiment was entirely successful; I reproduced every word of the document. If the "telepathy" is to be vitiated, it is on the theory that I had previously met the "stranger" and read from him what he would write in such circumstances! Surely direct communication of mind with mind is an easier theory!

Had I known in what all this was to culminate, I suppose I should have gone mad. Thrice fortunate that I can warn humanity of what awaits each one. The greatest benefactor of his race will be he who discovers and explosive indefinitely swifter and more devastating than dynamite. If I could only trust myself to prepare Chloride of Nitrogen in sufficient quantity. ...

VI

Arthur became listless and indifferent. The perfection of love that had been our marriage failed without warning, and yet by imperceptible gradations. {146}

My awakening to the fact was, however, altogether sudden. It was one summer evening; we were paddling on the Cam. One of Arthur's pupils, also in a Canadian canoe, challenged us to race. At Magdalen Bridge we were a length ahead --- suddenly I heard my husband's thought. It was the most hideous and horrible laugh that it is possible to conceive. No devil could laugh so. I screamed, and dropped my paddle. Both the men thought me ill. I assured myself that it was not the laugh of some townie on the bridge, distorted by my over-sensitive organization. I said no more; Arthur looked grave. At night he asked abruptly after a long period of brooding, "Was that my thought?" I could only stammer that I did not know. Incidentally he complained of fatigue, and the listlessness, which before had seemed nothing to me, assumed a ghastly shape. There was something in him that was not he! The indifference had appeared transitory; I now became aware of it as constant and increasing. I was at this time twenty-three years old. You wonder that I write with such serious attitude of mind. I sometimes think that I have never had any thoughts of my own; that I have always been reading the thoughts of another, or perhaps of Nature. I seem only to have been a woman in those first few months of marriage.

VII

The six months following held for me nothing out of the ordinary, save that six or seven times I had dreams, vivid and terrible. Arthur had no share in these; yet I knew, I cannot say how, that they were his dreams and not mine; or rather {147} that they were in his subconscious waking self, for one occurred in the afternoon, when he was out shooting, and not in the least asleep.

The last of them occurred towards the end of the October term. He was lecturing as usual, I was at home, lethargic after a too heavy breakfast following a wakeful night. I saw suddenly a picture of the lecture-room, enormously greater than in reality, so that it filled all space; and in the rostrum, bulging over it in all directions, was a vast, deadly pale devil with a face which was a blasphemy on Arthur's. The evil joy of it was indescribable. So wan and bloated, its lips so loose and bloodless; fold after fold of its belly flopping over the rostrum and pushing the students out of the hall, it leered unspeakably. Then dribbled from its mouth these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, the course is finished. You may go home." I cannot hope even to suggest the wickedness and filth of these simple expressions. Then, raising its voice to a grating scream, it yelled: "White of egg! White of egg! White of egg!" again and again for twenty minutes.

The effect on me was shocking. It was as if I had a vision of Hell.

Arthur found me in a very hysterical condition, but soon soothed me. "Do you know," he said at dinner, "I believe I have got a devilish bad chill?"

It was the first time I had known him to complain of his health. In six years he had not had as much as a headache.

I told him my "dream" when we were in bed, and he seemed unusually grave, as if he understood where I had failed in its interpretation. In the morning he was feverish; I

made him stay in bed and sent for the doctor. The same afternoon I {148} learnt that Arthur was seriously ill, had been ill, indeed, for months. The doctor called it Bright's disease.

VIII

I said "the last of the dreams." For the next year we travelled, and tried various treatments. My powers remained excellent, but I received none of the subconscious horrors. With few fluctuations, he grew steadily worse; daily he became more listless, more indifferent, more depressed. Our experiments were necessarily curtailed. Only one problem exercised him, the problem of his personality. He began to wonder "who he was." I do not mean that he suffered from delusions. I mean that the problem of the true Ego took hold of his imagination. One perfect summer night at Contrexeville he was feeling much better; the symptoms had (temporarily) disappeared almost entirely under the treatment of a very skilful doctor at that Spa, a Dr. Barbezieux, a most kind and thoughtful man.

"I am going to try," said Arthur, "to penetrate myself. Am I an animal, and is the world without a purpose? Or am I a soul in a body? Or am I, one and indivisible in some incredible sense, a spark of the infinite light of God? I am going to think inwards: I shall possibly go into some form of trance, unintelligible to myself. You may be able to interpret it."

The experiment had lasted about half an hour when he sat up gasping with effort.

"I have seen nothing, heard nothing," I said. "Not one thought has passed from you to me." {149}

But at that very moment what had been in his mind flashed into mine.

"It is a blind abyss," I told him, "and there hangs in it a vulture vaster than the whole starry system."

"Yes," he said, "that was it. But that was not all. I could not get beyond it. I shall try again."

He tried. Again I was cut off from his thought, although his face was twitching so that one might have said that any one might read his mind.

"I have been looking in the wrong place," said he suddenly, but very quietly and without moving. "The thing I want lies at the base of the spine."

This time I saw. In a blue heaven was coiled an infinite snake of gold and green, with four eyes of fire, black fire and red, that darted rays in every direction; held within its coils was a great multitude of laughing children. And even as I looked, all this was blotted out. Crawling rivers of blood spread over the heaven, of blood purulent with nameless forms --- mangy dogs with their bowels dragging behind them; creatures half elephant, half beetle; things that were but a ghastly bloodshot eye, set about with leathery tentacles; women whose skins heaved and bubbled like boiling sulphur, giving off clouds that condensed into a thousand other shapes, more hideous than their mother; these were the least of the denizens of these hateful rivers. The most were things impossible to name or to describe.

I was brought back from the vision by the stertorous and strangling breath of Arthur, who had been seized with a convulsion.

From this he never really rallied. The dim sight grew {150} dimmer, the speech slower and thicker, the headaches more persistent and acute.

Torpor succeeded to his old splendid energy and activity; his days became continual lethargy ever deepening towards coma. Convulsions now and then alarmed me for his immediate danger.

Sometimes his breath came hard and hissing like a snake in anger; towards the end it assumed the Cheyne-Stokes type in bursts of ever-increasing duration and severity.

In all this, however, he was still himself; the horror that was and yet was not himself did not peer from behind the veil

"So long as I am consciously myself," he said in one of his rare fits of brightness, "I can communicate to you what I am consciously thinking; as soon as this conscious ego is absorbed, you get the subconscious thought which I fear --- oh how I fear! --- is the greater and truer part of me. You have brought unguessed explanations from the world of sleep; you are the one woman in the world --- perhaps there may never be another --- who has such an opportunity to study the phenomena of death."

He charged me earnestly to suppress my grief, to concentrate wholly on the thoughts that passed through his mind when he could no longer express them, and also on those of his subconsciousness when coma inhibited consciousness.

It is this experiment that I now force myself to narrate. The prologue has been long; it has been necessary to put the facts before mankind in a simple way so that they may seize the opportunity of the proper kind of suicide. I beg my readers most earnestly not to doubt my statements: the notes {151} of our experiments, left in my will to the greatest thinker now living, Professor von Buhle, will make clear the truth of my relation, and the great and terrible necessity of immediate, drastic, action.

Part II

I

THE stunning physical fact of my husband's illness was the immense prostration. So strong a body, as too often the convulsions gave proof; such inertia with it! He would lie all day like a log; then without warning or apparent cause the convulsions would begin. Arthur's steady scientific brain stood it well; it was only two days before his death that delirium began. I was not with him; worn out as I was, and yet utterly unable to sleep, the doctor had insisted on my taking a long motor drive. In the fresh air I slumbered. I awoke to hear an unfamiliar voice saying in my ear, "Now for the fun of the fair!" There was no one there. Quick on its heels followed my husband's voice as I had long since known and loved it, clear, strong, resonant, measured: "Get this down right; it is very important. I am passing into the power of the subconsciousness. I may not be able to speak to you again. But I am here; I am not to be touched by all that I may suffer; I can always think; you can always read my -----" The voice broke off sharply to inquire, "But will it ever end?" as if some one had spoken to it. And then I heard the laugh. The laugh that I had heard by Magdalen Bridge was heavenly music beside that! The face of Calvin (even) as {152} he gloated over the burning of Servetus would have turned pitiful had he heard it, so perfectly did it express quintessence of

damnation.

Now then my husband's thought seemed to have changed places with the other. It was below, within, withdrawn. I said to myself, "He is dead!" Then came Arthur's thought, "I had better pretend to be mad. It will save her, perhaps; and it will be a change. I shall pretend I have killed her with an axe. Damn it! I hope she is not listening!" I was now thoroughly awake, and told the driver to get home quickly. "I hope she is killed in the motor; I hope she is smashed into a million pieces. O God! hear my one prayer! let an Anarchist throw a bomb and smash Magdalen into a million pieces! especially the brain! and the brain first. O God! my first and last prayer: smash Magdalen into a million pieces!"

The horror of this thought was my conviction --- then and now --- that it represented perfect sanity and coherence of thought. For I dreaded utterly to think what such words might imply.

At the door of the sick-room I was met by the male nurse, who asked me not to enter. Uncontrollably, I asked, "Is he dead?" and though Arthur lay absolutely senseless on the bed I read the answering thought "Dead!" silently pronounced in such tones of mockery, horror, cynicism and despair as I never thought to hear. There was a something or somebody who suffered infinitely, and yet who gloated infinitely upon that very suffering. And that something was a veil between me and Arthur.

The hissing breath recommenced; Arthur seem to be {153} trying to express himself --- the self I knew. He managed to articulate feebly, "Is that the police? Let me get out of the house! The police are coming for me. I killed Magdalen with an axe." The symptoms of delirium began to appear. "I killed Magdalen" he muttered a dozen times, then changing to "Magdalen with" again and again; the voice low, slow, thick, yet reiterated. Then suddenly, quite clear and loud, attempting to rise in the bed: "I smashed Magdalen into a million pieces with an axe." After a moment's pause: "a million is not very many now-a-days." From this --- which I now see to have been the speech of a sane Arthur --- he dropped again into delirium. "A million pieces," "a cool million," "a million million million million million million" and so on: then abruptly: "Fanny's dog's dead."

I cannot explain the last sentence to my readers; I may, however, remark that it meant everything to me. I burst into tears. At that moment I caught Arthur's thought, "You ought to be busy with the note-book, not crying." I resolutely dried my eyes, took courage, and began to write.

II

The doctor came in at this moment and begged me to go and rest. "You are only distressing yourself, Mrs. Blair," he said; "and needlessly, for he is absolutely unconscious and suffers nothing." A pause. "My God! why do you look at me like that?" he exclaimed, frightened out of his wits. I think my face had caught something of that devil's, something of that sneer, that loathing, that mire of contempt and stark despair. {154}

I sank back into myself, ashamed already that mere knowledge --- and such mean vile knowledge --- should so puff one up with hideous pride. No wonder Satan fell! I

began to understand all the old legends, and far more -----

I told Doctor Kershaw that I was carrying out Arthur's last wishes. He raised no further opposition; but I saw him sign to the male nurse to keep an eye on me.

The sick man's finger beckoned us. He could not speak; he traced circles on the counterpane. The doctor (with characteristic intelligence) having counted the circles, nodded; and said: "Yes, it is nearly seven o'clock. Time for your medicine, eh?"

"No," I explained, "he means that he is in the seventh circle of Dante's Hell."

At that instant he entered on a period of noisy delirium. Wild and prolonged howls burst from his throat; he was being chewed unceasingly by "Dis"; each howl signalled the meeting of the monster's teeth. I explained this to the doctor. "No," said he, "he is perfectly unconscious."

"Well," said I, "he will howl about eighty times more."

Doctor Kershaw looked at me curiously, but began to count.

My calculation was correct.

He turned to me, "Are you a woman?"

"No," said I, "I am my husband's colleague."

"I think it is suggestion. You have hypnotized him?"

"Never: but I can read his thoughts."

"Yes, I remember now; I read a very remarkable paper in "Mind" two years ago."

"That was child's play. But let me go on with my work." {155}

He gave some final instructions to the nurse, and went out.

The suffering of Arthur was at this time unspeakable. Chewed as he was into mere pulp that passed over the tongue of "Dis," each bleeding fragment kept its own identity and his. The papillae of the tongue were serpents, and each one gnashed its poisoned teeth upon that fodder.

And yet, though the sensorium of Arthur was absolutely unimpaired, indeed hyperaesthetic, his consciousness of pain seemed to depend upon the opening of the mouth. As it closed in mastication, oblivion fell upon him like a thunderbolt. A merciful oblivion? Oh! what a master stroke of cruelty! Again and again he woke from nothing to a hell of agony, of pure ecstasy of agony, until he understood that this would continue for all his life; the alternation was but systole and diastole, the throb of his envenomed pulse, the reflection in consciousness of his blood-beat. I became conscious of his intense longing for death to end the torture.

The blood circulated ever slower and more painfully; I could feel him hoping for the end.

This dreadful rose-dawn suddenly greyed and sickened with doubt. Hope sank to its nadir; fear rose like a dragon, with leaden wings. Suppose, thought he, that after all death does not end me!

I cannot express this conception. It is not that the heart sank, it had nowhither to sink; it knew itself immortal, and immortal in a realm of unimagined pain and terror, unlighted by one glimpse of any other light than that pale glare of hate and of pestilence. This thought took shape in these words:

I AM THAT I AM. {156}

One cannot say that the blasphemy added to the horror; rather it was the essence of the horror. It was the gnashing of the teeth of a damned soul.

III

The demon-shape, which I now clearly recognized as that which had figured in my last "dream" at Cambridge, seemed to gulp. At that instant a convulsion shook the dying man and a coughing eructation took the "demon." Instantly the whole theory dawned on me, that this "demon" was an imaginary personification of the disease. Now at once I understood demonology, from Bodin and Weirus to the moderns, without a flaw. But was it imaginary or was it real? Real enough to swallow up the "sane" thought!

At that instant the old Arthur reappeared. "I am not the monster! I am Arthur Blair, of Fettes and Trinity. I have passed through a paroxysm."

The sick man stirred feebly. A portion of his brain had shaken off the poison for the moment, and was working furiously against time.

"I am going to die.

"The consolation of death is Religion.

"There is no use for Religion in life.

"How many atheists have I not known sign the articles the sake of fellowships and livings! Religion in life is either an amusement and a soporific or a sham and a swindle.

"I was brought up a Presbyterian

"How easily I drifted into the English Church! {157}

"And now where is God?

"Where is the Lamb of God?

"Where is the Saviour?

"Where is the Comforter?

"Why was I not saved from that devil?

"Is he going to eat me again? To absorb me into him? O fate inconceivably hideous! It is quite clear to me --- I hope you've got it down, Magdalen! --- that the demon is made of all those that have died of Bright's disease. There must be different ones for each disease. I thought I once caught sight of a coughing bog of bloody slime.

"Let me pray."

A frenzied appeal to the Creator followed. Sincere as it was, it would read like irreverence in print.

And then there came the cold-drawn horror of stark blasphemy against this God --- who would not answer.

Followed the bleak black agony of the conviction --- the absolute certitude --- "There is no God!" combined with a wave of frenzied wrath against the people who had so glibly assured him that there was, an almost maniac hope that they would suffer more than he, if it were possible.

(Poor Arthur! He had not yet brushed the bloom off Suffering's grape; he was to drink its fiercest distillation to the dregs.)

"No!" thought he, "perhaps I lack their 'faith.'

"Perhaps if I could really persuade myself of God and Christ ----- Perhaps if I could deceive myself, could make believe -----"

Such a thought is to surrender one's honesty, to abdicate one's reason. It marked

the final futile struggle of his will. {158} The demon caught and crunched him, and the noisy delirium began anew.

My flesh and blood rebelled. Taken with a deathly vomit, I rushed from the room, and resolutely, for a whole hour, diverted my sensorium from thought. I had always found that the slightest trace of tobacco smoke in a room greatly disturbed my power. On this occasion I puffed cigarette after cigarette with excellent effect. I knew nothing of what had been going on.

IV

Arthur, stung by the venomous chyle, was tossing in that vast arched belly, which resembled the dome of hell, churned in its bubbling slime. I felt that he was not only disintegrated mechanically, but chemically, that his being was loosened more and more into its parts, that these were being absorbed into new and hateful things, but that (worst of all) Arthur stood immune from all, behind it, unimpaired, memory and reason ever more acute as ever new and ghastlier experience informed them. It seemed to me as if some mystic state were super-added to the torment; for while he was not, emphatically not, this tortured mass of consciousness, yet that was he. There are always at least two of us! The one who feels and the one who knows are not radically one person. This double personality is enormously accentuated at death.

Another point was that the time-sense, which with men is usually so reliable --- especially in my own case --- was decidedly deranged, if not abrogated altogether.

We all judge of the lapse of time in relation to our daily {159} habits or some similar standard. The conviction of immortality must naturally destroy all values for this sense. If I am immortal, what is the difference between a long time and a short time? A thousand years and a day are obviously the same thing from the point of view of "for ever."

There is a subconscious clock in us, a clock wound up by the experience of the race to go for seventy years or so. Five minutes is a very long time to us if we are waiting for an omnibus, an age if we are waiting for a lover, nothing at all if we are pleasantly engaged or sleeping.<>

We think of seven years as a long time in connection with penal servitude; as a negligibly small period in dealing with geology.

But, given immortality, the age of the stellar system itself is nothing.

This conviction had not fully impregnated the consciousness of Arthur; it hung over him like a threat, while the intensification of that consciousness, its liberation from the sense of time natural to life, caused each act of the demon to appear of vast duration, although the intervals between the howls of the body on the bed were very short. Each pang of torture or suspense was born, rose to its crest, and died to be reborn again through what seemed countless aeons.

Still more was this the case in the process of his assimilation {160} by the "demon." The coma of the dying man was a phenomenon altogether out of Time. The conditions of "digestion" were new to Arthur, he had no reason to suppose, no data from which to calculate the distance of, an end.

It is impossible to do more than sketch this process; as he was absorbed, so did his

consciousness expand into that of the "demon"; he became one with all its hunger and corruption. Yet always did he suffer as himself in his own person the tearing asunder of his finest molecules; and this was confirmed by a most filthy humiliation of that part of him that was rejected.

I shall not attempt to describe the final process; suffice it that the demoniac consciousness drew away; he was but the excrement of the demon, and as that excrement he was flung filthily further into the abyss of blackness and of night whose name is death.

I rose with ashen cheeks. I stammered: "He is dead." The male nurse bent over the body. "Yes!" he echoed, "he is dead." And it seemed as if the whole Universe gathered itself into one ghastly laugh of hate and horror, "Dead!"

V

I resumed my seat. I felt that I must know that all was well, that death had ended all. Woe to humanity! The consciousness of Arthur was more alive than ever. It was the black fear of falling, a dumb ecstasy of changeless fear. There were no waves upon that sea of shame, no troubling of those accursed waters by any thought. There was no hope of any {161} ground to that abyss, no thought that it might stop. So tireless was that fall that even acceleration was absent; it was constant and level as the fall of a star. There was not even a feeling of pace; infinitely fast as it must be, judging from the peculiar dread which it inspired, it was yet infinitely slow, having regard to the infinitude of the abyss.

I took measures not to be disturbed by the duties that men --- oh how foolishly! --- pay to the dead: and I took refuge in a cigarette.

It was now for the first time, strangely enough, that I began to consider the possibility of helping him.

I analysed the position. It must be his thought, or I could not read it. I had no reason to conjecture that any other thoughts could reach me. He must be alive in the true sense of the word; it was he and not another that was the prey of this fear ineffable. Of this fear it was evident that there must be a physical basis in the constitution of his brain and body. All the other phenomena had been shown to correspond exactly with a physical condition; it was the reflection in a consciousness from which human limitation had fallen away of things actually taking place in the body.

It was a false interpretation perhaps; but it was his interpretation; and it was that which caused suffering so beyond all that poets have ever dreamt of the infernal.

I am ashamed to say that my first thought was of the Catholic Church and its masses for the repose of the dead. I went to the Cathedral, revolving as I went all that had ever been said --- the superstitions of a hundred savage tribes. At bottom I could find no difference between their barbarous rites and those of Christianity. {162}

However that might be, I was baffled. The priests refused to pray for the soul of a heretic.

I hurried back to the house, resumed my vigil. There was no change, except a deepening of the fear, an intensification of the loneliness, a more utter absorption in the shame. I could but hope that in the ultimate stagnation of all vital forces, death would

become final, hell merged into annihilation.

This started a train of thought which ended in a determination to hasten the process. I thought of blowing out the brains, remembered that I had no means of doing so. I thought of freezing the body, imagined a story for the nurse, reflected that no cold could excite in his soul aught icier than that illimitable void of black.

I thought of telling the doctor that he had wished to bequeath his body to the surgeons, that he had been afraid of being buried alive, anything that might induce him to remove the brain. At that moment I looked into the mirror, I saw that I must not speak. My hair was white, my face drawn, my eyes wild and bloodshot.

In utter helplessness and misery I flung myself on the couch in the study, and puffed greedily at cigarettes. The relief was so immense that my sense of loyalty and duty had a hard fight to get me to resume the task. The mingling of horror, curiosity, and excitement must have aided.

I threw away my fifth cigarette, and returned to the death chamber.

VI

Before I had sat at the table ten minutes a change burst out with startling suddenness. At one point in the void the {163} blackness gathered, concentrated, sprang into an evil flame that gushed aimlessly forth from nowhere to nowhere.

This was accompanied by the most noxious stench.

It was gone before I could realize it. As lightning precedes thunder, it was followed by a hideous clamour that I can only describe as the cry of a machine in pain.

This recurred constantly for an hour and five minutes, then ceased as suddenly as it began. Arthur still fell.

It was succeeded after the lapse of five hours by another paroxysm of the same kind, but fiercer and more continuous. Another silence followed, age upon age of fear and loneliness and shame.

About midnight there appeared a grey ocean of bowels below the falling soul. This ocean seemed to be limitless. It fell headlong into it, and the splash awakened it to a new consciousness of things.

This sea, though infinitely cold, was boiling like tubercles. Itself a more or less homogeneous slime, the stench of which is beyond all human conception (human language is singularly deficient in words that describe smell and taste; we always refer our sensations to things generally known)<> it constantly budded into greenish boils with angry red craters, whose {164} jagged edges were of a livid white; and from these issued pus formed of all things known of man --- each one distorted, degraded, blasphemed.

Things innocent, things happy, things holy! every one unspeakably defiled, loathsome, sickening! During the vigil of the day following I recognized one group. I saw Italy. First the Italy of the map, a booted leg. But this leg changed rapidly through myriad phases. It was in turn the leg of every beast and bird, and in every case each leg was suffering with all diseases from leprosy and elephantiasis to scrofula and syphilis. There was also the consciousness that this was inalienably and for ever part of Arthur.

Then Italy itself, in every detail foul. Then I myself, seen as every woman that has

ever been, each one with every disease and torture that Nature and man have plotted in their hellish brains, each ended with a death, a death like Arthur's, whose infinite pangs were added to his own, recognized and accepted as his own.

The same with our child that never was. All children of all nations, incredibly aborted, deformed, tortured, torn in pieces, abused by every foulness that the imagination of an arch-devil could devise.

And so for every thought. I realized that the putrefactive changes in the dead man's brain were setting in motion every memory of his, and smearing them with hell's own paint.

I timed one thought: despite its myriad million details, each one clear, vivid and prolonged, it occupied but three seconds of earthly time.

I considered the incalculable array of the thoughts in his {165} well-furnished mind; I saw that thousands of year would not exhaust them.

But, perhaps, when the brain was destroyed beyond recognition of its component parts -----

We have always casually assumed that consciousness depends upon a proper flow of blood in the vessels of the brain; we have never stopped to think whether the records might not be excited in some other manner. And yet we know how tumour of the brain begets hallucinations. Consciousness works strangely; the least disturbance of the blood supply, and it goes out like a candle, or else takes monstrous forms.

Here was the overwhelming truth; "in death man lives again, and lives for ever." Yet we might have thought of it; the phantasmagoria of life which throng the mind of a drowning man might have suggested something of the sort to any man with a sympathetic and active imagination.

Worse even than the thoughts themselves was the apprehension of the thoughts ere they arose. Carbuncles, boils, ulcers, cancers, there is no equivalent for these pustules of the bowels of hell, into whose seething convolutions Arthur sank deeper, ever deeper.

The magnitude of this experience is not to be apprehended by the human mind as we know it. I was convinced that an end must come, for me, with the cremation of the body. I was infinitely glad that he had directed this to be done. But for him, end and beginning seemed to have no meaning. Through it all I seemed to hear the real Arthur's thought. "Though all this is I, yet it is only an accident of me; I stand behind it all, immune, eternal." {166}

It must not be supposed that this in any way detracted from the intensity of the suffering. Rather it added to it. To be loathsome is less than to be linked to loathsomeness. To plunge into impurity is to become deadened to disgust. But to do so and yet to remain pure --- every vileness adds a pang. Think of Madonna imprisoned in the body of a prostitute, and compelled to acknowledge "This is I," while never losing her abhorrence. Not only immured in hell, but compelled to partake of its sacraments; not only high priest at its agapae, but begetter and manifestor of its cult; a Christ nauseated at the kiss of Judas, and yet aware that the treachery was his own.

As the putrefaction of the brain advanced, the bursting of the pustules occasionally overlapped, with the result that the confusion and exaggeration of madness with all its poignancy was superadded to the the simpler hell. One might have thought that any confusion would have been a welcome relief to a lucidity so appalling; but this was not so. The torture was infused with a shattering sense of alarm.

The images rose up threatening, disappeared only by blasting themselves into the pultaceous coprolite which was, as it were, the main body of the army which composed Arthur. Deeper and deeper as he dropped the phenomena grew constantly in every sense. Now they were a jungle in which the obscurity and terror of the whole gradually overshadowed even the abhorrence due to every part.

The madness of the living is a thing so abominable and {167} fearful as to chill every human heart with horror; it is less than nothing in comparison with the madness of the dead!

A further complication now arose in the destruction irrevocable and complete of that compensating mechanism of the brain, which is the basis of the sense of time. Hideously distorted and deformed as it had been in the derangement of the brain, like a shapeless jelly shooting out, of a sudden, vast, unsuspected tentacles, the destruction of it cut a thousandfold deeper. The sense of consecution itself was destroyed; things sequent appeared as things superposed or concurrent spatially; a new dimension unfolded; a new destruction of all limitation exposed a new and unfathomable abyss.

To all the rest was added the bewilderment and fear which earthly agaraphobia faintly shadows forth; and at the same time the close immurement weighed upon him, since from infinitude there can be no escape.

Add to this the hopelessness of the monotony of the situation. Infinitely as the phenomena were varied, they were yet recognized as essentially the same. All human tasks are lightened by the certainty that they must end. Even our joys would be intolerable were we convinced that they must endure, through irksomeness and disgust, through weariness and satiety, even for ever and for evermore. In this inhuman, this praeterdiabolic inferno was a wearisome repetition, a harping on the same hateful discord, a continuous nagging whose intervals afforded no relief, only a suspense brimming with the anticipation of some fresh terror.

For hours which were to him eternities this stage continued as each cell that held the record of a memory underwent the degenerative changes which awoke it into hyperbromic purulence. {168}

VIII

The minute bacterial corruption now assumed a gross chemistry. The gases of putrefaction forming in the brain and interpenetrating it were represented in his consciousness by the denizens of the pustules becoming formless and impersonal --- Arthur had not yet fathomed the abyss.

Creeping, winding, embracing, the Universe enfolded him, violated him with a nameless and intimate contamination, involved his being in a more suffocating terror.

Now and again it drowned that consciousness in a gulf which his thought could not express to me; and indeed the first and least of his torments is utterly beyond human

expression.

It was a woe ever expanded, ever intensified, by each vial of wrath. Memory increased, and understanding grew; the imagination had equally got rid of limit.

What this means who can tell? The human mind cannot really appreciate numbers beyond a score or so; it can deal with numbers by ratiocination, it cannot apprehend them by direct impression. It requires a highly trained intelligence to distinguish between fifteen and sixteen matches on a plate without counting them. In death this limitation is entirely removed. Of the infinite content of the Universe every item was separately realized. The brain of Arthur had become equal in power to that attributed by theologians to the Creator; yet of executive power there was no seed. The impotence of man before circumstance was in him magnified indefinitely, yet without loss of detail or of mass. He understood that The Many was The One without losing or fusing {169} the conception of either. He was God, but a God irretrievably damned: a being infinite, yet limited by the nature of things, and that nature solely compact of loathliness.

IX

I have little doubt that the cremation of my husband's body cut short a process which in the normally buried man continues until no trace of organic substance remains.

The first kiss of the furnace awoke an activity so violent and so vivid that all the past paled in its lurid light.

The quenchless agony of the pang is not to be described; if alleviation there were, it was but the exultation of feeling that this was final.

Not only time, but all expansions of time, all monsters of time's womb were to be annihilated; even the ego might hope some end.

The ego is the "worm that dieth not," and existence the "fire that is not quenched." Yet in this universal pyre, in this barathrum of liquid lava, jetted from the volcanoes of the infinite, this "lake of fire that is reserved for the devil and his angels," might not one at last touch bottom? Ah! but time was no more, neither any eidolon thereof!

The shell was consumed; the gases of the body, combined and recombined, flamed off, free from organic form.

Where was Arthur?

His brain, his individuality, his life, were utterly destroyed. As separate things, yes: Arthur had entered the universal consciousness.

And I heard this utterance: or rather this is my translation {170} into English of a single thought whose synthesis is "Woe."

Substance is called spirit or matter.

Spirit and matter are one, indivisible, eternal, indestructible.

Infinite and eternal change!

Infinite and eternal pain!

No absolute: no truth, no beauty, no idea, nothing but the whirlwinds of form, unresting, unappeasable.

Eternal hunger! Eternal war! Change and pain infinite and unceasing.

There is no individuality but in illusion. And the illusion is change and pain, and its

destruction is change and pain, and its new segregation from the infinite and eternal is change and pain; and substance infinite and eternal is change and pain unspeakable.

Beyond thought, which is change and pain, lies being, which is change and pain.

These were the last words intelligible; they lapsed into the eternal moan, Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! in unceasing monotony that rings always in my ears if I let my thought fall from the height of activity, listen to the voice of my sensorium.

In my sleep I am partially protected, and I keep a lamp constantly alight to burn tobacco in the room: but yet too often my dreams throb with that reiterated Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe!

X

The final stage is clearly enough inevitable, unless we believe the Buddhist theories, which I am somewhat inclined {171} to do, as their theory of the Universe is precisely confirmed in every detail by the facts here set down. But it is one thing to recognize a disease, another to discover a remedy. Frankly, my whole being revolts from their methods, and I had rather acquiesce in the ultimate destiny and achieve it as quickly as may be. My earnest preoccupation is to avoid the preliminary tortures, and I am convinced that the explosion of a dynamite cartridge in the mouth is the most practicable method of effecting this. There is just the possibility that if all thinking minds, all "spiritual beings," were thus destroyed, and especially if all organic life could be annihilated, that the Universe might cease to be, since (as Bishop Berkeley has shown) it can only exist in some thinking mind. And there is really no evidence (in spite of Berkeley) for the existence of any extra-human consciousness. Matter in itself may think, in a sense, but its monotony of woe is less awful than its abomination, the building up of high and holy things only to drag them through infamy and terror to the old abyss.

I shall consequently cause this record to be widely distributed. The note-books of my work with Arthur (Vols, I-CCXIV) will be edited by Professor von Buehle, whose marvellous mind may perhaps discover some escape from the destiny which menaces mankind. Everything is in order in these note-books; and I am free to die, for I can endure no more, and above all things I dread the onset of illness, and the possibility of natural or accidental death.

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NOTE

I am glad to have the opportunity of publishing, in a journal so widely read by the profession, the MS. of the widow of the late Professor Blair.

Her mind undoubtedly became unhinged through grief at her husband's death; the medical man who attended him in his last illness grew alarmed at her condition, and had her watched. She tried (fruitlessly) to purchase dynamite at several shops, but on her

going to the laboratory of her late husband, and attempting to manufacture Chloride of Nitrogen, obviously for the purpose of suicide, she was seized, certified insane, and placed in my care.

The case is most unusual in several respects.

(1) I have never known her inaccurate in any statement of veritable fact.

(2) She can undoubtedly read thoughts in an astonishing manner. In particular, she is actually useful to me by her ability to foretell attacks of acute insanity in my patients. Some hours before they occur she can predict them to a minute. On an early occasion my disbelief in her power led to the dangerous wounding of one of my attendants.

(3) She combines a fixed determination of suicide (in the extraordinary manner described by her) with an intense fear of death. She smokes uninterruptedly, and I am obliged to allow her to fumigate her room at night with the same drug.

(4) She is certainly only twenty-four years old, and any competent judge would with equal certainty declare her sixty.

(5) Professor von Buehle, to whom the note-books were {173} sent, addressed to me a long and urgent telegram, begging her release on condition that she would promise not to commit suicide, but go to work with him in Bonn. I have yet to learn, however, that German professors, however eminent, have any voice in the management of a private asylum in England, and I am certain that the Lunacy Commissioners will uphold me in my refusal to consider the question.

It will then be clearly understood that this document is published with all reserve as the lucubration of a very peculiar, perhaps unique, type of insanity.

V. ENGLISH, M.D.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09018.html>

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ERCILDOUNE

A NOVEL

<>

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

"A Red Star and a Waning Moon

Rede me this true rune;
A Gray Sun and a bastard loon
Ding down Ercildoune."

{175}

ERCILDOUNE

CHAPTER I

THE GLACIER CAMP

MIDNIGHT on the Chogo Lungma La. Moonlight. The steady sweep of the icy blizzards of the north cuts through canvas and eiderdown and fur. Roland Rex, peering out for a moment from his tiny tent upon the stupendous beauty of the snows, almost wonders that the stars can stand before the blast. Yet, dimly and afar, a speck of life stirs on those illimitable wastes. How minute is a man in such solitudes! Yet how much man means to man! No avalanche, not the very upheaval of the deep-rooted mountains could have held his attention so close as did that dot upon the wilderness of snow.

So far it was, so heavy the weight of the wind, so steep and slippery the slopes, that dawn had broken ere the speck resolved itself into a man. Tall and rugged, his black hair woven into a web over his eyes to protect them from the Pain of the Snows, as the natives call the fearful fulminating snow-blindness of the giant peaks, his feet wrapped round and round with strips of leather and cloth, he approached the little camp.

Patient and imperturbably are these men who face the {177} majesty of the great mountains: experience has taught them that it is useless to be angry with a snowstorm. A blizzard may persist for a week; to conquer it one must be ready to persist for many weeks. So, quiet and at ease, just as if he had not made his two-and-twenty marches in six days, the messenger fumbled in his clothes and produced the mail.

Two years and more since Roland had been lost in the waste; within a month of Skardu he had arrived, and sent forward a swift runner with a letter to the Tehsildar, the local official, and a budget for his friends at home. The wind had failed just after dawn, and the sun shone strongly on the glacier. Every particle of bedding was hung out to dry; the coolies were right merry; it would be easy to cook food to-day.

Roland had thawed his penultimate tin of sausages, and boiled up his chocolate. Seated on one of the leather-bound baskets which contained his few effects he was now enjoying the warmth, and his pipe, and the rapture of news from home. For though he could expect no letters, the thoughtful Tehsildar had sent him up a newspaper. Mr. Justice Billington had hay-fever; Lord Wittle had obtained his decree nisi; Consols had fallen a point; Sir Julius Boot had left town for his country seat; three

pigs had been killed in Staffordshire, and a land-agent in Galway; coal would probably soon be dearer; Tariff Reform meant lower income-tax and work for all; Peter Briggs, alias "Peter the Pounder," had got three years; Buncombe's Bottlettes Cured Constipation; Should Women Wear Braces? and all the weariness of the daily drivel.

But the haunting unreality of the rubbish for a Londoner {178} gives place to a vivid brilliance and charm for one who is far off. Clearly the stuff that dreams are made of; therefore --- strange paradox! --- convincing. Lord Wittle became for the moment as real as Mr. Pickwick. Roland Rex was happy.

Nor was his satisfaction confined to the news of the world. After the starved brain has got every stupid phrase by heart, it turns, still eager, to the report of the Monthly Medal Competition at Little Piddlingborough, and the P. and O. sailings for next month. Even the dull personal column with its hairpin imbecilities and its bogus assignations gives a certain thrill. All is so deliciously fantastic; in the dreary maze of glaciers, in the grim silence of the rocks, in the splendour of the vast, sheathing as they did the iron of reality in the soul of the explorer, the fatuous piffle of the penny-a-liner is like a fairy story told for the first time to a child. Rather a shock to the child when it learns that its Cinderella is not true, but merely a lesson in humility and punctuality; so to the man should he find in his fairy newspaper a paragraph which directly concerns him. Roland Rex found two.

The first, in the memoriam column, read as follows:

"In memory of Lord Marcus Masters, who died --- [a date two years earlier] --- never forgotten by his affectionate wife. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

He drew in his breath.

"Poor Marcus!" he exclaimed. And then --- Roland Rex looked himself over. His hair and beard had been innocent alike of brush and scissors for three years; his skin was darker than that of his coolies; he would have been taken for a savage in any country of the world. {179}

And he laughed. "If the Marquis dies to-morrow, I suppose I could hardly take my seat like this!"

Next his eye fell on the personal column. This time he started in genuine surprise.

The paragraph read:

"ss. 887. Austria to John. Come home. F."

Ronald translated thoughtfully. "Austria to John"? Now what the devil can he mean by that? I ought to know. But I suppose three years of wilderness dulls the intelligence. "Come home!" And the old boy has put that message in the paper 887 times!

Go home I will.

He called his headman, Salama. Laconic as ever. "Bas! Safar ho-gaya. Panch roz-ka dhal-bat bana'o; Askole-men jeldi jaebe." (Enough. The journey is over. Take five days' provisions. We will go quickly to Askole.)

Right enough, in an hour's time, the whole caravan was hurrying down the slopes, tentless and on most meagre rations, if haply they might do fifteen days' march in four. At Askole he paid off the men; and with his gaunt old headman for sole companion, made headlong down the Bralduh valley to Skardu.

CHAPTER II

THE RIVER OF MUD

ROLAND REX had chosen the certain passage down the valley in preference to the dubious short cut over the Skoro La. Moreover, he wanted news pretty badly, and local {180} rumour had it that a Sahib was now ascending the Bralduh on a sporting trip.

So down they slogged over the rough track.

About noon on the second day they met the servants of the sportsman in question preparing his lunch; learning from these that he was probably an hour behind, they pushed on, and found him sitting on the banks of that strange river of mud which flows into the Bralduh. Sluggish and even is its course; in normal weather of the consistency of very thick tar, it moves down inch by inch, until at last it oozes over into the pale amber froth of the grey Bralduh, and is lost.

Roland Rex had worn his English clothes threadbare long since; he wore the inevitable turban, that best of headgear against both heat and cold, and the rest of his costume was the handiwork of a Yarkand tailor. Small wonder if the natives failed to mark him as a Sahib, and salute; smaller that the Sahib sitting by the river equally mistook him. He called authoritatively to the travelers as they approached. Amused at the jest, Roland made his best salaam.

"Are there any Sahibs shooting or travelling in this nala?" he asked.

Roland said that he had heard of one or two.

"Is Rex Sahib in this district?"

Roland was startled, and showed it; but the spirit of mischief moved him to deny it. What should this stranger want with him?

"You are lying, son of a pig!" said the Englishman coolly, noticing the momentary confusion. It is easy to frighten the truth from an Asiatic by this simple plan. But Roland was really confused, and the stranger accordingly emboldened. {181}

"You are his dak-runners!" he exclaimed. "Where have you left the Sahib?"

Roland's headman, Salama Tantra, took up the tale. An expert liar for over forty years, he was equal to the situation. Seeing that his master for some reason desired to deny his identity, the grey old hunter began a long tale of woe, beginning nowhere in particular, and ending up, after a series of magnificent falsehoods, with the statement that the Sahib had sent them on with letters, he himself having turned back up over the Hispar pass with the intention of visiting Hunza and returning by Gilgit. The stranger was apparently convinced.

"I am going to join him," he said. "My own dak-runners shall take the mail, and you shall return with me and take me to him. I am glad I have met you." And with truly royal generosity, he fished out some rupees of his shooting-coat, and bestowed them on the willing shikari.

Roland jumped to his meaning in a flash; it was the letters he wanted.

"It is not the order, Sahib," he explained, with an artistic cringe. "It is the order to take these letters to the Tehsildar of Skardu, and receive a paper from him."

"Nonsense!" said the stranger. "My own men can get this paper; I would not lose you for anything. See, I will give you each one hundred rupees."

"We cannot break an order, Sahib!" He assumed a gorgeous despair. "The master

would punish us."

The stranger began to storm, but in vain. The travellers murmured the polite request for permission to leave the presence of the highness, and began to move toward the {182} river, crossable in fairly dry weather by dint of many stones thrown in by gangs of villagers.

Suddenly out lashed the Englishman's revolver and a shot rang through the air. But he only pierced Roland in the thigh.

Long before his finger could press the trigger again, the huntsman had him by the waist; flung him far into the river of mud. Roland ran to save him, but in a trice he was tripped, and down, and the grey old ruffian kneeling on his chest.

"Useless, Sahib!" he hissed, "we have no ropes. He tried to kill you, Sahib, O my father and my mother."

The poor old fellow was in tears. Shriek after shriek came from the struggling murderer. "Allah has written it," the old man went on, "I saw the mark of death upon his brow."

In vain did Roland threaten, command, entreat. To all Salama answered, "The writing!" and kept his hold. The pain of his wound came home to Rex, and he half fainted.

Horrible were the curses of the wretch in the river. The whole valley shuddered. Yet he, too, ceased to struggle, slowly sucked in and down by the insidious mire. The lucid prologue of death's tragedy came upon him, of a sudden, at Roland's cry as he sat up, weak and bleeding, held now in his faithful servant's arms.

"Who are you, in God's name?" he shouted in English, "and what do you want with Roland Rex?"

"I am mad --- I am dying --- help! help!" cried the unhappy man. "How is it you seem to talk my tongue?"

"Why, I am Roland Rex; what do you want with me?"

"A curse on my wry shot," he shrieked, and fell back to {183} his old raving madness. The calm again. "I wanted the great reward --- the great reward! For news of your death, you fool. So near! So near success!" and again his fury foamed; blood broke black at his lips. But now the midstream strength took him; looking over as he lay half-strangled in the slime, he could see the horror of the Bralduh fifty feet below. The roar of it drowned his choking yells. Then, with a last heave and gurgle through its oily mire, the river fell with him and mighty silence swallowed up the scene. Even as he fell, the storm rolled up the valley, and the blaze broke upon the wounded man and his companion.

By now the wound was staunch, for it was but a slight flesh-wound. Limping from the bullet, shaking from the dread mystery of the scene, Roland Rex crossed the treacherous stream, and came to the apricot orchards of Gomboro.

* * * * *

Stretched upon the green turf in the moonlight, Roland nursed his wound, whose ache, with the fiery events of the day, kept him from sleep.

He mused upon the cipher. The darkness of the letter and the darkness of the deed conspired; and there was light. "Austria to John!" Aha! Ivanhoe! --- his thought burnt up ---" The devil is unloosed. Look to yourself!" Then he must mean --- oh! but that is too impossible. Let me consider.

And his mind ran back to the strange history of his family. {184}

CHAPTER III

THE DOOM OF ERCILDOUNE

EWAN, fourth Marquis of Ercildoune, was riding alone through the park one drear November day, some eighty years before the beginning of this story. A proud man was he, tracing his descent from True Thomas, the holiest of the ancient Scottish Bards. Of his own house he had predicted glory and earthly power, yet closed it with the weird:

"A Red Star and a Waning Moon
Rede me this true rune;
A Gray Sun and a bastard loon
Ding doun Ercildoune."

High in favour with King George and his ministers, his name renowned in Wellington's campaigns, his power absolute as God's for many a mile beyond the eagle-sight from his castle, his wealth well-nigh boundless, four stalwart sons to bear up his age, and lift his honoured coffin to its grave, no man was more enviable in all the realm that the brave sun controls.

Yet his face was dark, and his hand closed convulsively upon the dagger that lurked at his hip. Also his mouth worked strongly.

Presently he dismounted, and, tying his horse to an oak, plunged deep into the glade. Familiar was the way, though obscure; yet even a stranger would have taken the self-same track, for the steady music of a cascade allured the step. High from its narrow channel it tumbled far out into a rock-bound pool, which overflowing rolled forth into a less dominant {185} music among lesser obstacles. Here the Marquis paused a moment, then blew shrill upon a whistle. Instantly, as by enchantment, the volume of the falling water whitened and glowed, shot through by some interior light; then all was dark again. But the Marquis, seeming satisfied, probed his wary way around the base of the pool; the slippery rocks, the mossy knobs and treacherous fern-roots lent an ambiguous aid. He passed behind the water, and the path grew easy. Up into the cave he pressed, and after many twists came to the central hollow. Fashioned more by man than Nature, the room was large and nearly square. A curious table of brass stood in the centre, and a blue flame burnt variably thereon. Behind it stood a man of great stature, his face hidden by a monkish hood.

This man addressed the noble.

"Who art thou?"

"Ewan Dhu, Marquis of Ercildoune."

"Where is then thy brother the Marquis?"

"Under the heather." A second pause. "Shame!" the Marquis added, "have I come there that you should twit me with this paltry scandal? I never slew him."

"Not with the sword, but with the pen. Where is the Marquis, his son?"

"Who are you, to press the claim of that bastard brat?"

"I wished to see if the coward who did it was coward enough to lie to me about it."
The Marquis controlled himself with courage.

"You come to me," continued the other, "because your foolish dabbling in the false science of the stars has given you fear. You see a baleful planet threatening your house; you {186} invoke the aid and counsel of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross. With unclean hands you come, Ewan Duh," cried the adept, raising his voice, "and the mire that you have played with shall engulf your proud head. For once your ignorance has taught you all that knowledge could. This is the doom of Ercildoune; your sons shall die before your eyes; your house shall fail utterly, and all your rank and wealth pass to the King. Solitary and silent I see you dying, dying through long months, and no man to take pity."

"I came to you," replied Ercildoune, "that you might aid me, not that you might curse me. I withdraw."

"Stay!" cried the adept, "what do you offer me for freedom?"

"Penitence, sincere penitence."

"You will make amends?"

"Never!" flamed he out, "for the boy is the vilest of mankind. Before God I say it, I will not believe him of my brother's blood."

"Then you must suffer the doom."

"Then be it so! Farewell."

And he turned to go.

The adept strode swiftly forward. "Now are you a man, Ewan Dhu!" he cried aloud, and grasped his hand. "The doom you must dree, for doom is doom; nor you nor I avail; but in --- the right --- you shall not suffer, and the End is with Him. Vale! Frater Rosae ---"

"Et Crucis!" answered the nobleman.

Silently and gladly they parted.

The fulfilment of the curse is matter of history.

Taking shelter in a storm during a hunt, Malcolm, the {187} eldest son, died by the lightning flash before his father's eyes. Duncan, the second, plunged into the sea, while they all strove to save a shipwrecked crew, and was drowned. Ivan, the third, racing his horse against his father, was thrown and died. Angus, the fourth, surprised some knowledge of the doom. Maddened by the fear of it, he hanged himself from his own window, even as the Marquis returned from London town, and cried his name to greet him. Then the old man turned melancholy, and shut himself into a Trappist Monastery, where in silence and solitude he died.

Title and estates passed to a cousin, one Lord Barfield, not yet to the King. This doom remained undone.

* * * * *

This Lord Barfield, who had succeeded to the title and estates of Ewan Dhu, was an elderly man of recluse and studious habit. Many years in India had given him the secretiveness and cunning of that strange congeries of nations. He was a widower; his wife had borne him three sons and a daughter; the last had married a Mr. Rex, and Roland was the only issue of the marriage.

The Marquis had brought up his sons to follow the colours. Nothing had stirred his placid life until the Mutiny in India, where his eldest son, the Earl of Bannockburn by

courtesy, was killed before the walls of Delhi.

Hard upon the news followed a curious box of ebony and silver from the East. Within he read the carved inscription, "Lord Barfield, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune," and, lifting the tray, discovered, wrapped and embalmed in costly spices, the head of his best-loved son. This was all mystery, and he sought the clue in vain. {188}

Three years later Lord Arthur, the second son, who was studying Russian in St. Petersburg, wrote wildly home that he was stricken by a terrible disease, and the old man, eagerly seeking aid from the Government, learnt that "studies in Russian" meant little more to Arthur than the acquisition of the gilded vices of that barbaric society. Hastily he dispatched his doctor, a wise old friend of the family, if haply skill and counsel might avail; but in vain. The next month's mail brought irretrevable disaster; Arthur was dead by his own hand.

But oh! strange horror! Clad in fantastic jewel-work, there came a little casket. Within was an empty poison-bottle and the diamond device, "Lord Barfield, with the complements of the Marquis of Ercildoune."

The old man, mastering his grief, was roused.

He devoted his whole time and intelligence, his wealth, and influence, to the discovery of who had woven this chaplet of hell's vine for his grey head.

Who was this devil dressed in the grand name? Why did he pursue and faint not? If human power, and power of prayer, might serve, he would know.

But these availed him not. In the end, an accident lifted the veil. As duly shall follow.

CHAPTER IV

CONTINUES THE DOOM

'T WAS a pleasant morning in early October, and the birds were plentiful and strong. The old Marquis, in the joy of his {189} skill, was half forgetting the misfortunes of his family; dwelling rather on the splendid appetite that his morning's pleasure had given him, and the glorious lunch that awaited the party at the corner of the next spinney.

The guests were few. Lord Adolphus Dollymount was an ass, but his friend, Guy Pendragon, was as fine a young man as England can show. Breeding without snobbery, intelligence without pedantry, marked him for a great place in public life. He had been brought up on the Continent, where (it appeared) his family, notorious Jacobites, had long lived in exile, and had, as it were, taken root in the strange soil. But, he explained, we had had enough of that. England for him, and to serve her was the only life worth living. Besides these were Lord Marcus Masters, the last of the sons of the house, two peers, a cabinet minister, and a famous surgeon, Sir John Bastow.

Guy Pendragon was in the line next to the Marquis, and as they walked, from the fault of one or the other, drew a shade too close together. On a sudden, birds rose, and one fine low-flying cock-pheasant whirled between them. Both swung round, but Pendragon, unable to get a fair shot without danger to his neighbour, withheld his fire and lowered his gun. The Marquis killed his bird.

Then the young man tripped and fell. His gun exploded, and the charge struck the old nobleman in the body. Instantly arose a mighty hubbub. All sprang to his aid; the despair of Pendragon was dreadful to witness. Yet he had sprained his ankle in the fall.

Sir John hurriedly examined the wounded man, pronounced the injuries grave, but not hopeless, rendered first aid, bound {190} up the luckless sportsman's ankle, and saw to the improvising of an ambulance.

The two invalids were carried into the house. The Marquis, in pain as he was, could hardly refrain a smile, as one of the old keepers, boiling over with rage, shook his fist in Guy's face, while he hissed, "Ye damned fool!"

The fidelity of the servants of a great house like Ercildoune is a thing to restore confidence in human nature.

Soon, too, the old man declared that the accident had shaken him sadly; he would like to spend his last years with his brother's son in far Virginia. The Marquis gave him leave, and in due time he departed.

Pendragon, too, recovered, and went off to Monte Carlo.

* * * * *

So much for Man; but Fate stepped in, and the carefully skinned poker hand was flung wide on the table by a sudden gust of the Everlasting Wings.

It was left to a nameless Anarchist to save the house of Ercildoune. His brain, tortured and diseased by famine of food and surfeit of cheap philosophy, conceived that the death of a few harmless folk would ease the evil of the Universe.

So he dragged a log of wood across the path of the Marseilles Rapide, and screwed it to the sleepers.

The train staggered, left the line, tore up its universe, crashed into a chaos of blind, foolish agony.

From among the wounded and slain young Guy Pendragon extricated himself.

"Here!" he called to another man, uninjured like himself, "help me to save my father --- my father!"

Stolid and self-possessed, the stranger set himself steadily {191} --- for all his rabbit's face and meek shabby-gentility --- to the task, and in an hour's hard work that part of the wreckage was cleared. Night unto death, they dragged out an old grey man, and bore him to the relief train.

Then the stranger returned to the work of rescue, musing.

What was this man to Guy Pendragon? Father. How father? For this man was the old keeper from Ercildoune!

He knew it all; since long he had been chief of the detectives employed by Lord Ercildoune to track the murderer of his sons. Yet now? Inscrutable. Not altogether, perhaps: a seek-thought had sprouted in his mind; he smiled grimly, seeking amid the tangle of the train for further clues.

He found at last a small pocket-book in the wreck of Guy's portmanteau. The little therein was enough for his trained intelligence; the whole infamy lay bare.

He set wires to work; the authorities came in; and, torn howling from the yet warm corpse of his father, Guy Pendragon faced the rigours of an English court of justice.

Grayson, alias Lord Guy Masters, alias Pendragon, alias Schmidt, alias Laroche, etc., was informed by the Judge that the claim of this father to the Marquisate of

Ercildoune was of no importance in the eyes of justice. It had been clearly proved that he did feloniously of his malice aforethought attempt to kill and murder one of his Majesty's subjects, a gentleman of high rank and dignity, who stood to him moreover in the position of host; further that he did conspire with his said father to commit the said murder; further, that all the sentimental considerations which his counsel had so eloquently urged were balanced by the fact that the accused had for years lived by fraud and robbery; and though he (the Judge) regretted {192} that counsel for the Crown had seen fit to try and connect accused with the deaths of Lord Ercildoune's two sons, yet the main charge was abundantly clear, and he had no hesitation in sentencing him to Penal Servitude for Life.

The prisoner had but time to say: "I am Lord Ercildoune, my Lord, and you shall live to repent it," before he was removed.

* * * * *

Nine days, and London had forgotten.

CHAPTER V

DERELICT CORRESPONDENCE

LONDON had forgotten! yes, even Roland Rex had forgotten in the intensity of his three years' wandering in Central Asia. Now, as he lay in the moonlight in the apricot orchards of Gomboro, the whole history rolled its sinister waves upon him.

That devil unchained? Marcus dead? Was there a link between these evil-omened happenings? What of this strange sahib who travelled nine thousand miles, and risked, lost indeed, his life in the hope of meeting Rex or stealing his letters? As the Bralduh roared below, bearing high the funeral dirge of that murderous man of mystery, Roland echoed its eternal restlessness, its unmeaning wail. He could have plunged into the river, and wrested out the heart of that dead mystery. ...

So came the dawn at last; so, sleepless and stiff, weak from the loss of blood, he and his faithful shikari bent {193} themselves to the endless track that leads through that desperate valley at the end of the world to the green glories of Shigar and the whirlwind-haunted circuit of Skardu.

Two days of hellish agony; the torture of the wound, the torment of the sun, the atrocious thirst upon the bare rock walls through which the path winds up and down, and above all the agony of doubt. What should he do? Two years had passed and more. He knew nothing of affairs. To go home as Roland Rex might be the blindest walking into the trap. What might not have happened since? "Look to yourself" had said the message.

Just then a native passed, giving no salute. Roland started. There was the missing word of wisdom. A native he seemed, a native he would remain. Nothing would be easier; he need not even lack money. He could draw small cheques to his new self as Habib Ju, the first name that came to his mind; he need lack nothing. And it should go hard but he discovered much ere he reached England, and came secretly to his grandfather's house of Ercildoune.

Now they got a raft of swollen goat-skins, and sped down the rushing stream to

Skardu. There he wrote a letter to the Tehsildar, stating his intention to remain in the Bralduh Nala for some weeks, and that the native stories of his disappearance were to cause no anxiety; their origin was quite inexplicable.

Thus he calmed official curiosity, and killing one horse on the Deosai Plains and two more between Burzil and Bandipur, came to Baramulla before alarm, either on his account or that of the other man, had yet disturbed the nights of the Tehsildar, a man naturally lazy, incredulous, and slow to action. {194}

When alarm arose, indeed, it diminished almost as quickly. It was only necessary to construct a plausible, probable story of the death of the two sahibs. So the Tehsildar manufactured an avalanche, and was so thoughtful as to include among the victims not only the two white men, but also those of their servants who might possibly be implicated in any inquiry, and therefore thought that it would be best to lie low for awhile.

Thus, six months after, news came to England of the death of Roland Rex.

Meanwhile that worthy was ostensibly engaged in the pilgrimage to Mecca. But he slipped off at Jeddah and took passage in a coaster up the Red Sea. At Cairo he disclosed himself with all due caution to an old schoolfellow at Headquarters, and was able to continue the journey with a bronzed face, a trim foreign beard, and a suit of Greek-cut serge. Here, too, he was able to telegraph to his grandfather that all was yet well. He had only dared to send one other, from Bombay, and that expressed so cautiously that even the recipient might have been pardoned for failing to guess at its meaning.

Roland had not called for his letters at the agent's there, else he would not have missed the following epistle, which had lain awaiting him for more than two years.

"MY DEAR ROLAND," wrote his grandfather, "heavy news, heavy news! I fear grievous trouble. Young Grayson has escaped. It seems that while a working party were out in the fog he made a sudden dash for liberty. The whole affair must have been devilish well arranged, for no trace of the {195} fugitives has ever been obtained --- save one, of course. A month after the escape I received a parcel from Leipsig which, on being opened, revealed a convict costume with the inscription, beautifully embroidered in silk:

"'Lord Barfield, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune. Merely a memento.'

"As usual! Leipsig is of course worse than no clue at all but one thing we know at least: there is a woman in it. I hope to send more and better news very shortly. I have wired Arkwright, the man who caught him before; he must do it again.

"Your affectionate grandfather,

"ERCILDOUNE.

"P.S. I am advertising you daily in many papers as your movements are so uncertain; it is but a chance if this letter reaches you. --- E.

"P.P.S. For God's sake, dear lad, take care of yourself. Three years since Marcus married, and no child."

Receiving no answer to this, the Marquis did not write again. Shut up in Ercildoune, he read deep into the night, and always on the one subject. As a criminologist he had

no rival; from his castle he directed a vast army of detectives.
Yet with no result. Grayson was lost again.

{196}

CHAPTER VI

FATHER AMBROSE

NOT only did Ercildoune seek Grayson to avenge his dead sons, but to save his heir. Lord Marcus Masters was a soft youth of a religious turn of mind. Only at his father's urgent command had he married. Even so, he married out of his class; it was the niece of the parish priest of Ercildoune that led him at last as a sheep to the slaughter. Meek and pious, like the hybrid of a praying mantis and a mouse, she had but little thought for worldliness. And that caused no grief to the old Marquis, who thought Marcus safer in the chapel than in the ball-room.

So sped their placid sheepish life; no bucolics were theirs to be disturbed by some such fiery line as "Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin." The idea of passion was foreign to them. Their idea of love was verbal; Caroline Masters would have resented the pressure of her husband's hand.

This indeed would have maddened the old noble, had he guessed it. But Arthur's debauches in Petersburg had determined him to keep Marcus innocent, and the frigidity of Caroline was a rare accident such as the wisest might fail to foresee.

As maturity grew, so religious ardour took the place of virile fervour. Day by day Marcus and his wife grew closer to Christ, so that in the end no hour of the day but was given to some devotion or another. Their guests were itinerant evangelists; their friends converted Atheist cobblers; their enemies imaginary Jesuits. {197}

It so happened one fine summer that the fame of a certain Father Ambrose went abroad. He gave himself out to be a renegade monk from the Benedictine Monastery at Fort Augustus. Convinced of Protestant Truth, he had (it seemed) suffered a martyrdom comparable only to that of Polycarp, and had eventually made his escape in circumstances only paralleled by those of Paul at Damascus.

The statement of the Lord Abbot that the said person had never been a monk at all carried little weight with those who, like Lord Marcus Masters, were acquainted with the depths of the Duplicity of the Devil in particular and the Roman Communion in general.

From town to town the fame of the young convert, who lent piquancy to his personality by retaining semi-monastic garb and traces of the tonsure, leapt like a beacon. He who at Glasgow was starving with a dozen draggle-tailed hearers, was dining well at Manchester, and, under the wing of a leading Elder, addressing some thousand enthusiasts in the local Bethel. At Birmingham the largest hall in the city overflowed. At London all the cranks of all the sects combined to welcome him; the new revival was in every mouth. Even the street-boys whistled the refrain of his famous Redemption Song, which ran: ---

"There's salvation in Jesus!

in Jesus!
There's salvation in Jesus for you!
for Me!
There's salvation in Jesus for all of us!
There's salvation in Jesus, salvation in Jesus,
Salvation in Jesus for you ---
and for Me!"

The very numerous other verses differed by substituting for the word "salvation" such words as "redemption," "grace," "resurrection," "immortality," "glory" and the like, I rejoice to say with little consideration for so purely pagan a matter as metre.

No society is so easily carried away by its cranks as London Society. "Father Ambrose" might have stayed with almost any Duchess in the Kingdom; but when at the end of a long and glorious season, with a ragged throat and a record bag of sinners, his medical adviser insisted on rest, it was the invitation of Lord and lady Marcus Masters that he accepted.

Absolutely perfect rest! was the doctor's last word; positively "no" society!

So we lose this interesting trinity for a moment and return to the Albert Hall at the close of the last of his meetings.

"Had the man a brother?" asked a rabbit-faced little nondescript of a man with a meek voice.

"I assure you he had not," replied his interlocutor --- who might have been a dog-stealer out of work.

"But it is he himself then!" insisted the first. "I cannot mistake the voice and the gesture. The face is all wrong, I know, but. ..."

"Of course; what's in a face? But I went close, I tell you. I went to the 'glory form,' as they call it, and he prayed with me for twenty minutes."

"In full light?" asked the first.

"Quite full; yet I can't swear to it that the face is made up."

"Come, come!" interjected the first speaker, reproachfully. {199}

"I can't, sir!" he insisted. "But what I can swear to is the eyes; a man can't fake his eyes."

"Well?"

"Our man's were grey, pale grey. This man's are a strange dark iridescent purple --- very catlike."

"That settles it, of course. But yet --- I wish I could feel satisfied."

A third man touched him on the arm. "News, sir!" he said: "strange, grave news!"

"Yes?" turned the other, swift as a snake.

"Father Ambrose is leaving London to-morrow."

"I knew that, Smithers;" he snapped.

"--- with Lord and Lady Marcus Masters."

"Damn your eyes!" he yelled in excitement --- "sorry, Jackson! I mean the evidence of "his" eyes; there's something up, depend on it. Follow to the office; I must work out a new plan to-night."

They moved off separately, the man Jackson cursing his superior for a dreaming fool who preferred intuition to plain fact.

CHAPTER VII{WEH NOTE: Had "VIII" by typo.}

LITERALISM IN PRACTICE

DESPITE the merry detective and his gallant men, or possibly because of their unceasing vigilance, nothing whatever happened. Yet Lord Marcus grew ever more pious, and gloomier; he had strange fits of weeping which alarmed his gentle wife; curious blushes would come over him without {200} apparent cause. He grew morose, unkind to village children, who lacked the accustomed smile. He began to neglect his appearance. "If thy right hand" (he cried one day, reproached for cruelly beating a dog --- how unlike our gentle Marcus!) "offend thee, cut it off! For it is better for thee to enter into Life maimed, than having two hands to be cast into the lake of fire. How much more then, if my dog offend me?"

Father Ambrose was genuinely distressed by these scenes. His influence, and his alone, seemed to calm the unhappy pietist --- yet these interviews, beneficial as they seemed at the time, left a deeper irritation behind. Lord Marcus began to treat his wife with contempt and aversion; his temper grew daily more uncertain.

One day his wife took Father Ambrose aside, and suggested that medical treatment would relieve the strain. But the good man forbade all profane interference with "the wonderful workings of the Lord with the soul."

"Believe me, dear lady," he would say, "in His own good time the dear Lord knows how to bring our dear Marcus into His marvellous light."

And she was fain to be satisfied.

So far no open scandal.

What brought matters to a climax was this.

One fine holiday, Lord Marcus, in his aimless way, was wandering in the village. Children were sporting in one corner with their big sisters and brothers; some game of forfeits was being played. Lord Marcus looked on moodily, hardly seeing, save to regret that these children were not all groaning over Sin in some damp Bethel.

A great clapping of hands. A buxom wench had broken {201} some rule, or failed in some test; and must pay forfeit. The judge solemnly condemned her: ---

"By Peter and Andrew and Mary and Anne
You must go and kiss the prettiest man!"

They all laughed shrill. But the wench, with a snigger, slyly approached the unconscious Marcus, threw her arms round him, and kissed him loud upon the lips.

Marcus started from his reverie, struck her fiercely in the face, and, crying "Accursed! accursed! accursed!" fled up the street.

The shrieking girl, with her lip bleeding from his signet ring, stared after him --- as one who has seen Satan. Sobered, the children ceased their game, and fell to weeping. Some of the lads threw stones at the maniac; some started to follow, with coarse oaths. But he ran like a hare, and shut himself into his house. For three days he would see nobody; at last Father Ambrose, who was going to America to start a

great revival there, insisted on bidding him farewell.

The good man found his noble patron in bed, looking like death, yet with a strange light in his eyes.

What passed none knew; but the ex-monk, pale as ashes, came to bid adieu to Lady Marcus. He was deeply moved. "Do not intrude upon him!" he said, "the crisis is over. Your husband is a great saint!"

But the American crusade never caught fire. Or the preacher lacked the flint, or his audience the steel, and after a futile fortnight the revival fizzled out. Ambrose gave notice that he must seek counsel of the Lord; something (he thought) was the matter with his personal holiness that the dear Lord {202} no longer saw fit to use him. He disappeared, and none knew whither.

But the Marquis?

One day by post from Lagos came to him a shameful, an atrocious, an abominable packet --- a nameless horror. And on the wrapping there was written:

"Lord Barfield, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune."

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHAPEL OF REVENGE

MARCUS MASTERS never rallied from the shock.

Tubercle caught his enfeebled frame in its grip; in less than a year he shrivelled to a corpse.

With the aged Marquis of Ercildoune the enemy had become a nightmare, an incubus, an obsession. The poor old man trembled at every whisper. Why did they whisper? What did they wish to hide from him? Some new misfortune? What did this stranger want at the house? Who was he? Lord Barfield feared even his own detectives.

Surely the shadow of the curse lay heavy on the House of Ercildoune.

A certain trusted valet, an old man whom he had known and loved from boyhood, long ere he took on him the fatal marquisate, was his daily companion. Deeply did he scrutinize each visitor to the once great house, now fallen and neglected. What did the Marquis care? Even his giant fortune-tree was somewhat lopped by the maintenance of {203} what had grown to practically a standing army. In every country of the globe his men sought ceaselessly for traces of the escaped convict. Grayson had Ten Thousand Pounds upon his head; yet he seemed safe as Prince Charlie was among his Highland hearts.

Some men doubted nine-tenths of the history. At the worst Grayson must have died somewhere. A desperate life and a desperate death. Why not ere now? He had not been heard of assuredly for years. Wise men remarked that Father Ambrose was certainly not young Grayson. The Marquis was a madman who saw family feuds in stones, and Grayson in everything.

The detectives would joke about it. When one took cold, he would laugh, "Grayson getting at me again." A funeral in the force was called a "Grayson."

Grim laughter must have filled the soul of that strange man, wherever it was that he

lurked.

Ay! the great house of Ercildoune was hushed. Men did not care to pass those portals. Even as the ivy gripped the walls of the castle, so the curse clung upon all the hearts of great house.

Long and earnestly, therefore, did the old watchdog of the Marquis gaze into the eyes of the strange bearded turbaned man that stole to the side gate one night and asked for admission.

Even so, he refused him. Then the Indian drew off his sandal, and from between the leathers took a scrap of paper. In the well-known cheirograph of Roland Rex, of late so longed-for, were the words, "Good news of my by mouth."

The suspicion old man was not yet convinced. This {204} devil Grayson of all devils was most clever to disguise himself as an angel of light.

But the Marquis thought otherwise. "Bring him in!" he cried. Some intuition told him that the words rang true.

Yet the obstinate old servant took his precautions like a wise general. He led the messenger through a dark passage, and, stumbling, took care to feel him for a hidden weapon. Nor, leading him into the very sight of Ercildoune, did he fail to cover him with his own pistol.

The old man lifted up his head. "You bring news of my grandson?" he asked in Hindustani.

"The best of news," was the answer in English, and Roland Rex, shaking off his turban, stepped forward and kissed his grandsire's trembling hand.

Like a stone god, steeled against all emotion, the ancient noble told in chill bleak words the hideous story of Marcus. Then he rose.

"Come!" he said.

At one end of the apartment was a tall door concealed by curtains of black velvet. Beyond lay a strange chapel. Here hung upon the walls the portraits of those dead Ercildounes. Above the altar with its lighted candles flaming was the terrible face of God, a God of Wrath and Vengeance, the awful God of Judgment, who visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children.

Upon the altar, draped all in black, stood the ghastly trophies of the curse, each in its casket, each with its sardonic inscription.

And on the empty monstrance was the scroll, "How long, O Lord, how long?" {205}

Roland started. The terror of the place ate like a cancer into his soul. The curse came home to him. Unreal, in a sense, these old catastrophes had been. These monuments of infernal hate meant little. Now he saw himself as the very target of those frightful arrows, and utmost fear smote him. He feared even lest his old grandfather were an enemy, some appalling avatar of his unresting foe.

Roland sank down before the altar and abased himself, reaching his hands up too Heaven.

Awhile he prayed; then he arose and swore that by God's help he would root out this monster from the fair earth polluted by his infamy.

The old man followed him in silence, approving. Together they left the chapel, with the echo still afloat in their ears.

The pair spent hours of dreary, profitless talk, wasting days in interviewing detectives, and drafting new plans of campaign. The only profitable work done was the

reading of all the reports by Roland, afraid lest he should miss one clue.

At the end he shrugged his shoulders. "Accident helped us before," he said, "and may help us again. But before all let no man know that I am still alive, and I will enter that dark hall of namelessness where Grayson lives. There is, I fancy, one man that may help us, the man that sentenced him --- Mr. Justice Laycock." {206}

CHAPTER IX

MR. JUSTICE LAYCOCK

MR. JUSTICE LAYCOCK was a capital whip, and his four-in-hand was one of the sights of the Park in the season. If, during the off-season, he chose to keep his hand in by practice in St. John's Wood, at midnight, and indoors, well --- it was his business, and not ours.

And a very merry old gentleman he was.

Roland Rex just missed him at the club. There was nothing for him to do. He was big and strong, and very tired of tragedy; he had not tasted the over-ripe fruits of London for four years; nor indeed had he the disposition to set his teeth in a hard sharp apple.

He lounged off, with a tired man's eagerness for pleasure, rolled in and out of the Pavilion, stood speechless on the brink of Scott's for minutes that passed like hours, too stupid to go anywhere.

To one who has fallen so far there is but one refuge: --- the Continental.

Put your foot on the rung of "that" ladder, and you are safe to reach the bottom!

In sooth, a little past midnight he got away from the drunken turmoil --- himself a little enlivened by the light and the laughter and the wine --- at the cost of having pledged himself to protect from molestation a beautiful maiden with cheeks far too natural, teeth far too regular, hair far too well-groomed, shoulders far too white, breasts far too well-shaped, {207} dress far too well-cut, to be anything but a hideous monstrosity in the eyes of the healthy man.

The chivalry of his conduct melted the frosty hesitation of the fair one; on arrival at her house she asked him in to rest for a few moments.

The sound of childish laughter from within assured him that he need not fear to disturb the household; so he followed the lady, who took her latchkey and slipped in.

Like an adder he darted back. "For God's sake, Kissums," he whispered, catching her by the priceless Mechlin sleeve of her, "there's the very man I want to see --- and if he sees me now there's an end of it!"

For within the door stood Mr. Justice Laycock. He had harnessed four pretty girls in reins of blue ribbon, and was driving them gaily up and down the stairs with a whip, while he occasionally blew on the horn that hung from his neck.

It is said that Archimedes, having discovered the principle of the lever, leapt from his bath, shouting "Eureka" as his sole contribution to the usual toilet of a philosopher; and an equally brilliant idea must, one may believe, have seized the learned judge with equal intensity and suddenness. But if in this respect his costume as coachman seemed incongruous, the same complaint could not have been laid against his steeds,

who reproduced the normal costume of a horse with the most scrupulous fidelity.

In the event, Roland suitably bestowed his fair charge at a great West-End Hotel, and repaired early in the morning to try and interview the judge in chambers.

But he had not appeared; and after an hour of useless {208} waiting Roland strolled back to lunch at the Savoy, and a little later to his rooms.

About four o'clock the posters caught his eye ---

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A JUDGE

and a brief notice --- vilely padded out to trick the public into the idea that the paper possessed some information --- told him that it was Mr. Justice Laycock that was missing.

"Asses!" chuckled Roland from the height of his superior knowledge. "Somebody has run off with the old boy's clothes for a lark! Oh! won't I roast him over this!"

By ten o'clock the affair had grown fearful and wonderful. One paper had it that he had been seen at Folkestone: another said that he had received an urgent call to his sick son in Paris; and so on. All to be squelched by the official statement that he was not missing at all, but confined to his room by the very slightest of all possible indispositions, and would almost certainly be at work as usual on the morrow. So simple was this admirable lie that even Roland believed it. Two days elapsed, and he learnt only that "the indisposition of Mr. Justice Laycock had proved more severe than was at first supposed, and his medical advisers had recommended perfect rest for a week. There was no cause whatever for any anxiety."

But a few noticed that all this did not explain why he was at first reported missing; it did not explain why numberless strangers called at the judge's house: it did not explain the {209} extraordinary activity of Scotland Yard in certain parts of the metropolis.

On the following Sunday "Reynolds's" asked broadly in fat type "WHERE IS LAYCOCK?" and Roland was still far from an answer when his bell rang, and an Inspector from Scotland Yard, accompanied by a little rabbit-faced man, asked for a private interview.

"It's about this business of Mr. Justice Laycock," began the Inspector. "I must ask you to keep it absolutely private, sir, but he is not ill at all. He is really missing; he left his club at nine o'clock last Friday and has not been seen since."

"Oh, yes, he has!" Roland cheerfully retorted. "I saw him myself at one o'clock the following morning --- I must ask you to keep it absolutely private --- driving a very pretty four-in-hand up and down the stairs at 40, Roumania Road, St. John's Wood.

The Inspector whistled. "That's the biggest lift yet," he said.

"Well, this gentleman" --- indicating the rabbit-faced man --- "will have it that there's some connection between this case and ----"

"This," said the rabbit-faced man, coming forward.

"What make you think so?"

"This parcel is addressed to Lord Ercildoune, sir, and I think I know the writing." He really trembled as he said it. "You are fully responsible to his Lordship," he went on, "I take it; and between you and me, sir, I fear this parcel may be something of a shock, so

we took the extreme liberty of delaying it."

"You did right," said Rex kindly. {210}

"With your permission, sir, we will open it here and at once."

The Inspector cut the string and tore off the wrapping. A beautiful box of tortoise-shell inlaid with finest filigree of gold lay exposed.

The rabbit-faced man searched for the spring.

"Pull yourself together, sir!" he said sharply.

Lifting the lid, he disclosed a human tongue. To their horrified imagination it seemed still warm and quivering.

"Look! Look!" --- the Inspector recovered himself quickly enough. Indeed, the inner lid of the box bore this inscription, beautifully chased in gold ---

"The tongue that sentenced me.

"Lord Barfield, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune."

They stood, rooted to the ground. Upon that stupendous moment the hateful clamour of the telephone broke in. Rex rushed to it, more to silence than to answer it. But the voice came stern and loud ---

"Is that Mr. Coffyn?"

"No --- yes, of course! What is it?"

It was Rex's assumed name. In that supreme moment he forgot all accidents, stifled with the very breath of hell.

"Is Inspector Maggs with you, sir? May I speak to him?"

Roland handed across the receiver.

"Yes, I'm Maggs. Who are you?"

"Innes. Old Madame Zynsky has owned up: she's here now. Can you come?"

"Right. Ring off, please." {211}

"Will you come round with us, sir? Your evidence may be useful, if only to get the truth from Mother Zynsky."

Roland took his hat. The scent was getting warm.

CHAPTER X

MADAME ZYNSCKY

MADAME ZYNSCKY was the Flaubourg St. Germain of the underworld. She had been magnificent, and retained alike the appearance and the pride. She was only too ready, once having taken the step, to throw herself into the arms of justice, and grease the wheels of the chariot of the Law.

Yet it was a black enough business. There was not only the corpse of one of his Majesty's Judges to explain away, but the corpse of a child to whom the most liberal cynic could not give fifteen summers.

The police had started sniffing around on the very morning of the murder, which she had not discovered till eleven o'clock, when, having no sign of her distinguished guest, she had applied her eye to the peephole of the room, and seen the two dead bodies, and a sickening stream of blood, already chill and clotted on the floor.

So much was easy to tell, even if she risked a dose of penal servitude --- one could

never tell what these police would do! Somehow, she fancied, the matter would not come into court.

But what the Inspector did want to know was this: Who had been there that night?

This she rolled off glibly, though she risked her livelihood. {212} But the police were a good sort; they would not hurt an honest woman's trade; she was useful enough to them in a hundred ways, God knew!

They would not let her clients know that she betrayed them. Well, thank God, there was one question that he did not ask; what women were there? That is, other than the ordinary.

Did the Inspector know who had done it? She thought perhaps he did. This was no ordinary crime.

Yes! it would be all right for her. They could never bring up the little girl against her; she had her answer for that! She was a cowardly fool not to have come straight to the police on that dreadful first morning, when a thousand expedients worse than foolish jostled each other in her shrewd old skull. No! perhaps it was better to give the man a chance to clear out. The police would prefer that too.

"Mr. Fitzgerald would like a word, sir!" came an interruption at the door.

Mr. Fitzgerald was Laycock's best friend.

"Any news, Inspector?" he whispered.

"The worst, sir, I'm sorry to say."

"Dead?"

"Ay, sir, and worse!"

"Worse? You are mad!"

"Murdered, so that if I had Grayson here in this office, I wouldn't dare to lay a finger on him. I can't bear it, sir; it's a shame to the force. Go, sir, you must break it to his wife --- bear up, sir. We must face it all like men. But --- look what I've seen to-night, sir!

And he silently handed over the tortoise-shell box. {213}

"Look here, gentlemen," said the rabbit-faced man, who with Roland had joined them at the door. "That man Grayson has never made but one mistake. He loved his father, and it cost him nigh two years in gaol. He won't do a silly thing like that again! He has committed every crime from petty larceny to murder, these thirty years --- and tripped but once. Catch him!" and the little man laughed screechily.

It jarred them, one and all. Indeed there seemed a fate about it.

"I shall go to Lady Laycock," said Fitzgerald shortly. "To you, Inspector, I only say one word: there is a God above."

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders.

They went back to the adorable Zynsky, who was now quite at her ease. Indeed, had she been Queen of England for a decade she could hardly have borne herself more majestically.

The physical appearance of all her guests supplied her with an inexhaustible fund of talk. Suddenly the Inspector stopped her.

"By the way," he said, "who was the little girl?"

Madame Zynsky was equal to the occasion.

"Inspector Maggs," she said solemnly, "I pledge you my word that it has nothing to do with the case, and I strongly advise you not to ask."

"H'm" --- the Inspector was but half convinced.

"The whole affair will be hushed up --- you know it as well as I do! Well!" the placid old voice rippled on, "I will tell you a little story."

"Nonsense!" said the Inspector sternly. {214}

"I knew a very clever policeman in Vienna --- never mind how many years ago! who was engaged in a very similar case. That young man had his fingers on a very great criminal --- one of the lowest blackguards in Vienna --- but the night before he arrested him he had a very curious dream."

"Yes?" said the Inspector, amused. "We don't dream much in London, Madame!"

"You'd better learn," retorted the old woman grimly. "This young man dreamt that he was hunting for a superintendent's badge in the mud; his fingers closed on it, and --- it was a Royal Crown. A red-hot Royal Crown, and it burnt him! 'Twas only the girl with his shaving water that touched his hand with the hot jug to wake him; but while he shaved he thought, and, while he thought, the criminal slipped out of Austria; and the very same post that brought that disappointing news consoled him with news of his appointment to that very 'surintendence' he had dreamed of."

"Now wasn't that funny?" she concluded, with a chuckle.

"The Inspector is a witty man," interposed Roland, "but you go and try the joke on the most Noble the Marquis of Ercildoune. You'll find, Inspector," he added, "that this affair won't hush up quite as smoothly as all that. I shall see you later. Good-bye!" and he strolled off.

"You may go, Madame," said the Inspector; "we shall always know where to lay our hands on you --- and I'll think it over."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen!" and the disgusting creature swept out of the office with the airs of a duchess.

Left to themselves, the two men silently produced their {215} pipes. They were nearly through the first before the rabbit-faced man opened his mouth.

"Tell you what, Maggs," he said, "if I had Grayson here, I'd choke him right away, and change what happened after."

The Inspector reached out his hand.

"And not think twice about it," was his only comment.

CHAPTER XI

THE CROWN PRINCESS

THE more Maggs thought about it, the less Maggs like it. But the certainty of Ercildoune's resentment was bound to outweigh the dubious threats of the old harridan of Roumania Road. After all, she might be bluffing. He determined to go into the case with even more than his accustomed zeal.

But this peculiar case seemed to object to the process.

All his clues were woolly --- everybody had a quite straightforward story to tell, and not a soul had heard or seen anything. Of the five or six dapper young men that frequented the house there was not one in the least like the missing Grayson. Every one of them was a fine strapping upstanding healthy clean-living youth, such as

England is proud of. Every one of them lived in an honourable way and could be traced back to the cradle.

But they were frankly indifferent to the detective, and had all made a point of seeing and hearing a little less than nothing. Only one, a Mr. Segrave, the private secretary of {216} the Crown Princess (as she was called by every one), offered to assist him.

"Look here, Inspector," he said, "for private reasons of my own I should like to see this matter cleared up. Now you're on the wrong tack altogether. Everybody knows all about old Zynsky's men. You have a look round at the women."

"Well," said Maggs, "I have quite certain information that it was done by a man."

"Or by a woman at his command. You're a smart man, Inspector Maggs; but if you leave out the women, they'll call you Maggots. You have a look round at the women."

"What do you know, sir?"

"I can tell you of two or three who were there that night --- but I shan't. You can find out easily enough from other sources, and -----"

"Thank you!" said Maggs, "you needn't change my name yet; you've told me."

And off he went.

"There was a Segrave in this case before, too," mused Maggs. "Of course. Captain Segrave, killed with Roland Rex in that avalanche. But, Great Scott! Mr. Rex was not killed. Where is Captain Segrave, then?"

These lying official reports! Perhaps even Mr. Rex himself would hardly know the truth of that story.

Nor did Roland, on being questioned, think the facts of the case good to report, and fubbed off the Inspector with the usual commonplaces of official stupidity.

Rex could hardly have explained this reticence, even to himself. Perhaps the shock of the affair had a good deal to {217} do with it. In any case he held his tongue, and a really priceless clue was lost. The Inspector left young Segrave to himself, and busied himself with other threads. Yet, had he but known it, young Seagrave was like a silken skein of Ariadne, to lead him to the hell-heart of the labyrinth.

* * * * *

The young man went over to his mistress, to perform his daily secretarial duties. The Crown Princess was known and beloved all over England. The infamous conduct of her vile husband was perhaps but guessed; yet the one shameful bargain, the refusal to accede to which had cost her a throne, was well enough understood to make her the idol of that mean and obscene class of English people that love to think themselves generous and pure.

Divorced though she was, she commanded the esteem and affection of the Court as of the crowd; and if, as a few blackguard busybodies hinted, she sought elsewhere that solace which our beautiful social system had denied her, it was surely her own affair. Not that any decent person listened for an instant to the breath of scandal; in fact, one or two men had been soundly horsewhipped for something less than a whisper to her discredit.

The secretary found his mistress awaiting him. She lay on a magnificent divan of tigers' skins, seriously smoking a cigarette with long deep inhalations. There was more Eastern blood than Austrian in her veins; nay! but the naked Tartar showed clear as noonday in her supple gestures and savage face.

She rose as he entered. She was a woman of full six feet, her body strong and lithe

as a leopard's; too slight almost to support the weight of her marvelous head. Of the semi-Mongolian {218} type, with long sleepy eyes, and eyebrows bushy and black as a raven, the nose more snub than straight with the nostrils jutting like an animal's, the mouth a scarlet slit with thinnest lips crowned with a black down, the teeth strong and projecting, the jaw square and portentous. The cheeks were hollow, and they and the whole face glistened with that coarse dead blue (only enlivened by the purple of two moles upon the chin) that one only sees in Eastern Europe. All this was on a mighty model; its poise on the slight shoulders served to accentuate its great size; so did her lustrous hair. Of gleaming dead blue-black, it rolled and twisted tightly about her in innumerable coils. One would have said Medusa with her snakes!

Yet all the wonder and horror of the head was instantly blotted out when she spoke. 'Twas like some gentle far-off silver bell borne down on the Zephyr to one's listening ear. 'Twas of no great volume, but most utter sweet.

So also the sleepy nectar of her long oblique eyes set deep in the rocky fastness of cheekbone and eyebrows stole out to give you of the nectar of her soul.

Verily a marvel! That all the tenderness and truth of a Madonna should force itself to expression through so dark a veil! Yet it did so. little children ran to kiss the ugly face. When she smiled, it was a world of beauty --- and she always smiled.

A marvellous artifice of beauty thus to hide itself in repulsion! She stood upright on the tiger-skins, her body draped in a clinging cascade of scarlet and silver sequins in the half-light against the deep azure tapestry of the wall, and waited. {219}

CHAPTER XII

MISS ARUNDELL

"MR. SEGRAVE," she said at last, "I have no letters this morning; but I have a task of some difficulty for you: well, of absurdity rather, but I assure you that it is of the last importance to my interests. You will please go out and buy at the first ironmonger's a hammer and three long French nails; with these proceed to Gildford Street near Russell Square. You will perceive upon a hoarding a poster bearing the words 'APPLE SOAP.' Kindly drive a nail into the centre of each letter P. You had better leave the motor at the corner of the street. Return, instantly and without looking round, to the car, drive to Brighton, and drop the hammer from the pier-head into the sea. Then leave this cipher message on the ground, and return. You may wait on me to-morrow morning at the same hour."

The secretary bowed and withdrew. "Send Miss Arundell to me as you go out," she added: "I wish to be read to."

In a few moments the door opened quietly, and Eileen Arundell appeared.

What a difference to her mistress was this true-hearted English maiden! Neither tall nor short, but of a graceful habit, the supple beautiful body was crowned with the daintiest face in the world. A shade piquant in expression, yet the glorious sincerity of her fearless eyes stamped her as no coquette. The lips were not too full, not too red; curved, yet not curved too much; and deliciously tiny was the whole mouth, set in the delicately chiselled face with its blush ever {220} flaming over the creamy languor of her

cheeks. The eyes were grey shaded with blue; the hair was of that fine gossamer gold of which the angels make their harpstrings.

She and her mistress loved each other like twin sisters; the gentle innocence of the one matched well with the sagacious kindness of the other, and the subtle fascination of the ugly Princess was a splendid foil to the frank appeal of her lovely companion.

Princess Stephanie greeted her with an affectionate caress; then sank back upon her rugs. "Je suis enervee! read me of Flaubert --- no, of Balzac. Ah! but not that horrible "Peau de Chagrin," my beautiful. Read me "La Fille aux yeux d'or."

Eileen knew the mood. Silently she found the book, and seating herself at the edge of the divan, close to the exquisite feet of the Princess, interpreted in her low melodious voice the inspired words of the great magician of Touraine.

"Eileen," said Stephanie, after an hour had passed, "old Mr. Jukes will be here this morning. I expect very important news of this projected loan, and I shall require to be quite undisturbed. You must lock the double doors, and see that nobody approaches. You understand quite clearly that a single whisper in the city at this juncture would ruin the whole scheme --- and then where would your little fortune be?" she added playfully.

"Do you really mean it, Stephanie darling?" murmured the timid child. "You will really give me a thousand pounds of stock? I hardly believe there is so much money in the whole world."

You have earned it well kitten!" laughed the Princess. "You have been very useful to us, I assure you. Who would {221} suspect my beautiful kitten of negotiating a scheme that will startle four capitals when it is made public? Go now, darling one, and see that Mr. Jukes enters unobserved."

The fair girl kissed her mistress, and glided out of the room.

Left to herself, Stephanie gave rein to a tempest of warring passions. She rolled to and fro on the divan like one in grievous pain of body; she lighted a cigarette, and threw it away again; she tried to read, and was revolted by the stupidity of the author in not casting a dazzling light upon her immediate perplexity. She even tried to pray before the dim-lit icon in the little eastern niche; but the Madonna had no message for her.

The paroxysm was luckily soon cut short; the door moved slowly inwards, and the old financier stood before her. The door closed behind him, and Stephanie heard the swish of Eileen's dress, and the turning of the key in the outer lock. She herself made fast the inner door, and turned to greet her visitor.

Mr. Jukes was a bent old man of a pronounced Jewish cast of countenance, with bright eyes gleaming from under his shaggy eyebrows. He walked somewhat lamely, and leant upon his serviceable oaken staff.

Stephanie drew the curtains over the window.

The consultation was prolonged and intense. It seemed that the Princess was torn by the claws of many conflicting emotions, those vultures that scent the carcass of the dead soul from afar.

What awful grief had stunned her? What dreadful passion moved her? {222}

How should the cold concentration of high finance admit elements so incongruous?

Nor was the old Jew unmoved by the strange episodes of which she had to inform him. Anger and fear held the situation in a fiery grip. Only the most dazzling brilliance of imagination could inspire dull ingenuity.

Long they talked loud; their voices slowly lessened in volume as the minutes passed;

but it was an hour before the conversation sank to confidential whispers. The fusion of these two great intellects, triumphing over personal interest, had produced a gigantic masterpiece of intrigue.

Silently and secretly as he had come, the old Hebrew departed; and Eileen returned to her mistress and friend to find fresh vigour and delight replace the apathy and ennui of the morning.

"You have read me Balzac, dear," she said; "I in my turn will tell you a stranger story than he ever imagined. First, I have good news for you. A certain young gentleman we know of is not dead at all, but in London."

Eileen flamed all over with joyful blushes.

"Ah, but there is ill news, too. There are enemies of him and his family; desperate, powerful enemies --- and they may seek his life."

The fair girl paled, but kept her courage.

"I am your friend," the Princess said, "and we will try and find a way to defeat them."

Warmly the two women embraced; the child nestled into the strong white arms.

The tale of family distress that she unfolded has already been in part disclosed. {223}

Some of the earlier, some of the most recent events were yet dark.

Indeed, the long tale which the Princess told to her dependant was but a partial and distorted view of the events.

We shall understand it better if we look on the affair from the impersonal standpoint, if we go back in time a hundred years, to the generation before Ewan Dhu.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

LONG years before, John, third Marquis of Ercildoune, had begotten two strong sons upon Margaret his wife. The elder, Dugal, had proved but a wild lad, and cared more to wander with the gipsy folk and run for lace and French brandy with the smugglers than to acquire the artificial polish of a noble, and to bow and scrape in the gilt flunkeydom of Court society. The old Marquis cared little; 'twas the wild old blood. If he risked life, what care?

But the wildness grew; the heir went wandering for a year and more at once; still the old Marquis went his way, and took but little heed.

Yet suddenly his folly's crown came on him.

Dugal, after an absence of some months, returned one Lammas Eve with a black-browed wench from Brittany for his wife.

Here was a tangle not to be cut; the devout Catholic was bound to respect the blessing of the Church. He could but {224} pray for death to take her. A week they stayed in the castle; the woman sickened of the fine food and fair clothes; she bore herself like an harlot --- as indeed she was --- bold and impudent and free with the very lacqueys. Nor did her husband care; all day he drank in the great hall, and shamed his father's roof-tree, while his lady, almost as drunk as he, romped with the scullions.

Then the old man, hard stricken, drove them forth to their mates, the outlaws, and set a curse upon his house that he should never enter it.

A year passed. Ewan, a sober goodly lad, did what he could to assuage his father's shame. But that was little. Still, he rode among the people, and sought to fit himself for the duties of a good magistrate.

One winter's night, as he rode homeward, he saw the red flame glitter over the fisher-village by the sea. He set spurs to his horse, and rode in. A band of smugglers, it seemed, had landed their cargo that night, and were carousing in honour of success. Merriness turned to madness, and in their frenzy they set light, for laughter, to some fisher's cot. The flames spread; the fishermen took alarm, and when the smugglers fought against their attempts to extinguish the fire, attacked them. When Ewan arrived, he saw the riot in the darkness lit by the fitful glare of the blazing huts. He joined the fight, and his long sword turned swiftly the issue. The smugglers fled, save one who wheeled a burning brand caught from the fire, and smote therewith lustily about him. The two champions faced each other, knew each other. Ewan let fall his sword. "Dugal!" he cried. "Jacob!" answered the other; then laughed: "But your hour is come, man Ewan!" {225} and lifted his club to strike. But a fisher lad darted in, and with his clasp-knife struck him in the throat. The wild Lord Dugal fell without a sigh.

Death sobered all the storm: the winds and clouds joined in to aid the peace; a clamour of great rain rushed down and quenched the last of the fire. Ewan knelt by his dead brother in the darkness.

Death atoned for all; he bore him to the castle, and they buried him lordly; his life was forgotten, only his birth remembered. Four years passed by, and the old Marquis slept with his fathers; Ewan Dhu inherited the fiefs of Ercildoune. Again twelve years; Ewan was married, and bright sons were born to him.

All was at peace; the land prospered exceedingly. Yet trouble was in store. A hundred miles away in the hills lived an old witch, a miser. News came that she had been robbed and murdered. The runners were hard on the track of the murderer, and but a day after this news arrived Ewan, riding lonely through the park as was his wont, was held by an old woman and a youth. "Save me, mine uncle!" was his cry.

Then Ewan knew his brother's wife. "This is Lord Dugal's boy," she wept, "Lord Dugal's foully slain when facing you in fight!" She wove a web of falsehood as to the cause for their plight; and he, always accusing himself of his brother's misfortunes, must haste to hide them in that cavern under the waterfall where, later, he was to meet the Rosicrucian, his master. But he had cherished snakes. The hue-and-cry after the murderer died away; Ewan conveyed the fugitives safely to America. Then they turned and struck. {226} By force of law they sought to oust their benefactor from the Marquise. But Ercildoune had learnt that it was the murderer of an old woman (though a witch) that he had hidden from the the gallows; he determined to hold what he had. "Wild and foolish was Dugal," he exclaimed, "but never sire to this hell-brat, born in wedlock though he may have been." He sent a trusty servant to the priest who had married his brother, and by money and finesse obtained the mutilation of the register. With his wealth and influence he fought them to the death; it was held not proven that the boy was Dugal's son. It was held proven that two years before his death she had left him for a master-thief named Grayson, whom she had married. This marriage was held good, the former null.

Ewan had triumphed; but his sensitive nature left him never at ease. He sought consolation in the study of the stars, in the companionship of wise and holy men; he

was admitted postulant to the mysterious brotherhood of the Rosy Cross. This availed him, maybe, to his own soul; but how could it avoid the Doom of Ercildoune?

As we have seen he surrendered to the curse, and put his trust in God.

Now even as the third distillation of a spirit is purer than the first, so in evil the thief Grayson was but a watery mixture, and the harlot but a child in iniquity. Their son was murderer and traitor from the breast; but genius leapt in him. Conquering his early errors, his futile pettiness of murdering an old woman for her hoarded sixpences, he rose to eminence in infamy. While yet young, he amassed a fortune in the New England States by a supreme exercise of the pharisaical {227} hypocrisy and smug dishonesty for which the people of that part of the world have been and still are justly celebrated.

At thirty-five he had shuffled his now useless old mother into the workhouse, had married the only daughter of the richest man in Boston, had gotten a healthy son, and was ready to devote his life to restoring the rights of primogeniture.

A year in London, and the aid of the cleverest counsel, convinced him that he had no shadow of hope in law. Might should make right, he said, and let loose the leashed passions of his boyhood. A hideous plan leapt full-armed from his mighty yet devilish brain.

His achievements and failures have already been recounted, even unto that colossal stroke of irony that Fate so glibly played on the railway just north of Marseille, where this master-Anarch fell by the hand of the meanest of his tribe.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FLOWER OF THE MISCHIEF

THAT which was the dream of the father became the hope of the son. Rich enough to maintain an obsequious band of clever blackguards, it was easy to arrange his escape from prison, and assure himself a hundred safe retreats. Handsome and fascinating, with a subtle brain, he could bend to his will many of those beyond the lure of gold. He was sharp enough to see from the first that his only chance of regaining the lost glory was not only to carry out his father's ghastly revenge and so stamp out the house of Ercildoune, {228} but to gain such domination in the houses of power that it should become the necessary interest of England herself to gloss over his offences, and establish him in the enviable seat.

To this end, therefore, he worked steadily. Many a lady of high rank was ready to throw herself into his arms, under one of his numberless disguises, which, deep as they might be, could never conceal the essential force and genius of the man. But he threw them aside as quickly as he picked them up. A month to subdue them, a month to test their influence and find it wanting, and a day to rid himself of them.

At last he met and conquered one who could answer fully his ambition. What mysterious levers she controlled he knew not; enough that she controlled him. It was through her that he found a man like Captain Segrave to sink himself in the nullity of a number --- 163 --- in his accursed band of cutthroats. It was through her that Ercildoune had fallen from favour in the Court; and was openly flouted as a madman.

A prevailing inner sense that Grayson was indeed the rightful Marquis, and likely innocent of all the crimes imputed to him, ruled in the inner circles round the throne. Nor had he failed to bind this woman to him by the deadliest bonds. Little by little he had led her from fairways to foul; at last he had wrought upon her even to this crowning horror --- he had made her commit a crime to serve him. So thought the impostor; but even the most desperate criminal is not always right. Was it possible that for the love of him she had done a deed at whose very contemplation many a hardened ruffian would have blanched? Was it she who had lured Laycock to his doom by the innocent bait, and the {229} knowledge of his hideous greed for maidenhood? Would she not have quailed as she took the knife and did a deed which --- had any dared to publish it --- would have set the world aghast?

But, whoever had done the deed, none dared to make it public. The newspapers reported all in good faith that Mr. Justice Laycock's indisposition had taken an unexpectedly serious turn; that pneumonia had supervened, and a weak heart had proved his bane. Barely a dozen people knew the dread secret; barely a score of others suspected some guile, they knew not what. And every mouth was sealed by interest or fear.

What was the use of Maggs and his determination to see the matter aired? What could he do to upset the bulletins and the death certificate? He threatened this and that; the holders of the secret smiled. He even forced himself upon Lady Laycock, and begged her to avenge her husband --- glossing his crime. She half relented; bade him come again. But before the appointment the too zealous detective received a quiet snub from his official chief, and the same evening found in his mail an offer to go to Milan at a very large salary to organize the police force in that city.

What could he do but throw up the sponge? In vain Roland Rex, with whom he had a last stolen interview, urged him to continue his endeavours. Bribes and entreaties were alike of no avail; Maggs had had enough of the task, and rolled off to Italy easier in his mind.

There was but one hope in the fast failing house of Ercildoune. Roland yet lived, and might avenge. The toils closed fast; only this lion might haply break them. Yet {230} hope might well have staggered, had but Ercildoune once guessed that Roland's escape was known to his pitiless and powerful foes.

Nor had they grasped, even with all the evidence before them, the all-reaching mastery of that awful brain. All they had drunk was but the froth upon the hell-brew; they were yet to come down to the dregs.

For while the bastard Marquis yet lay hidden in London, gloating over his last hideous stroke of vengeance, his wily soul grasped out at an idea yet greater than aught he had yet planned.

One master-stroke, one quintessential draught of utmost villany, and the whole problem should be solved, alike on one side and the other, to complete the doom of Ercildoune not only with death but with disgrace.

How? On what obscure and desperate fulcrum would he lean his lever? What lure or menace could bring him to the grievous end? Hath Euclid proved in vain that two circles which cut one another cannot have the same centre? Ah, but geometry is not life.

Even as Roland in despair reached to his youth's dream as his one last hope, so did

the deadly malice of the false Ercildoune spit out the name "Eileen Arundell."

CHAPTER XV

LOVE AMONG THE HOOLIGANS

SO far the adventure of Roland had led him no great distance. He haunted all the dens of vice in London; he {231} consorted with the vilest criminals, and flattered with attention all the old ghouls that batten on the grave of England's youth. He even gave himself out in various quarters as one of Grayson's gang; but to no purpose. Soon, too, he saw that so far from tracking his quarry, he was on the contrary being most adroitly stalked. An unpleasant sensation, as any who have followed a wounded tiger into thick jungle may admit.

Thus, one day a load of bricks fell over him from a ladder, but luckily scattered, so that he escaped with a graze; a second day, his hansom took the wrong turning, and whirled him down strange streets before he was aware. In the upshot, he was free at the cost of a scuffle with a bully.

Several more incidents of this sort occurred. It never stuck him that these were the clumsiest stratagems, that Grayson, if he were so minded, could probably have put him out of the way with ease. That did not occur to him: he attributed his escape to Providence and redoubled his precautions.

But the long search sickened him. Were it not for the terrific evidence of the arch-fiend's presence, he too could have believed him dead.

"I will take the risk," he said to himself, "and declare myself to the Beloved One."

For, ere the shadow of the Curse of Ercildoune fell on him, Roland's youth had been idyllic. Boy and girl together, he had worshipped Eileen Arundell.

What came between them but this doom? His grandfather had taken him aside, and told him all the woe; after that day he had withdrawn himself, and gone to the unknown, if haply he might find forgetfulness. And she? She never {232} guessed --- how could she guess? For he had not trusted himself to say "Farewell!" to her --- and so she kept the sorrow at her heart. Old Colonel Arundell died not long after, and left her well-nigh penniless. Fortunate that she had so good a friend as the Princess, who let her lack nothing.

She turned the cold scorn of her eyes on Seagrave's measured passion; wherein her faithfulness, though 'twere but a memory --- as it chanced --- availed to save her lover's life. How, shall be told in its due place.

But how to disclose his identity to his beautiful without letting the world into the secret was harder even than his resolution to trust her had been to take. It might well chance that her great and holy happiness in seeing him alive again would be swallowed up in some dire and irremediable catastrophe. Yet he saw no other road. Her influence with the Crown Princess might restore Ercildoune to favour, and set once more the engines of administration at work upon his side; true! Yet even more important to himself that her simple faith and purity might in some inscrutable manner pierce the awful mask that had so long baffled wealth, intelligence and power.

Of her truth he never doubted; but his late experiences had made him distrust even

the Post Office, that sheet-anchor of a Briton's faith.

Even as he sat in his little room in Stepney, where he was hiding since the numerous attempts upon his life had assured him that his enemies had discovered the fraud of the avalanche and were hot on his scent, the problem was solved, and that most strangely.

From the street came a sudden tumult of coarse laughter {233} and jeers, then a cry of anger and alarm above them, then a growing clamour and clatter. He looked out, and saw --- Great God! --- the very woman of his phantasy --- his own Eileen! --- running hard with flushed face towards him, pursued by a yelling crowd of young hooligans, the flower of our wonderful social system, and our masters to-morrow when the ideals of Keir Hardie have triumphed over manhood.

In a second he had reached the street door and flung it wide, at the same moment blowing a police whistle with all his force. "In here, Miss Arundell!" he cried.

She knew him instantly, and obeyed. In another minute some half-dozen of the hooligans lay sprawling on the pavement; the rest sheered off. Roland wasted no more time on them; the police, strolling up sulkily, would attend to them. He found Eileen on the stairs in a dead faint.

Lightly he bore her to his room, and revived her. For awhile nothing was said; the tension of the silence grew and grew. Without a word or a look he compelled her by sheer will. For her, fear held her back, but as she gazed she lost the nauseous disease of personality; rapture suddenly overcame her, and with one intense exclaim: "Roland, ah Roland!" she found herself sobbing in his arms. Closer and yet closer he caught her; his head bowed down --- was it in prayer? I believe it --- then willed her face to his. ...

That sun of glory looked up through the showers; the sweet chaste lips kindled, despite themselves; the world was blotted out; they kissed.

An hour later Eileen Arundell, with his mother's ring upon her finger, a new woman by the might of love, was telling her adventure. {234}

The Princess had sent her with a message to one of the many Christian missions, offering her great house for a lecture on the East-End; she would gather many an exalted, many a wealthy listener. Eileen had barely completed her errand and turned homeward when far along the street a dozen boys had begun to follow her with insult. She took no notice; they increased, drew closer, threatened her. At last one bolder and coarser than the rest tore at her hat; she turned, menacing; and at that moment received a cruel blow. She cried for help, and seeing none, began to run.

Roland began to see. The clumsy failures to strike him down were to be followed up more subtly. First, they would perhaps kill her before his eyes. And a blind anguish filled him; a sense of helplessness, like that which grips men in some great earthquake, swallowed up his soul.

If they had hope at all, it was surely in the power and intellect of the Princess. They would go to her and tell the whole strange story; she could not but be moved; she would help, she would save. Yet Eileen hesitated. Might it not be to bring her into the danger? Was any one so strong, so high, as to escape? Would the hand that had pulled down a Marquis and a Judge be stayed for a Princess?

On the other hand, was not the doubt an insult? Would not the great lady burn red with shame if she could hear? Surely it was a crime to doubt her all-but divinity. Would she ever forgive Eileen if one sorrow of that child-heart were kept back from her?

In Roland's absence, her father's death, what sympathy but hers? At the false news of Roland's death, had she not held her up with hope, fed her with sister tears, been as it were mother and sister and husband in one? {235} Had she not already some knowledge of the great conspiracy, and offered her protection?

Then they would go to her. Together, an hour later, they mingled their tears and kisses at her feet, while the royal woman, in a very tiger rage, had sworn by her own soul to save them, to bring them back to happiness, and peace to Ercildoune.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MENTAL CONDITION OF MR. SEAGRAVE

UNDER the aegis of this Kalmuc Minerva, Roland Rex enjoyed a measure of safety. The attempts on his life ceased; it seemed that the bloodhounds had lost the trail. The Princess hid him in a small house she had in Chelsea; he was wonderfully disguised by an old Hebrew named Jukes, a very master of the art of altering the human face. Luck was with him from the start; he fell in with one of Grayson's gang, and by nearly throttling the fellow in a certain low opium-den to which they had retired with the purpose of discussing in private various blackguard schemes, had obtained all sorts of valuable knowledge. Grayson had gone away; the Laycock scent was still warm; he would be back (and God knew Grayson would kill him if he discovered who had betrayed him) in some three months' time. Then let old Ercildoune beware of him! With much more of the same sort.

Roland could enjoy, too, now and again, --- but not too often! --- a stolen interview with exquisite Eileen. Hope and faith and love flowed back into the young man's soul: he felt no {236} doubt as to the issue. When Grayson returned --- by God, let him beware of Ercildoune!

It may or may not be true that every pleasure of ours is balanced by some other's pain, but in this instance it was surely so.

The mind of Mr. Segrave needed all his ultra-British hatred of visible emotion to hide its anguish from the world. He knew nothing of Roland's return; but he marked the love-light in the wondrous eyes of his adored Eileen, and knew that the flame was none of his kindling. While she was yet a virgin heart (or so he deemed, for the mask of sorrow hid her love) he could afford to wait, to work quietly, to win at his ease. As a jockey in the straight who should have eased his horse to a canter, and finds suddenly some despised outsider furious at his heels, he lost his head a little and lashed in a frenzy at his horse. One evening he caught Eileen alone, and poured out his whole passion.

Gently she put him by.

He could better have borne contempt. He caught her roughly, bruising her almond arms; he called her by the foulest names. Then, suddenly penitent, he flung himself upon the floor in a passion of hysterical weeping. She pitied him, caring little for her own pain and shame; she left him softly and said nothing. Segrave soon conquered himself, and shut himself up in his old suave mask of gentle courtesy and silent devotion, as from afar.

The Princess never guessed what beast might lurk beneath the cultured gentleman, dull in spite of all his intellect, that she had known so long.

Yet the beast grew in cunning and insight; the more {237} Segrave disciplined and controlled it, the mightier it grew. Just as the discipline of physical exercise makes the man stronger at the end, so the first foolish brute impulse, working in ordered channels, became a force to be reckoned with.

Nor was there any one to reckon with it; Eileen herself never guessed that it was there. She thought his angry fit a passing flash; and her innocence slept sound.

Segrave's awakened judgment soon warned him of what was going on. The absences of Eileen became suspicious; his own foolish missions took on a sinister aspect; it was certain that the Princess was tricking him.

Even his brother's story (which had before seemed commonplace enough) loomed up as a mystery to his newfound subtlety. He reflected upon the sudden mad infatuation that had seized the straight-living soldier; the change in his way of life; the reticence that sat so ill on the frank face; the sudden senseless journey for a sport he had never affected; and the tragic end of him.

Young Segrave brooded overmuch upon these matters. He began to lose sight of the endless kindnesses of the Princess Stephanie; the fascination of her faded; he began to picture a monster, a vampire that fed upon the lives of men.

Ah! but he would be her master yet. And he began to look about him for a weapon. Always he had felt that he had little share in her true thought, that invisible bars fenced him from her soul. Well, he must penetrate. Perhaps Maggs could have helped him; Maggs knew a deal about most people and their ways. But Maggs was gone abroad. By chance he met the rabbit-faced man one day in Leicester Square. He knew him for an old intimate of Maggs, and the impulse {238} came to him to talk to him. That evening he dined him at his club.

It was a royal pumping-match. During dinner, by common consent, the talk was sterile; yet each casual futility that passed on politics was meant and interpreted alike as a feeler and a thrust. Over their cigars they turned from the skirmish to the battle, and far into the night they plied feint and attack, till the night itself seemed to weary rather than they.

Yet neither obtained much but the increased resolve of silence, and on Segrave's part, an icier gleam in his hatred of the Crown Princess.

As he walked back through the clear morning he swore again to penetrate her fastness, by whatever loophole offered, and to defeat some plan of hers, however trivial, so that he might not feel his manhood shamed.

If he could utterly rout her, and avenge his brother, whom he no longer doubted to have been a victim, in some ambiguous way, to her designs, so much the better.

Thinking over it, he decided to track down first his rival. He paid a man to follow Eileen to what were doubtless assignations. But the girl was clever at throwing off pursuers, and it was not for some weeks that the truth came out. What, then, was Segrave's wrath to find his rival in the person of Roland Rex.

Like all suspicious and jealous persons, he could put two and two together very quickly. But the sum was never less than five, and often reached three figures. So it took him but a moment to convince himself that Rex had killed his brother. Not so bad either! That is the worst of lunatic's arithmetic, {239} the law of chance ordains that

now and then the answer shall come right.

All threads, then, were but one. He had but to slay Roland, and the Princess was beaten, his loved Eileen set free (maybe his victory would bring her to his feet --- and, by God! how he would trample her!), his brother avenged.

Mr. Segrave began to wish that he knew Grayson. That man should have at least one staunch ally. In the meanwhile, he would shadow his victim, even as the silent and terrible man-hunting snake of Yucatan.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HOLY DIRK

LORD ERCILDOUNE kept lonely vigil in his ancient castle, brooding over the past terrors that had whitened his still luxurious locks, the future fears that threatened to overwhelm his house thus utterly. Yet to-night he was more cheerful than his wont. Roland's letters had been uniformly hopeful; he seemed to have felt at last upon his own true steel the hitherto invisible foil of his fiendish antagonist; surely, moreover, there was an end to all. "How long, O Lord, how long?" he murmured with more reverence and confidence than he had felt for many years. Before, the prayer was like a wild outcry for some doubtful justice; now, it seemed that the answer "Soon! soon!" came like a benediction on his brows. Also, the familiar words wooed him to the familiar way, and he moved solemnly into his little chapel, and bent him in prayer at the altar. {240}

Then he was aware --- as we all are at times by some strange sensorium whose paths are yet unknown --- that some other person had been before him. A thing surely incredible? His first emotion was of fear. Had the murderer found him? Had the last hour of Ercildoune struck upon the clock of Destiny? Yet a glance reassured him. There was no place of concealment in the chapel.

He betook him again to his prayers.

Again the strange sensation caught him, and more strongly. Yes, there was something new. And on the altar --- how did this come to pass? Strange, strange.

There lay upon the black cloth a silver-hilted dirk, sheathless. To his amazement he beheld upon the hilt the well-known cipher of the Rosicrucians. They who had befriended his cousin the late Marquis --- had they come at last to his aid? The mystery was explained, for the old man credited the Brotherhood with powers beyond the common. He reverently lifted the dirk. On the sharp shining steel he read in tiny letters of gold the legend ---

"Master, ye shall sheathe me soon
And break the curse of Ercildoune."

With a sudden impulse he glanced once fearfully around, and hid the blade in his vest. Then, lingered long, mingling the accustomed prayer with new heart and hope into strains of praise, such as that gloomy chapel, the monument of so many iniquities and woes, had never yet echoed.

The day broke, and Ercildoune still grasped the dagger, and still prayed.

The days passed, and news increased both in volume and {241} excellence. The rabbit-faced man had missed Grayson in Vienna by an hour; Grayson was in hiding, in flight; his band seemed broken up; he struck back no more; the little army of Ercildoune was closing on him. Any moment news might come that he was taken.

One day, too, when he chanced to be confined to the castle by a cold, there came a kindly message of inquiry from the King. It seemed he was restored to favour.

He had not lived as he lived now since he inherited the fatal Marquisate.

Surely Fate had tired of her enmity; he should yet go down to the grave in peace. Then a telegram reached him from London. "Grayson trapped. Your presence necessary." It was signed by Eileen Arundell.

All the hope of the last month had strengthened the old man; his virile force came back in floods of anger. "Now is the time to strike!" he thought; "now shall I sheathe the holy dirk in the heart of that devil of the pit!"

And, feeling younger and lighter than he had done for many a day, he hurried off to London.

Imagine his joy on reading the morning poster: "The Scottish Vendetta; Lord Ercildoune's enemy reported under arrest," as he passed Warrington; his positive rapture at Euston when the "Owl" flamed at him ---

"GRAYSON SEEN IN LONDON ---
"EXCITING CHASE" ---

at his hotel when the newsboy followed him with ---

"GRAYSON CAUGHT."

{242} He bought a paper and read the following ---

"The mysterious enemy of the Marquis of Ercildoune has, it is alleged, been at last identified. He was seen by one of Lord Ercildoune's private detectives in the act of leaving a famous house in the West-End. As he jumped into a private motor and drove off with all possible speed, it was impossible to arrest him at the moment; but the detective, who was fortunately the chief of Lord Ercildoune's numerous staff, and a man highly esteemed by the police --- we break no confidence in mentioning his name, Arkwright, who aided the police so greatly in the recent Elmstead Tunnel Mystery --- was able to set innumerable activities to work.

"The motor-car was seen last speeding through Ware, and hopes of an arrest at any moment are largely entertained. It will be remembered that Grayson broke prison some years ago -----"

the paragraph trailed off into a washy "resume" of the whole affair.

In the stop press column ---

"Grayson has been caught at Royston."

But as the old man went gleefully down to dinner the tape-machine caught his eye. It clicked out ---

"The reported arrest of Grayson is denied. Turning the sharp corner at Royston the

suspected motor ran into a hedge and overturned. The chauffeur, arrested, proves not to be the convict at all. He declares that his master, an undergraduate at Cambridge University, can entirely clear him, and is indignant at his arrest. On the urgent demand of London, the man is, however, being detained for inquiries."

So the Marquis enjoyed his dinner but little after all. Much less, though, the rabbit-faced man Arkwright. His {243} story as he told it to his most trusted colleague was as follows ---

"I was strolling down Hill Street, thinking of nothing in particular, when I saw the door of a great house open --- and out walked my man.

"Grayson in the flesh, I tell you. Grayson as I saw him at Marseille; Grayson as he was in the dock and the prison. There wasn't a doubt of it. Well, my gentleman flipped into a motor and is off. You know the rest."

"No, I don't!" returned the other. "You're keeping back the best."

"For God's sake let us be careful," said Arkwright, "this is the biggest thing for years. I know now what old Zynsky meant."

"What! Whose house was it?"

He whispered --- "The Duchess of Eltham! There's his influence and this fool talk of his having been innocent all along! There's his base, and his cash, and his every mortal thing he wants!"

"Oh rot!" said his Thomasian colleague.

"Well, hear what I did! I inquired. Her Grace was ill, had been ill for three weeks. The very time, mark you, when Grayson's plans began to go a bit groggy! Where could I find the gentleman who had just left the house? My boy, they denied the whole affair!"

"Arkwright," said the other, solemnly, "did not one thing strike you as very peculiar about that house?"

"No, by Jove! what?" He was rather annoyed if his usually stolid subordinate had an idea that he was missed. "What was peculiar?" {244}

"Why, my boy, the blue rats on the ceiling and the pink leopards strolling up the stairs."

Arkwright was too worried to be angry. He just gave him up.

"My dear man, you're absurd," continued the critic, "Here's one of the first ladies in the land, a lady of stainless reputation ---

"Umph!" grunted the rabbit-faced man.

"A lady with the devotion of the handsomest husband, and the three prettiest children in London --- I am to believe, am I, that she moves heaven and earth to harbour this convict, on your theory a triple murderer and mutilator and Lord knows what beside? --- I'm sick of you! You've talked Ercildoune until you've caught the craze. Why! you ought to be in Parliament! That's the place for "you."

"Yes," retorted the other, "and I'd make a law to drill your head full of holes and pump a little sense into it. All your argument is "a priori" drivel. Who stole Lady Oldbury's pearls? A prince of the blood royal!"

"Well, but he was mad," said the sceptic, though a little shaken.

"Of course he was mad. So may Lady Eltham be mad! We're all mad --- read your Lombroso, you nincompoop!" After which the conversation became profoundly theoretical, its obscurity hardly illuminated by the fact that neither party to the discussion

understood the subject in the least.

We gladly draw a veil over so painful a scene. {245}

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CUP FLOWS OVER

ROLAND REX was down in the mouth. For one thing, he had been --- so Jukes said --- spotted during his morning walk by one of Grayson's creatures, and the whole afternoon had been spent in disguising him as a semi-clerical character. Old Jukes had been particularly careful with the make-up, altering it a dozen times till it exactly fitted his ideal. Which had been tedious. On another side, too, he had expected Eileen on the previous evening, and she had not appeared. The failure to capture Grayson had exasperated him, the more so as he knew his foe could not be far away, and might strike home at any moment. He seemed safe enough, yet --- what if his previous surmise were correct, and the villain struck at him through his love? Eileen Arundell could not lurk in an obscure nook as he could do, she must be seen and known; she must wait on the Princess. Ah! there was hope. Would she who had helped him so splendidly fail with her own twin soul? Not much!

And even as he thought it, and laughed, came a peculiar knock, the familiar signal of old Jukes. He rose and admitted him; but the old man, usually so calm and steady, seemed perplexed, distressed. His trembling hand thrust a letter into that of Roland.

The latter tore it open. "Where is Eileen?" it ran. "She left the house to see you last night at eight, and has not returned. I only got back from Brighton this morning, and {246} of course the servants knew nothing. For God's sake, do something, Mr. Rex, I shall go mad.

"Your distracted STEPHANIE."

"I will go to her," he decided without the waste of a moment. "There must be some more facts to learn than these." And snatching up his broad-brimmed hat he ran madly to the great house.

He found the Princess in violent fits of rage and tears. She had telephoned to nearly everybody in London, useful or no. For once the giant intellect seemed to have broken down. Roland strove to make light of the affair, though the blackest certainty blotted out the light of all his hope.

Ten minutes, and the great lady was herself again, though now and then she broke into a moan, calling on her loved companion's name, and upon God. Yet she controlled herself, and sternly set herself with Roland to face the situation. Before she had finished imparting the full details of what had passed, the door opened, and a footman entered, with a small package on a silver tray. The Princess took it and opened it mechanically. A card dropped out. She read --- "The Marquis of Ercildoune presents his compliments to ex-Princess Stephanie" (she stamped her pretty foot with anger at the outrage) "and begs her to hand the enclosed small parcel to Mr. Roland Rex, whose present address he despairs of discovering."

The parcel bore the words: "For Mr. Roland Rex."

He took it in his hand. "I no longer fear," he said, "I know. There is no God. Leave me alone."

"No!" she answered, "you must bear yourself as a man should. I will stay with you, and show you what even a woman may endure." {247}

In the certitude of calamity they had both grown preternaturally calm.

"So be it!" said Rex, and tore off the wrapper.

A gleam of ivory set with rubies met their eyes. Roland steeled his nerves and pressed the spring: the lid flew open and revealed a little tray beautifully engraved with the fantastic irony as of old --- Mr. Roland Rex, with the compliments of the Marquis of Ercildoune."

He lifted out the tray. There lay, fresh-lopped, the flaming lips of his beloved, in their nest of gossamer gold --- the hair, the lips he had kissed a thousand times.

"I think, Princess," he said, "our jester goes too far. I think the occasion an excellent one for putting to the test our little theories about the existence of a God. You shall soon hear-----" There was a sinister significance about his words. He kissed the little box and put it tenderly away.

But the Princess never answered. She sat like Memnon in the uttermost desert, and her eyes were hard and tearless.

Roland went softly from the room. "There "is" a God! There "is" a God!" he kept on muttering as he walked idly down the street. But for the ashen pallor of his face, men might have thought him a mere curate walking early to his work. A pity old Jukes had not imagined a more rubicund parson!

His eyes sought out some clue --- Nature seemed intelligible to him. He felt that every flag of the pavement was a clue, leading him straight to his enemy.

Or --- was he mad? Was the dear God a heartless mocker as well as a cruel tyrant? What was this strange hallucination, then? {248}

Across the road, cheerily striding, was the bronzed and bearded figure of --- himself! Himself as he came back to England, hardly a year ago.

Then the truth flamed out in him --- this was the very man! Grayson's last surprising masterpiece of insolence was to pass as Roland Rex.

"O Lord!" he cried, "Forgive me for my blasphemy --- for Thou hast delivered mine enemy into mine hand!"

Just then the man jumped into a hansom: Roland into another, ordering the cabman to follow.

Up the Edgware road they turned, and Roland began to wonder whether the pleasure of an interview with Madame Zynscky was to be included in his little outing. Strangely enough, he never gave a thought to his dead love. The horror of his heart had transcended itself, become a compelling purpose, far from the sphere of emotion. He had no doubt of the issue; God, who had shown the quarry, would speed the bolt. So he laughed gaily. The cabman may have wondered at this clerical gentleman apparently engaged in some joyous practical joke.

They went on into St. John's Wood; the first cab suddenly stopped at a large house with a garden. The false Roland paid his cab, and swung the gate open. Roland flung half-a-sovereign to his man, stepped up to him, and said gravely, "Mr. Rex, I believe?"

"Yes," said Grason, smilingly, "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"A few words in private, if it is not troubling you too much."

"Not at all. Forgive me if I precede you." And he led the way round the house to a conservatory, and opened {249} the door. Just then a motor-car came noisily up, and stopped.

"It is nothing," airily explained Grayson, "Only my grandfather, Lord Barfield!" Roland's politeness took a little jar.

Yet one more act of self-control, and the wrath of years should leap out and wither this cynical devil. He merely bowed his head at the taunt.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TRAP CLOSES

GRAYSON noticed that the gate did not swing open behind them. It was not the old Marquis. Who was it then? Grayson dismissed so idle a query with a slight shrug.

"A seat, Mr. -----? I have not the honour of your acquaintance," he said smiling, and pointing to a chair.

"Thank you, I will stand." He cast his eye around. Heaven was still on his side; there was some loose rope in the corner. "My name is a small matter; I think I have had the honour of hearing from you --- from your lordship, perhaps I should say --- already this morning."

Grayson laughed out loud. "Yes! I could not deprive you of such treasures."

"Come, sir," said Roland, moved out of all patience: "this is my errand, to hand you with these hands."

"Stir!" he said, as Grayson looked about him for a weapon, "and I will shoot you like a dog." {250}

The murderer held up his hands.

"The best way, Grayson, perhaps; for as the Lord liveth and as my soul liveth, I will surely hang you with these hands!"

"Ah!" smiled his enemy, "I am unarmed."

"I take you are your word," said Roland; "do you think there is no God?" And he laid aside his pistol.

"Really, I cannot discuss theology, even with so learned a divine," he sneered, "at this early hour of the morning. A divine?" he seemed to muse.

Roland stood ready. "Ah! I have it," suddenly yelled Grayson in a voice that shook the house. "You are Father Ambrose! Father Ambrose! Father Ambrose!" --- then he closed with Roland in a death grip. They rolled over, fighting like cats.

But an answering cry woke in the house. From an inner door appeared two figures.

Ah, Roland, had you seen her! had you seen her!

There stood Eileen in life, scatheless and radiant, yet wild with a strange joy, and by her side the old Lord Ercildoune.

"There!" she cried, pointing to Roland, "Is the false priest the murdered poor Lord Marcus."

Ercildoune with a boy's joy ran down, waving the holy dirk. "I sheathe thee," he cried, "and break the curse of Ercildoune!" But as he lifted up his arm the outer door was burst, and Segrave, ever hot on Roland's track, rushed in and struck away the

blade.

Roland had Grayson by the throat. He looked up.

"Grandfather!" he cried. {251}

The old man started back in fear and wonder. How did this Ambrose speak in Roland's voice?

Eileen dashed in. "Don't you see," she cried, "they are all wrong? That gasping cur is Grayson."

Segrave cried out in terror. "I have saved the very man I meant to slay," he roared, entirely losing his self-control.

Ercildoune's shrewd old mind grasped the situation.

"Mr. Segrave," he said, "If you would save your skin, be a true witness of these proceedings. But if you move or cry, I fear there is but one retort." He calmly possessed himself of Roland's abandoned revolver. "A chair, Mr. Segrave," he added, courteous and calm even in that headlong hour.

Segrave subsided, scowling. "Eileen!" went on the old Marquis, "you will perhaps be good enough to report to the Princess. She may be anxious about you. I regret to have interrupted you, Roland my lad," he went on, when she had left the room, "you had some business with this gentleman."

"Sit up!" commanded Roland, whom the appearance of Eileen had transfigured with rapture. "You have been condemned to be hanged; we shall execute the sentence in a quarter of an hour; spend the short minutes in a confession of your sins to God and man."

"Ah! you want a few things explained!" he jeered. "Well, then, what is it?"

"No parley," answered the old Marquis. "Commit yourself to God!"

"You may as well know all," he said wearily. "The whole thing's been a plant right along. The game was to get you --- Lord Barfield! to kill your own grandson. Then we should have got you hanged out of the way, had myself {252} declared innocent and my branch legitimate, and --- there was I with my rights." He flamed up; it was plain that the man had been utterly sincere. His fancied wrongs had preyed upon his mind, and turned its mere original evil to a masterpiece of criminal genius.

"But how could you build up such a scheme?" asked Rex. "It was Miss Arundell herself who called on my grandfather to kill me."

"Why, you fool, it was our plot from the beginning. We paid the hooligans who threw Eileen into your arms; old Jukes --- I have been practically living with you for weeks as old Jukes!" The voice had an ineffable scorn. "I sent that dodderer his ridiculous dirk."

"Those eyes of Father Ambrose?"

"Fluorescein," he retorted; "why don't you teach your detectives just the rudiments of some one thing?"

"How did you get Lady Eltham to lie for you?"

"Not at all; I had a footman in my pay. I waited till I saw that rabbit-faced idiot nosing about and then gave him the trail --- and the slip."

"But why bring Miss Arundell into it at all?"

"How else could I get him to the intimacy of the Princess? Through that ass Segrave?" he snarled at the embarrassed secretary. "If I had you to myself for a minute, my boy, I'd teach you something about murder. How did you get here anyway?"

The poor coward winced. "I saw you hanging about," he said; "I thought you were Mr. Rex. I wanted Eileen."

"Pah!" said Grayson. {253}

"But what has the Princess got to do with it?" asked Roland.

There was a rustle behind them, and two women swept into the doorway. "Everything," cried the Princess.

CHAPTER XX

THE CURSE BREAKS

"You must hang me too," said Stephanie, seeing Roland busy at his rope. "Why, I did everything. It was I that lured up the Marquis, and I that arranged for you to think Eileen was killed. Ah! sweet," she purred, "you know I would never have let you come to harm. How it hurt me to sacrifice that lock of your gold hair you gave me!" But the girl turned away in horror. "You plot to kill my lover," she said, "and say you would do nothing against me!" and she laughed harshly and hatefully.

"God! I have lost you too," wailed the wretched woman. "Ah! let me die! ..."

"Ah! you do not know! Yes, it was I that tore the lying tongue from Laycock, and killed the poor innocent that his ..." she choked with rage and tears. "Ah! you shall never know what happened in that house! It is between me and God, and I shall not fear to meet Him."

They all shrank back from her. She towered tremendous above them in the throes of her passion.

"My child," she sobbed, "my child!"

Even Grayson gasped. Their loathing turned to mere terror; they were in presence of an elemental force. This was {254} not a woman, but a tempest; they shrank from the right of judging her. The voice of the storm of heaven is louder than man's petty cry.

Only Segrave was so little of a man that his querulous question broke ---

"But why did you do it at all? What is this Mr. Grayson?"

She turned on him. Like a tree smitten by the lightning he shrank into himself, withered and dumb.

Swifter than an arrow she launched herself at the doomed Grayson. "Ercildoune!" and her voice was again the gentle far-off bell, "Ercildoune, my darling, what I have done is for you!"

Again they were still. A sort of mist blinded their apprehension. All this was all so new, so impossible. For a moment Roland dreamt that she was acting a part.

So indeed; yet like all great actresses, the part rang true because she felt its truth.

She kissed him. For an instant the whole world was blank.

Lord Ercildoune rose to end the scene. But she was swifter.

With one deft motion she drew a bottle from her bosom and dashed it on the ground. Dense choking fumes arose, and before anybody could recover from the confusion she had disappeared into the house with her lover.

Eileen had been nearest to the bottle when it broke, and priceless moments were

spent in restoring her in the fresh air of the garden. When aid came, no trace could be discovered. Before half the rooms had been searched, the house was found {255} to be on fire. When the engines appeared, it was already but a spout of flame.

Nobody had been seen to leave the garden; it was most sure that they had perished.

* * * * *

"Roland!" chuckled the old grandfather in the smiling halls of Ercildoune. "The curse is lifted from us all at last. Eh, my dear? You are all the curse we have at present," he laughed across at Eileen, now his grandson's six months' bride.

"Well," answered Roland, with a half-serious shrug, "the Doom says that the lands shall go back to the King."

"How stupid you men are!" said Eileen. "Where were you at school, Roland, not to have learnt that Rex means King?"

"By heaven, she's hit it!" and they all shook hands.

A stalward ghillie brought in the mail.

Eileen, taking her letter, gave a little wondering cry. The Marquis had a small flat package; his eye fell upon it, and he groaned and fell forward. Roland raised him.

"Wait till you know!" he said. The packet was addressed ---

"The most noble the Marquis of Ercildoune."

Within was an old miniature on ivory.

"With this portrait of the fierce old father of all our mischief," the enclosing letter ran, "I resign the last of the links with Ercildoune. A great sinner asks your pardon for a great wrong."

"Children!" said the Marquis, "come with me." Again he led them to the Chapel of Vengeance.

But within there was a change. Fro the fierce God of {2567} Genesis had gone, and in its place was the loving and compassionate figure of the Christ. The monstrance with its angry reproach against the Master had been removed. Instead was a memorial tablet to the Claimant wreathed in flowers, with these words ---

"God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather
that he should turn from his wickedness and live."

"Children," said the old man, with tears running down all over his cheeks, "you see there is a God that answers prayer."

Eileen looked at her letter, short and pointed:

"Forgive and forget my jealousy, dear one, and all the disastrous passions of an unhappy woman. The madness and misery are over for both of us; we too are married, and all the storm-beacon is burnt out to bliss.

"My love, ever my love!

"STEPHANIE."

Eileen kissed the letter; and, fondly glancing at her husband, slipped it into her bosom.

* * * * *

Arkwright sat still with his dull colleague, and pulled more gloomily than ever at his

pipe.

"So the Ercildoune case is over," grumbled the dull one, "and a blessed lot of credit it brought you!"

"Umph!" grunted Arkwright, "'slong it 'is' over, I won't complain. I call it a fair sickener." {257}

"Come, come!" returned the other, "'tain't as bad as all that. Come to think of it, you must 'a' made a tidy bit o' money out o' mad Lord Ercildoune, fust to last."

"Well," said the rabbit-faced man, "I suppose I did. Fust to last, a tidy bit o' money. 'Ave another beer?"

FINIS

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09019.html>

30 captures

19 Aug 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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About this capture

ATHANASIUS CONTRA DECANUM

ATHANASIUS CONTRA DECANUM

[To comfort him with the thought that a Dean may be damned without being a liar and slanderer, I offer this poem to the Rev. R. St. John Parry, M.A., D.D., Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge.]

I

THE Anglicans (whose curious cult
Still entertains "Quicunque vult")
Boasted a grave and pious Dean
Ecclesiastically lean,
Grey-haired and spectacled, sharp-nosed,
Whose tract on "Truth," it was supposed,
Had in its day done much to stem
The tide of Error among them
Who, though well-meaning, nearly ripped your
Church up by wetting tusks on Scripture.

II

Some men arrive at ruin's brink
By dice and drugs and dogs and drink;
Some drab, some dissipate, some drench
Life through a weakness for a wench! {261}
Our Dean, immune from all of these,
Reached threescore years in honoured ease,
When, controversies being over,
He found no thistles in his clover.
Who sleeps too soft is slow to wake,
And finds himself with limbs that ache.
No wolves were prowling round his fold;
He noticed he was getting old.
Leisure, the vampire of the earth,
Conceived by Satan, brought to birth
A fiend, who said: "Respected Dean,
You're not as young as you have been.
The time is not far distant when
Six other worthy clergymen
Will put your body in a hole ---
And what will happen to your soul?"

III

The blameless Dean conceived a doubt.
As humble as he was devout,
All he would utter was a trust
That God was good as He was just.
Though he had doubtless been the means
Of saving others, even Deans
(Since St. Paul said it) well may say
"If I myself were cast away!"
"Ah!" said the demon, "simple trust
Becomes the ignorant, who must.
But you have means whereby to test
Your faith. I shall not let you rest, {262}
Till under cross-examination
You prove your title to salvation.
Let us begin --- who runs may read ---
With Athanasius his creed."

IV

He got through "neque confundentes"
Gay as a boy is in his twenties.
With sang-froid mingled with afflatus,
He gladly uttered "Increatus."
"Immensus" and "omnipotens"
Were meat to his "divinior mens."
"Tamen non tres dii" he smiled,
"Sed unus Deus," suave and mild;
Reciting thus the Creed verbatim
To "Quia, sicut singillatim."
He slapped his venerated femur:
"Religione prohibemur."

V

"A haughty sprite," (said Solomon)
"Goeth before destruction!"
"Pride goes before a tumble!" we
Learnt early, at our mother's knee.
This was to crush the cleric's crest:
"Filius a patre solo est."
Incomprehensibly, to us,
He boggled at "sed genitus." {263}

VI

The good Dean knitted noble brows
That had been wont at ease to rouse

Solution from the deepest lair
 Of whatsoever thoughts were there.
 Yet, here he stuck. If he were walking,
 "A patre solo" stopped him. Talking?
 "A patre solo" dammed the flood
 Of discourse, or it made it mud.
 "A patre solo" spoiled his sleep;
 "A patre solo" soured his sheep;
 "A patre solo" made him ill;
 His thought-chops burned on conscience' grill.
 The grave, acute, enlightened mind
 Contemporaries left behind,
 Yet was an abscess crammed with pus
 Round that sand-grain "sed genitus."
 "Non possum" (inquit) "tanquam volo"
 Credere hoc 'a patre solo.'"
 He corresponded for a year
 With doctors there and doctors here;
 He wrote to brethren near and far,
 To Ebor and to Cantuar;
 He even risked (half fear half hope)
 A private letter to the Pope.
 These creatures of a clotted church
 Left our inquirer in the lurch;
 There was not one could reconcile
 By ancient thought or modern style,
 Two knights, each fit to lay his foe low,
 "Genitus" and "a patre solo." {264}

VII

"A matre sola" were enough
 To make anatomists grow gruff!
 Yet he could postulate a post ---
 "Colomba," scilicet "The Ghost."
 A thousand ways of thought he'd trod,
 Where God seem bread and bread seemed God.
 It did not ruffle up his plumes
 To think that one should open tombs.
 He thought it simple work to see
 That Three in One was one in Three.
 But he thought lost whoe'er affirms
 A contradiction in terms:
 "Without a mother" (was his reading)
 "'Begotten' merely means 'proceeding.'
 'Begotten' to my mind implies
 Some anatomic qualities.

Seed cannot sprout without a soil;
Oil fills the cruse, the cruse holds oil.
A Word begotten of I AM
Is nothing but to milk the ram!
We know of things whose modest mission
Is to give life by simple fission.
The hydra, too, where pools are flooding
Gemmates, "i.e." gives birth by budding.
The earliest forms of sex are seen
Nor male nor female, but between.
Do these 'beget,' may one affirm,
In the strict meaning of the term? {265}
Even so, did we admit this right,
God would appear hermaphrodite!"

VIII

This thought so shocked the worthy Dean
Black bile corrupted his machine.
Limbo of many a likely lad,
The Dean went melancholy mad.
It is with sorrow like a sword
Cutting my heart that I record,
In this account I dare not "cook,"
The fatal form his madness took.
By Athanasius still obsessed,
He was The Father, and his quest
To solve the problem that had turned
His spirit's sword-edge, that had burned
His mental fingers, by a means
Fitter for schoolboys than for Deans.
Theology has never lent
Her sanction to Experiment!

IX

At death his sanity's last glimpse
Scattered the cohorts of the imps.
Yet on all hope the door was slammed;
He knew that he was surely damned.
Despite his gaiters and his hat,
He failed with "Ita" on the mat
"De Trinitate sentiat." {266}
It said as plain as words can say
"Haec est Fides Catholica,"
Adding a warning of the risk we
All of us run: "Quam nisi quisque
Fideliter crediderit,

Non salvus esse poterit."

X

Horribly frightened and alone,
Before the awful judgment throne
The poor Dean stood, the myriad eyes
Of Wheels and of Activities,
Glitterers, Fiery Serpents, Kings,
Gods, Sons of Gods (and other things)
Fixed on him. "Waste no time!" he cried,
"I own me guilty. I denied ---
Or could at least not acquiesce
In --- Athanasius. I confess
'A patre solo' hard for throats.
'Genitus?' --- put me with the goats!"

XI

"Is this recorded?" asked the Lord.
"No," said the angel. "Yet Thy sword
Of wrath avenging is his meed.
Alas! he played the goat indeed.
The life Thou gavest him, full store
Of opportunities galore,
He wasted all and brought to naught.
Ass-feeding thistles were his thought. {267}
He used his intellectual hammer
On minor points of Latin grammar,
Ruined an excellent digestion
By brooding on a sterile question,
And went beside himself through fretting
About 'proceeding' and 'begetting.'"

XII

Damnation's tones in thunder roll:
Gehenna caught the accursed soul.

XIII

"Satan," said God, "has always been
Too clever for us with a Dean!"

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09020.html>

30 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

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2021 2024 2025

About this capture

MY CRAPULOUS CONTEMPORARIES

NO. VII

A GALAHAD IN GOMORRAH

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A GALAHAD IN GOMORRAH

IT is very fortunate that even in times when the greatest laxity of morals prevails, in England at least there is always found some austere and noble soul to protest against decadence; to be a witness in the midst of corruption, that there is a standard of pure and lofty thought, a City of the Soul, fortified against all evil, and whose artillery can overwhelm the savage hordes of impurity.

We do not think any one will accuse us of flattery in saying that Lord Alfred Douglas is just such a person, and this is the more striking phenomenon as it is so rare to find true moral greatness associated with poetical genius. We write thus in order to direct his attention to a little book published some years ago in Paris, but reprinted in an expurgated form in England; a book of so abominable a character that I am sure it is only necessary to direct his lordship's attention to it to raise a very considerable turmoil. We quote one or two passages: ---

"Their (men's) eyes for beauty are but sightless holes,
Spurned in the dust, Uranian passion lies.
Dull fools decree the sweet unfruitful love,

In Hellas counted more than half divine,
Less than half human now."

And again: ---

"O food to my starved eyes,
(That gaze unmoved on wanton charms of girls)
Fair as the lad on Latmian hills asleep." {271}

There is a good deal about Perkin Warbeck, a poem called "Jonquil and Fleur de Lys," of a very unhealthy character, and really very little else in the book.

There there is a poem called "Prince Charming," incredibly sickly and sentimental; but, worse than all, the poem called "Two Loves," beginning with the celebrated quotation from Shakespeare --- "My better angel is a man right fair, my worse a women tempting me to ill." In a vision the "poet" sees two people; the first is joyous, and sings; the second walks aside: ---

"He is full sad and sweet, and his large eyes
Were strange with wondrous brightness, and staring wide
With gazing; and he sighed with many sighs
That moved me, and his cheeks were wan and white
Like pallid lilies, and his lips were red
Like poppies, and his hands he clenched tight,
And yet again unclenched, and his head
Was wreathed with moon-flowers pale as lips of death."

This poem ends with a controversy between these two persons: ---

" . . . I pray thee speak me sooth:
What is thy name?' He said, 'My name is Love.'
Then straight the first did turn himself to me
And cried, 'He lieth, for his name is Shame;
But I am Love, and I was wont to be
Alone in this fair garden, till he came
Unasked by night; I am true Love, I fill
The hearts of boy and girl with mutual flame.'
Then sighing said the other, 'Have thy will,
I am the Love that dare not speak its name.'"

But the great joke is a tragedy in one act entitled "When the King comes he is welcome." There are two characters in it, Giovanni and Francisco. Francisco cannot sleep, having {272} a presentiment that something unpleasant is about to happen. Then there is a knock, and at his private door. It cannot be Giovanni, for "that honey-bee is hived in Florence." It is Giovanni, however, and they slobber for several pages. It turns out that Giovanni had written to Francisco, but the letter had miscarried. It was an important letter. Giovanni had written to say that he was betrothed unto a

noble lady. On learning this, Francisco remarked: ---

"Blood of Christ ---
Betrothed! --- What word is that? Curled flame of Hell!
Thou art betrothed? Giovanni! thou, my friend!
O! five red wounds of God, and Mary's mouth!
How hast thou dared it?"

A mock-terrible scene follows, in which Giovanni tries to persuade his friend that it will make no real difference to their relations. Francisco pretends to be convinced, but determines to poison himself and his friend. So Francisco proposes to drink the health of Death as a kind of Joke, saying: ---

"Giovanni:" "I will drink to our love and Death and thee."
"Francisco:" "Nay, nay, I favour not that toast,
Sweetheart,
What have we two to do with Death?"
"Francisco:" "Sweet feather!
How soon hast thou forgot thy troth of faith.
Consider, chuck, the toast has but this weight,
That thou and I are friends, and that King Death
Is friend of both, and will not harvest us
Before the time of our ripe harvest comes."

We have surely said enough to establish clearly the abominable character of this book. We are sure that the moment {273} it is brought to the notice of Lord Alfred Douglas he will take the proper steps to crush the perpetrator.

The title-page discloses, as might be expected, both the title of the book and the name of the author.

The former is "Poemes," and the later is Lord Alfred Douglas.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09021.html>

32 captures

13 Jan 2002 - 24 Feb 2024

Jan FEB Mar

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About this capture

HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS
MOUNTAINEER

BY

PERCY W. NEWLANDS, P.R.A.S, P.R.B.S., P.R.C.S.,
. P.R.Y.S., P.R.Z.S., ETC., ETC.

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HOW I BECAME A FAMOUS
MOUNTAINEER

I WILL open this little paper for "The Billionaire" [The "Billionaire" has nothing to do with it. But it hurts Mr. Newlands to talk about things that cost less than a guinea. ED.] by remarking that mountaineering fame shares the great advantage of the Order of the Garter --- there is no d----d merit about it.

Speaking personally, I took it up because in the first place the dear King likes to hear me chat about mountains, which he himself, dear old chap, is hardly the figure to climb; and in the second place there is a certain curious pleasure in the art of writing in a very even flowing continuous style, like a placid river whose banks are adorned at due intervals by the flowers of felicitous quotation. [We have cut two-and-a-half miles of said flowers --- mostly Greek and Latin poetry --- with which Mr. N. had embellished his manuscript. ED.] Of course I have always had such a number of friends that mountaineering has been very easy. All my relations are very highly placed in the various services all over the world, --- it facilitates things immensely. Our family has always been very well, and it is a great advantage to have friends and relations in high places. At the same time it gives me real pleasure to say that I have become {277} sincerely attached to many simple Swiss peasants, which shows conclusively to any unprejudiced mind that I am far from being a snob, and though some have thought, no doubt, that I lose dignity by addressing Francois Devastation (for example) as "vieux chameau" or "mon coco," have we not the very similar instance of the touching friendship between the late dear Queen and John Brown?

I have never had any ambition to climb mountains, but accident (as it were) has at one time and another brought me to the top of a good many. It is really a very pleasant

and exhilarating mode of mild exercise. A skilful guide never jerks the rope or slacks it suddenly, so that there is one long even strain upon the waist --- not at all unpleasant, but, "au contraire," rather suggestive of the embrace of a mountain-spirit.

No: I have never taken any active steps to become a famous mountaineer, except to make it my habit to speak authoritatively on all these questions just as if I were one, a most impressive course of action; and to take quite a little trouble to expose all sorts of impostors. What can Mr. Eckley mean (by the way) when he says that this habit of mine shows my strongly gregarious instinct? I grasp it, as it were, you know, and then I seem to lose it again.

It was I that exposed de Rougemont, and Landor, and Graham, and ever so many more. Now this Mr. Eckley is always attacking me; he has not that sense of "comme il faut" that the dear King (for example) has; his controversial manners have not that repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. Why do I not expose him? Why do we allow ourselves (I speak for the Alpine Club) to be called common {278} cheats and impostors in the public press year after year without a word of reproach or denial?

It is the Christian spirit, my dear readers; and when we turn the other cheek, this Vulgarian --- nay, hush, hush, I must not use such terms --- this charmingly witty controversialist says "No wonder! I couldn't buffet all the cheek you've got from now to the Last Trump." It is disheartening; kindness does not melt that flinty heart; nothing will content him but one thing.

"Let Englishmen climb mountains unaided," he says, "just as they are unaided in every other sport; and with those Englishmen I will shake hands. I think even Mr. Newlands would kick if I hired Hayward to bat, and Haigh to bowl for me; while I, sitting in the pavilion, had their records published as my own, and went about the world as 'the famous cricketer.' Which is exactly what these heroes of the Alpine Club do. They hire one man who climbs rocks, another who can cut steps, and the only thing they do themselves is to take the credit. And because mountaineering (as distinguished from the everlasting repetition of well worn routes) is a sport needing high qualities of brain in a great degree, and high qualities of body in a small degree, therefore the Moral Science Tripos is a better school for the mountaineer than Sandow's, and the English amateur who has studied mountains in mass as well as in detail becomes a very much better man than the Swiss professional who has nothing to guide him but rule-of-thumb. A club of such amateurs might be formed in two years, were it not for the dishonest and unsportsmanlike methods of the Alpine Club in discouraging the production of genuine climbers from the {279} matchless raw material which England can supply. It was the end of Rome when her citizens paid substitutes to fight; it will be the end of England when professionalism has eaten up all her sports, as mountaineering is already swallowed whole."

These are not his actual words, of course --- his method is more lurid --- but I think it fairly represents his case. He forgets, like all Radicals, the question of vested interests. The Alpine Club has invested many thousands of pounds in Reputation. If we once admitted that mountains could and should be climbed by Englishmen without aid, all this money would be irrevocably lost --- worst of all, lost out of the country. So that Mr. Eckley, under the guise of patriotism, is really sapping the very foundations of our National Wealth: in an earlier sterner age he would have passed through Traitor's Gate and suffered the supreme penalty which awaits the wretch who plots against his

fatherland!

The matter is an exceedingly ticklish one; if we admit the existence of even one guideless climber, our whole position is threatened. We have to get out of it by saying that he was a wonderful genius, and an exception to all rules. But to admit two, three, twenty would sweep us away.

So we have to conceal the existence of the hundred or so first-class amateurs of Austria, Germany, and Switzerland. We have to prevent it becoming known that nearly all first-class climbing is now done by guideless parties. We keep it dark that amateurs hold all the world's records except one; and we cover with calumny and reprobation the aspiring youth who proves intractable.

We were at one time in most serious danger. Mr. A. F. {280} Mummery was an Englishman, and could not be so easily ignored; it had become notorious that no Alpine guide --- though he had formerly climbed with guides --- could be considered in the same class with him: and unfortunately some of our young bloods who had been investing very largely in that sensitive stock Reputation, had made things much worse by under-estimating his importance, and trying to extinguish him in the usual way by blackballing him for the Alpine Club. Of course one could not openly blackball him because of his guideless propensities; so the inaccuracy --- I must confess the inaccuracy --- that he was a bootmaker was sedulously circulated, and the result achieved. Luckily, the simple, good-natured fellow accepted our apologies for the "mistake," and consented to join us. Had he found out the real secret of the Alpine club before his admission we might have been badly off indeed --- the value of our securities down to nothing! But his loyalty prevented him from giving us away too dreadfully, though that terrible last chapter of his book came as a great shock to many of us. However, we got out of it by saying "what a brilliant mountaineer he was; and of course one could excuse a little unsound theory in so wonderful an exponent of the sport." And we put it very neatly, I think, and rather turned the tables, by saying that he was an example of the way in which an exceptionally gifted amateur could become after long practice very nearly the equal; of the best Swiss guides. However, I have wandered much from my subject. Yet I must flow on --- it is the law of my nature --- and the truth of the matter is that "How did you become a famous mountaineer?" is answered in a phrase (as above) by referring to my habitual tone of authority; while the question "How do {281} you propose to remain a famous mountaineer, with people like this Mr. Eckley about?" is one which takes all my time and thought to answer. Even my little jokes are turned against me. The other day I said in the Geographical Society that "I think people should say Mount Everest, not Everest "tout court;" for I have just seen in an account of some climbs in Canada, where there is a Mount Newlands, [What incomparable puppies these people are, who give these personal names to presumably dignified peaks! ED.] the phrase:

"Newlands has proved to be rather an impostor. I hope the same may never happen to Colonel Everest."

And the wretched newspaper fellow comments:

"Nobody appears to have laughed. Perhaps they were thinking it over."

[B]

BY SIR MEDIUM COELI

IT was an ingenious thought of my mother's --- for I was so unfortunate as never to know my father --- to christen me Medium Coeli, for the astrologers [With Reason! ED.] prophesy honour and glory to the lucky children at whose nativity this house is on the cusp of the ascendant. But on no natural grounds should such a prediction have been formulated; for my story --- it is nearly a case of "From Log Cabin to White House," though the local colour is wrong --- is one long (and stirring) example of the triumphant conquest of difficulties (of course I do not mean mountain difficulties) {282} by persistence, judiciousness, and adroit manipulation of facts. Indeed the "great natural defect" of George Washington, that "he could never tell a lie," has at no time thrust its ugly head in my path. Nor was it, as ordinary people might be tempted to think, such a great drawback that I never possessed the smallest natural gift for climbing or mountaineering, or the wish or ability to learn these (to the dilettante) fascinating subjects.

Even at this day, when my name is practically synonymous with the sport, I am as ever quite incapable of climbing the simplest rocks, or even of descending unaided an unusually rough mule-track, while the ensanguine banner hung out in my cheeks is invariably blanched at the very suggestion of a native bridge. [Brandy does pull one round.] But my intellect was naturally acute, and, on looking round the world of sport, I soon fixed on mountain climbing as the only one in which an absolute duffer can acquire fame. It is quite impossible to pass oneself off as a fine cricketer --- people look up your average; but a climber can do his work secretly, and the "Alpine Journal" which seeth in secret will reward him openly. I speak of the man who goes exclusively with guides; for the guideless man has friends who cannot be bribed to silence. Everybody will remember poor Smith, and the trouble he had about that guideless ascent of the Steinbockhorn, which read so well in the pages of the "Journal," when his honest but deluded companions found out that they had not been to the top of the mountain, and that Smith knew it.

In fact, young Lazarus and his brother deserve a great deal more credit than myself; for they have worked up a reputation in the English hills where an honest body can hardly {283} announce having made a new climb without a yapping chorus of "To-morrow we'll all come and "see" you do it."

In my own case, I had merely to engage competent guides and wander about the Alps. It was easy to do new climbs in those days, once the idea of varied routes was hit upon. My guides pulled me up a few dozen, and in due course I was admitted to the Alpine club.

To throw a little variety into things --- in England at that time it was not good enough to be solely an athlete --- I got a little reputation by a really good work on a quite different subject --- I forget exactly what; though, owing to the disgusting conduct of one of her relatives, I have every reason to remember the name of the lady who wrote it. (Of course the title-page would not refresh my memory on the point.) It is a genuine example of actual memory on my part, and I confess to an honest pride in the matter.

I am even prouder of my next step. Merit alone is useless without money, and I was

in sore straits. But the distinguished mountaineer was as rare a bird in the 'seventies as the successful general in the days of Venice, and I was able with my tale of moving accidents by field and flood, to swoop down on a stray Yankee heiress, and hustle her into the halls of Hymen before the Hon. Patrick N. O'Flaherty (essentially of Tammany Hall, and incidentally her father) came upon the scene.

I had not bargained for quite such a vulgar fellow; of course we had to compromise, but his idea of compromise was this: "Waal, young f'ler, I had calculated upon my daughter marrying a peer; I guess you've done me there; but every red cent you get from me has got to be honestly laid out in running for the House of Lords, and don't you forget it!" {284} And I had been looking forward to a quiet life! No more beastly mountains! No more filthy Swiss inns! No more hunting for impoverished persons of talent to write my books! The Club, and the Park, and ----- O! my heart is breaking. The worthy Boss mapped out my life from day to day; and before long some silly fool hammered it into his head that the best chance of a peerage for me was that I should go exploring to all the most inaccessible regions of the uninhabitable globe! Useless to point out that I had no scrap of ability in this direction; that plain lump sums to a party caucus would be a more efficient means to the end. He was adamant, and after a week without --- my blood boils! --- without the very commonest necessities of life, I gave up and started for New Guinea or some beastly place like that --- I forget where, it's all in a book of mine that I never could read --- though I have several times honestly tried to do so; people will question one about one's exploits.

So the devil of it was that at the very moment when I was on the top of Mount Thingumbob, I was actually recognized in Coney Island by an Alpine Club man, and, as they have to draw the line somewhere, that did in my chance of becoming President. If Pa found out about that --- why, I'm afraid to think about it.

The next few years are a positive nightmare. I was driven from one end of the earth to the other; some of the expeditions I actually had to do, because there were English people all over the starting-point. Then I had to invent the most ingenious explanations about things; one time they actually sent Englishmen with me --- that was the most awful experience of all. However, I managed to get rid of one by {285} disgusting him with my mismanagement, and persuading the others that he was bad-tempered. A second I bribed to quit; a third luckily damaged his leg; and I was left with only a fool artist who knew even less about mountains than he did about art, and was easily bamboozled into thinking that the snow-hump we struggled up was a great peak!<> But fate was against me; my faithful guide was "got at" in England by a friend of my very worst enemy, and blurted out the whole story under the influence of alcohol. Oh, the terrible curse of drunkenness! Oh, that man should put an enemy into his mouth to give away my game!

In this heartbreaking manner year after year flew by, and the House of Peers seemed as far off as ever. Pa knew more about England by now, and the wealth of Pittsburg or wherever it was swelled the party chest [I forget which party --- I could never understand politics]. We spent thousands --- thousands, I tell you! of what ought to have been my money on contesting hopeless seats. At last it was intimated that I might look for my reward. I made all sorts of inquiries in the ermine market, and Benson's sent me a really reasonable estimate for a coronet. Then the blow fell. A Knighthood! A knighthood for the Hercules of the Himalayas, the Charlemagne of the

Caucasus, the Attila of the Andes and the Alps! A knighthood. Think of it, dear readers --- a knighthood. A common cheap calico knighthood. The sort of thing they give away at Harrod's Stores to all purchasers to the value of over Five Pounds!

[However, when abroad, I may be able to pass as a baronet.]

There was only one advantage to be got out of it --- I would settle Pa. I settled him. Of course, I said sarcastically, I "can" go down the crater of Vesuvius if you "like." But it won't do any good. You haven't bought the British Empire, and you can't, and they've done you, and that's all there is to it. I'm tired; I'm going to sit down a bit, and you let me have a decent allowance, or I'll blow the whole gaff, and show up your silly vulgar ambitions and then where will your daughter be, and that's all there is to "that."

He consigned me, I regret, to a hotter place than Vesuvius, but he gave in, and there are ripping easy-chairs in the club. If I could only shut that beast Eckley's mouth I should be perfectly happy; but it don't really cut any ice [I picked up this language to try and appease Pa], for the Britishers are that easy it takes a thousand years to nail a fakir to the counter.

After all, then, I really am an example of a great and famous mountaineer, and let's leave it at that!

[C]

BY THE BROTHERS LAZARUS

I MUST apologize to ladies and gentlemen who read this for using "I" instead of "we" but nobody can distinguish between my brother and me when we write and it's all very confusing but it only makes one mountaineer the two of us. I am born of poor but honest parents in the country so a kind gentlemen said we were both Arcadians like some people {287} in a book because I was so simple-minded sincere and guileless. We never knew why they laughed so when he said it but that doesn't matter what I want to say is we were really nicely brought up, and have always been brought up to be respectful to ladies and gentlemen and I hope we shall never speak rudely that is why I am so much liked by ladies and gentlemen who buy our beautiful pictures. Of course we would not lie about anything for I have been brought up very strictly and the camera cannot lie. I always use the camera to prove our statements for though as we said it cannot lie it can be inclined in all sorts of directions and this is very useful. If a lady or gentleman is lying on a floor and you take a picture of them and then look at it sideways it looks as if they were climbing up a perpendicular wall or climbing down it head first.

Like all great discoveries (a gentleman told me one day) this is very simple and was made by accident. I once took a picture of a lady climbing a rock needle and we didn't know how to use a level so it all went wrong and the picture came out with the needle all cock-eyed but the lady like it because it was so much steeper than it looked we mean that it looked when you looked at it. So there was a very nice gentleman called Jones who couldn't climb rocks but was very clever at jumping up them when he caught hold of something he got up and when he didn't he fell down and hurt himself so he was making a tremendous reputation. So I said to him we'll photo you all over all the rocks

and we'll tip the camera so that it always looks as if you were on an overhanging precipice. So he said yes and I went into partnership and it was all very famous. But there were rude people who wanted {288} to do new climbs and so we had to prevent them climbing things until we had jumped up them. There are some horrid rocks that you "must" climb because there is nothing to jump at but our partner found a good way to get round that. I used to go out with him (he was a very nice gentleman and treated us quite like friends) and we would stand at the top and let him down by a rope and he would go up and down and up and down and up and down hundreds of times till it was quite easy for him you know it is only a new rock that is difficult because as a kind gentleman told me one day if you don't know exactly where the handholds and footholds are you waste a lot of strength in trying useless things and you get tired and when the pull comes you are too tired to do it. So I kept it all frightfully secret and by and by our partner would say at breakfast "I think I'll stroll over to Gully X to-day and have a look at it." Now everybody would know that Gully X had never been done and was awfully dangerous and all the ladies would begin to cry and say Dear Mr. Jones don't don't go to that awful place! And a gentleman friend of Mr. Jones's (though he wasn't really a gentleman only a farmer) would say "If you climb that place I'll never speak to you again" and everybody would look pale except us and I would try not to laugh. So we would all go to see it and Jones would take his coat off and just cast one glance at the rock as if to take it all in and go straight away up without any hesitation at all and everybody would clap their hands like mad and say what wonderful skill and there would be Mr. Jones at the top not out of breath even and call down it's quite an exhilarating little climb and everybody come up it's quite easy. So everybody would just worship {289} him and when a rude man would say go up that other little gully at the side which would be a much easier place really he would say no it would look like showing off and give the other men a chance. And get out of it that way. And everybody would write in the book what wonderful skill and strength and all that. And the way I would prevent other people doing climbs by climbing was we would make great friends with everybody and say quite secretly I know a gully that hasn't been climbed in such and such a place and we want to do it with you don't tell anybody. So he would be awfully pleased and treat me quite like a friend and I would say the same to everybody but there would always be a reason why we couldn't actually go and try and I would say the same to everybody and by and by Mr. Jones and us would do it and be famous. Because having arranged to try with us the others were too honourable to go without me.

There were rude people who said no we always climb by ourselves and your old gully isn't one you found. It's in the book and was described ten years ago, and the only reason it hasn't been climbed yet is because of your dirty tricks taking advantage of people's ignorance and their sense of honour to run your blackguardly advertising scheme to boom Jones.

These people were not real gentlemen we feel sure though they had been to Oxford and Cambridge and all I can say is if they are we're very glad I'm not.

So sometimes other people would do new climbs and it was horrid but we went and practised them and wrote in the book how easy I wonder people are so vain as to record such silly things. Anyway we got a lot of new climbs to ourselves and got very famous. It was very nice for us because I {290} never took any risks and we knew I should have the field all to ourselves soon because I knew Mr. Jones would kill himself

one day the way he jumped about instead of climbing and sure enough he did.

We had a dreadful fright one year everybody knows that if you sleep with your window open you go into a decline and die but there was a gentleman who said rubbish you won't and my brother believed him just because he was a gentleman though we know now that a gentleman can be wrong just like common people. So one night he said his prayers twice over and opened his window nearly an inch but it was no good he went into a decline and went to the Alps as a last chance and spat blood and all the ladies said poor poor boy to die so young and he got thinner and thinner. So a medical gentleman said send him to what's his name where there weren't any doors or windows and my poor brother was out in the rain all the time with only a towel on and they fed him on twelve raw sheep a day and he came back so fat I didn't know him and his cheeks flapped against his waistcoat and he broke the weighing machine at the station and we were afraid the railway company would put me in prison.

So then we went to everywhere and tipped the camera more and more every time and learnt to scratch out things in the picture that prevented it looking dangerous and I did a lot more new climbs on the old plan and read Professor Collie's nice articles and Mr. Mummery's nice book which is in very much that style and Mr. Jones' nice book which is a very careful imitation of that style and so we learnt that book by heart and wrote a book in the same style with the same kind of photographs in the same type and the same binding {291} and printed on the same paper and sold at the same price and you can't tell which part I wrote and which part my brother wrote because it isn't our style ("this" is our style) but Mr. Jones' nice style and even that isn't his nice style but Mr. Mummery's nice style, and even Mr. Mummery owes a little to Professor Collie's nice style.

And that is how we became a famous mountaineer.

[D]

BY MADAME BOCK BRUNE

HOW sweet it is in the starry morning to set out from some daintily furnished club hut with one's faithful guides! Deliciously primitive, in a strange sad way, to lick the last drops of fragrant olive oil from the slim svelte tin of sardines on the frowning brow of some historic peak, as, lying with one's dark sweet face to the blue azure of the cerulean sky with its cobalt-ultramarine shade of hyacinthine --- hang it all! "blue" again; there are no more words --- between one's faithful guides one can reflect upon the deep problems of Life and Death, and above all, marriage. [Better have reflected on grammar. --- ED.] Yes! I have been married twelve times; but what is marriage after all? Surely a husband is less intimate, far, far less intimate in many, many ways than one's faithful guides! With a husband, if the rope breaks, one can get another; but there are so few, few faithful guides, none as faithful as mine! Such are my reflections as I lie between --- [Possibly. This is not "at all" the kind of article we want. Don't maunder, tell us how you became a famous mountaineer and I'll make it a dollar. --- ED.] Very well, that's talking. I've done some of the commonplace climbs that

everybody from cows to Alpine Clubmen has been up millions of times every year, and written about them in the style you don't seem to appreciate. That's straight. [It is. We understand. Here is the dollar. Thank you. Good-morning. --- ED.]

[E]

BY MRS. BLOOMER-GREYMARE

CONFOUND and dash these drivelling newspaper donkeys! George! What am I to say, I wonder? George --- G-e-o-r-g-e! What the deuce was I about when I married one of these scurvy, feckless, futile, scrimshank, scallywag men? George! Oh, "there" you are! Take that, then! And that! and that! and how dare you come to me with your tie all round at the back of your neck! No, don't speak --- nothing but gabble, gabble, gabble all day long --- why aren't you some use? I pulled your tie and collar awry, did I? Then why did you "make" me do it? I've told you a thousand times if I've told you once, that I won't have it, you idle gawky good-for-nothing stuck up idiot? Why did I marry you? tell me that! [No answer; but a profound feeling that in a previous existence he must have killed his father and mother, or a holy universal King, or wounded the body of a Buddha!] And on the top of everything the "Daily Mail" wants to know how I became a famous mountaineer. Will you write the article now at once? {293} Mind what you say! Enlarge on the natural timidity of woman, and the wonderful courage --- What! speak up! and don't stare and yammer like a dropsical owl! O! Of course! --- an appointment in the City! Oh, yes! I know what men do in the city --- you can't deceive me. But you'll write the article in the afternoon, eh? Will you? Yah! you idle silly gowk. What? Do you want me to take the "stick" to you? I see you remember! Oh, "you're" no good --- I know the sort of wishy-washy muck you'd ladle out to the public --- leave it to me! I'll show them what a good true tender beautiful woman can do. Oh, you men! Why, you even kicked at calling the silly mountain Bloomer-Greymare after me! And you positively wouldn't call the other one Lavinia though I beat you till the very coolies ran away for shame! I know you did climb them and I didn't but what's that got to do with it. What the public wants is the Poetry of Married Life and the spectacle of a timid shrinking woman doing what has beaten all you hulking bullying brutes of men ---- see? you pasty-faced monkey jumping about like as if you were on hot bricks. Stop it now or take that! and that! Get out, can't you? How the blazes can I write my article with you maundering about all the time muddling my mind with your cackle cackle cackle.

[And that is how "she" became a famous mountaineer. ED.]

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About this capture

THE TANGO

A SKETCH

BY

MARY D'ESTE AND ALEISTER CROWLEY

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY

FISCHER, "proprietor of a night cafe in Paris"

PAUL, "a young man about town"

A LORD, "about to marry" JAJA<>

"NEGRO," "a bully"

JAJA, "the Tango dancer"

MADELINE, "engaged to be married to" FISCHER

LILLIE, "in love with" "NEGRO"

"Guests, Waiters, etc."

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THE TANGO

SCENE: "Fischer's Cafe." TIME: "Midnight."

["A waiter is laying the tables for supper, in a lazy manner, whistling.
Enter" FISCHER "silently, and observes him. The waiter does not see him."]

FISCHER. Hurry up, you lazy dog. ["The waiter, startled, springs to attention and bustles about."] I am expecting a lot of big people to-night. Aha! I have a fine new song for them! ["Hums tune of 'The Tango.'"]

"Enter" PAUL.

FISCHER. Good-night, Paul, how goes it? Glad you managed to turn up.

PAUL. Madeline will be here in a minute.

FISCHER. Ah, do you envy me?

PAUL. Devil a bit. She's a dear, though. I suppose you'll have a crowd of Americans to-night?

FISCHER. Yes; I've got a new song.

PAUL. Queer lot, those Americans. Lord, but it's dull here without the Tango. That "was" dancing, if you like! She was an American, wasn't she?

FISCHER. Half-French.

["Enter" PIERETTE "with three young men; they sit and take up the menu, attended on by the waiter." PIERETTE "is drug-drunk, and acts unseemly."]

"Enter" MADELINE, "runs to" FISCHER, "and kisses him."

MADELINE. Who's half-French? {297}

FISCHER. Jaja.

MADELINE. Oh, the Tango girl? Half-devil and half-child, by my reckoning.

FISCHER. Well, she's reformed now. Going to take up the White Man's Burden!

MADELINE. So she's really caught that millionaire lord after all. Whew! I'm sick of millionaires. Any one can have mine.

PAUL. But not his money.

MADELINE. Bah! Now we've got all we want for the Cafe. What do you think money means to us women when we love?

PAUL. Yes, when you "do" love. But when do you love anything but money?

MADELINE. Perhaps you think we can't love. Why, it's the only thing we live for.

FISCHER. And if women must have money, it's only to look their best --- to hold their love the longer.

MADELINE. And to give it to their love.

FISCHER. You saw how Negro threw Jaja over the minute Lillie turned up in a Poiret frock!

PAUL. Well, Jaja never cared for anything but dancing.

MADELINE. And Negro.

PAUL. Perhaps.

MADELINE. I suppose you think she's only marrying this fool lord out of pique.

FISCHER. Anyhow, she's got money enough. The idiot is trying to buy Paris for her! They're to be married to-morrow.

PAUL. Ass! {298}

FISCHER. He thinks her an angel who has side-slipped.

PAUL. Ho! ho! ho!

FISCHER. And believes that she'll give up the life here for Mrs. Grundy's drawing-room!

PAUL. Poor fool! It can't be done; I've tried it. Once you come here it's for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, till death do us part.

MADELINE. You don't understand what love can do.

PAUL. Oh, love!

MADELINE. Perhaps it's true that after having loved one of us there is no other love.

FISCHER. Absolutely. Marry or die you may, but the soul clings to the old love.

["During this conversation the cafe has been filling up with girls and men."

"Enter" LORD "and" JAJA. "Some, recognizing her, begin to beat on the tables, and call out welcomes."]

JAJA. I've only come to say good-bye; to-morrow we sail for America.

LORD. She's finished with all this.

FISCHER. One never finishes; it's in the blood.

PAUL. Tell the truth, Jaja; you just couldn't keep away a minute longer.

JAJA ["Nervously"]. For me, it's finished for ever; I've decided to be a Society Bud!

MADELINE. Ah, but you bloomed here!

JAJA ["Spitefully"]. There are some who have never bloomed.

MADELINE. I, for instance. That's why I have kept my perfume!

PAUL. And what a perfume! {299}

FISCHER. Ladies and gentlemen, I will sing you my new song "Sings"] ---

<>

"What is money to the bliss
Of the honey of a kiss?
What are rank and fame and fashion
To the ecstasy of passion?

"Chorus."

Give me dancing!
Give me wine!
Bright eyes glancing ---
Yours in mine!
Kisses sucking
Up my breath ---
Give me passion!
Give me death!

Were the town of Paris mine,
Its renown should drown in wine
I would pay the land of France

For a day and night of dance.

"Chorus"

Dreams entrancing float above
Music, dancing, wine and love.
Sober sinks the sobbing breath;
Smiles the sphinx of sleep and death."

"Chorus."

["All applaud vigorously." LORD "begins a conversation with" FISHER].

JAJA. Bravo! ["To Madeline, aside."] Has "he" been here?

MADELINE. Who, Negro? [JAJA "nods."] He's coming; he's trying to teach Lillie to dance the Tango in your place.

JAJA. No one can ever take my place.

MADELINE. So you're really going to marry the young English millionaire?

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JAJA. Yes; to-morrow morning.

MADELINE. You're not happy, dear.

JAJA. Oh yes, I am. Once I get into the new life -----

MADELINE. You will begin to weary for the old. You will come back to us.

JAJA. Never; it's finished, I tell you.

FISHER ["To Lord"]. But --- one never marries this sort of a woman!

PAUL. As if there was any other sort of a woman!

LORD. Ah, you don't know her real self; she's an angel who fell by accident.

PAUL. Did she fall or was she pushed?

FISHER. I know them all; it's always by accident,.

PAUL. ["Singing"] ---

"Give me passion!

Give me death!"

LORD. But she's not French.

PAUL. Ah, you have the English idea of the French. But that's not nearly as bad as the French idea of the English!

LORD. Well, I'm gambling on her. I am sure my love will keep her straight.

FISHER. What's rank or fortune after a love among us? There's nothing else; all other love is pale and sick.

PAUL. Don't you know the difference between old brandy and ginger-pop?

LORD. Oh, that's all over. She doesn't love "him" any more.

FISHER. I tell you it's never over, never!

JAJA. What are you men talking about?

FISHER. Love. {301}

JAJA. Oh, talk of anything else! Bring some more wine!

["She dabs her face with rouge and powder, and reddens her lips."]

MADELINE ["To Lord"]. So it's marriage?

LORD. Yes; this is the last night of the old life.

MADELINE. Take good care of her! It's not often one gets away from here.

FISHER. Shall I marry you, Madeline?

MADELINE. You're mine, silly! What more?

FISCHER. You see!

PAUL. When you've saved enough, you'll marry and do the fine folk from Paris in your chateau!

[FISHER "and" MADELINE "shrug their shoulders. Enter" NEGRO "and" LILLIE.]

MADELINE. Hullo, Lillie! Have you learned the Tango yet?

[LILLIE "makes a gesture of disgust."

PAUL. Cruel! If you understood how we all love it.

NEGRO. She loves only her Negro, and nothing else on earth.

["She puts her arms round" NEGRO'S "neck." PAUL "whistles like a railway train, running round the room with his head between his hands."]

MADELINE ["To Negro"]. Jaja is here; she is going to be married to-morrow; that's her best young man; and aren't we going to be good --- I don't think!

NEGRO. Silly cow! I don't care a pink wart if she's here or in Timbuktu.

LILLIE. Oh, do let us go, dear! Where you like; only do let's get out of here. I've got a headache.

PAUL. And I've got cold feet! {302}

NEGRO. Rot; you've got to dance the Tango.

[LILLIE "points to" JAJA, "and makes a face."

NEGRO. That was not real love, anyhow; I've forgotten it, and you'd better forget it too! The other was nothing.

MADELINE. Lillie wishes she had been that nothing.

NEGRO. Women are never content.

JAJA. More wine, waiter! Come and drink farewell, Madeline! Here's the dear old life! Fischer, sing "The Tango" again!

LORD. No; please come away, my darling; you're getting excited.

JAJA ["impudently"]. And for why? Because?

LORD. You're not yourself. I don't understand you. ["He takes her by the arm to lead her away."

PAUL ["Sings"] ---

"They talk a lot o' loving
But what do they understand?"

JAJA ["Shaking" LORD "off".] Let me be! You promised me this one night, and it's mine!

LORD. A man forgives the past, but never the future.

PAUL. When you're as old as I am you'll know that the past "is" the future.

JAJA. Oh, hang it! No moralizing to-night! Let's drink!

[FISCHER "sings."

JAJA ["to Pianist"]. So you no longer play the Tango now that I am not here to dance. ["She jumps on a table and waves her glass."] The Tango!

ALL. We are all true to you. ["All rise and clink glasses and drink."]

JAJA. And I to you! In heart, I'm always here, always, {303} always! How the blood aches! How the heart leaps for joy! What other life is so gay, so entrancing? The reek of the smoke is sweeter than all the flowers of the earth and the incense of heaven.

PAUL. Yes! but what price Patchouli?

LORD. ["At table below" JAJA, "looking up, and consequently very ridiculous"]. I beg of you to come away. You no longer know what you are saying. If you are to bear my name you cannot talk so.

JAJA. This night is mine, mine, mine, mine. Fill my glass! ... So the Tango is dead. Oh, how I'd love to dance it just once more!

ALL. Bravo! Come, Negro, the Tango!

NEGRO ["To Pianist"]. The Tango! ["He moves towards" JAJA "from old habit;" LILLIE "rushes to him and smacks his face, and makes him lead her out. They dance."] Don't be so nervous. ["She trips."] If you make another mistake I'll kill you; dance for your life! ["He strikes her. She winces."] Damn you! You're not doing your best.

JAJA. ["Jumps off table, and tries to drag" LORD "into the dance."] Come, come, come, dance!

LORD. I cannot.

JAJA. Oh yes, you can! I'll drag you round all right.

NEGRO ["To" Lillie]. Do you hear? Dance, I tell you.

JAJA. ["Mocking" Lillie.] I hate her; I hate her.

[LILLIE "trips." NEGRO "throws her aside to the ground as" JAJA, "throwing her glass down, cries:" "Then I'll dance alone," "and begins." NEGRO "joins her in the dance; as he clasps her she cries:" "Give me passion." "All have jumped on tables to watch the dance, except" LILLIE, "who" {304} "is "stunned by her fall and" LORD, "who wrings his hands piteously, and makes little feeble attempts to rush in and drag" JAJA "away. Finally he gives it up, and throwing" JAJA'S "gloves on the table, walks out."

LILLIE "picks herself up, takes a knife, and flings herself on" JAJA "and stabs her." JAJA "falls as" NEGRO "catches her, throwing" LILLIE "aside with his free arm."]

JAJA. O God! I am dying. Negrito, Negrito, my own, you have at last saved me from the hell of boredom and respectability. Give me your lips! Kiss me Good-bye! ["She dies in his arms." LILLIE "picks herself up, and tries to flee, but"

FISCHER "catches her."]

FISCHER. One moment, if you please!

["Every one stands spell bound with horror, except" PAUL, "who walks to the front of the stage, and lights a cigarette."]

PAUL. Never dull at Fischer's!

CURTAIN.

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<http://www.the-equinox.org/vol1/no9/eqi09023.html>

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About this capture

THE BIG STICK

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REVIEWS

SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE. By SYDNEY E. KLEIN. William Rider & Son.

WILLIAM RIDER and SON have moved from Aldersgate Street to Paternoster Row, but unless they are very careful they will find themselves in Carey Street. What can have come over the firm that it publishes a book written by a man who knows his subject?

For "Science and the Infinite" forms the most admirable sketch of what should surely be a great and important work. Mr. Klein shows clearly and simply the nature of what we call the Infinite, and proves that the great step to be taken is for the soul to recognize its oneness with that. But in Book 4 this conclusion is given as the result of definite experience. "See" pp. 80 and 87. Mr. Klein however, seems to prefer a sacramental solution of the problem, and advocates in almost too unveiled a manner the cult of the Phallus, which he understands, evidently enough, in its best form.

We could have wished that he had given us twenty diagrams instead of one. We could have wished that his English were less latinized and his sentences shorter, and --- most of all --- we could have wished that his book had been published in a more important form. The world is deluged with cheaply-got-up books of this kind, and it is difficult for the outsider to distinguish the corner-stone from that which should be "heaved over among the rubbish." Now a book should be a very holy thing. If it be

truth, it is that which we most reverence, and it is impossible to expend too much care and loving kindness in its worthy presentation. Considerations of the cost of production are the death of literature. Publishers are so ignorant of the value of books that they issue any quantity of worthless stuff. They have no idea of what will catch on with the public. They produce things as cheaply as possible, with the American philosophy, "It's a good bet if I lose!" Such a book as Mr. Klein's loses immensely by this vulgar presentation. Rising as it does to heights of sublime poetry, it is a shock to be constantly brought back to the twentieth-century illusion, which is the very sham he is trying to expose with its rage for hurry and cheapness, by the inferior paper and inferior printing. A book of this sort should have been produced, if not quite like the Medieval Books of Hours, yet in {309} a form which represents the highest developments of the particular art used in its production. These things do not seem to matter now. They will matter enormously in a hundred years, and it should be for that part of the Now which we stupidly call the Future that books should be produced.

This is particularly the case with a book which deals with science. It is the common idea that science is practical. It does not occur to the average man that science is holy. He does not see that the microscope is a magical instrument in the truest sense of the word, as it assuredly is when its use leads one to such results as Mr. Klein has attained. Science has appeared principally practical. People say, "Look, it has given us the telephone and the motor-car!" They have not understood that science may be a religion. To most people, especially so-called religious people, God means one in their own image, the shadow of themselves thrown, enlarged and distorted, upon the background of their own ignorance --- not the image of themselves as they really are, but the image of those vile insects which they think themselves to be. The evangelical Christian asserts God to be mean, revengeful, cruel, huckstering --- a small tradesman in a provincial town. A single blade of grass is sufficient contradiction of the existence of such a monster. Even where the people have had no God their Great Man was fashioned in the same way. Buddha is only a magnified Buddhist. In their fierce life calm seems the only good, and so their Buddha sits eternally smiling on a lotus. Even the most elevated thinkers seem to cling to the idea of a personal God. This is because they are themselves enmeshed in the illusion personality. It is the personal and temporary self to which they cling. They have perhaps got rid of the idea that the body is real, but the highest ideas in their mind still appeal to them. They say (in the best cases) that God is Light, Love, Life, Liberty, but they still suppose him to be a person possessing these attributes. Hardly ever, save by virtue of spiritual experience of a high order, is that conception transcended. Personality is a limitation. As long as one thing is distinguished from another there are two things; and there is only one thing. Such a conclusion Mr. Klein faintly foreshadows. I am not certain whether it is his reticence or his ignorance which prevents him from adumbrating the further conception which we have set forth in Book 4 and elsewhere.

It is very well that these conclusions, such as they are, should be restated. There is, of course, nothing new in them. They were stated by myself in almost the same language in a good deal of the poetry which I wrote when I was nineteen years old. Such perception is the birthright of the poet. But even immediate intuition of such truth is of less value than the knowledge obtained by conscious experience. The rediscovery of these truths much later in life had for me all the force of a new creation.

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We wish that Mr. Klein had gone deeply into the means of attainment. He seems to be of that school which holds that such attainment is the result of miracle, perhaps of accident. He does not seem to realize that there is a perfectly simple and straightforward method of arriving where he has arrived --- a method which is good enough for all, and about which there is no doubt and no difficulty beyond the essential one of sticking to it. I hope that the perusal of Book 4 will enlighten him on this point, and enable him to write a Second Part to his book which shall detail this method in language which may reach those minds to which Book 4 does not appeal. A. C.

THE BLUE GROTTO. ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL. London. 2"d."

IT is monstrous and iniquitous that a person, however bearded, however resembling Bernard Shaw in name and form, should purport to translate a Rune Stone dealing with the Phrygian Mysteries --- and scan Pandion wrong. The masterpiece of this anonymous author is full of false quantities, but I don't care if it is, for he has some very beautiful lines and a sense of the musical value of words. He writes:

"The lovers of a night appear
In the unravell'd atmosphere.
Phantasmagoria crisp to gold
Under Apollo. .."

And again:

"Caduceator for thy knees'
Ophidian caryatides."

And again:

"And the red ibis in thy grove
Feeds poison to the sucking dove."

And again:

"Under the brown sea-furbelow
Anguilla slimes;"

He tells us:

". . . Crassicornis seeks to grab
The streamers of the coral-crab.'

He says:

"I hear the triton-music swell
Love-laden in the vulva-shell.'

And speaks of:

". . . Corybantes o' the storm
Leaping coruscant-capriform." {311}

I could hardly have done better myself, and Shelley would have been put to it to do it as well.

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Father Kent writes in "The Tablet" --- "Among the many books which benevolent publishers are preparing as appropriate Christmas presents we notice many new

editions of favourite poetic classics. But few, we fancy, can be more appropriate for the purpose than a little volume of original verses, entitled 'Amphora,' which Messrs. Burns & Oates are on the point of publishing. The following stanzas from a poem on the Nativity will surely be a better recommendation of the book than any words of critical appreciation:

"The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The root of David shoots a stem.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

"She lies alone amid the kine.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The straw is fragrant as with wine.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

Lieut.-Col. Gormley writes --- "The hymns ordinarily used in churches for devotional purposes are no doubt excellent in their way, but it can scarcely be said, in the case of many of them, that they are of much literary merit, and some of them indeed are little above the familiar nursery rhymes of our childhood; it is therefore somewhat of a relief and a pleasure to read the volume of hymns to the Virgin Mary which has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. These hymns to the Virgin Mary are in the best style, they are devotional in the highest degree, and to Roman Catholics, for whom devotion to the Virgin Mary forms so important a part of their religious belief, these poems should indeed be welcome; personally I have found them just what I desired, and I have no doubt other Catholics will be equally pleased with them."

"Vanity Fair" says --- "To the ordinary mind passion has no relation to penitence, and carnal desire is the very antithesis of spiritual fervour. But close observers of human nature are accustomed to discover an intimate connection between the forces of the body and the soul; and the student of psychology is continually being reminded of the kinship between saint and sinner. Now and then we find the extremes of self and selflessness in the same soul. Dante tells us how the lover kissed the trembling mouth, and with the same thrill describes his own passionate abandonment before the mystic Rose. In our own day, the greatest of French lyric poets, Verlaine, has given us volumes of the most passionate love songs, and side by side with them a book of religious poetry more sublimely credulous and ecstatic than anything that has come down to us from the Ages of faith. We are all, as Sainte-Beuve said, 'children of a sensual literature,' and perhaps for that reason we should expect from our singers fervent religious hymns.

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"The shadows fall about the way;
Strange faces glimmer in the gloom;
The soul clings feebly to the clay,
For that, the void; for this, the tomb!

"But Mary sheds a blessed light;
Her perfect face dispels the fears.
She charms Her melancholy knight
Up to the glad and gracious spheres.

"O Mary, like a pure perfume
Do thou receive this falling breath,
And with Thy starry lamp illumine
The darkling corridors of death!"

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{Illustration to this page described:

The top 1/5th of this page has a black and white rendering of the Khephra scarab beetle. It shows a scarab beetle holding a sun disk between its hind legs at top and a smaller moon disk between its front legs at the bottom. The body of the scarab is upside-down, even though the legs are as described. Horizontally to left and right are two wings, very stylized, with primaries, secondaries and coverlet feathers depicted.}

THE WINGED BEETLE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

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Mr. Todd: a Morality.

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{WEH NOTE: On the back cover in black on dark blue. Includes text graphics as noted}

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THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A :: A ::

THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

EDITED BY SOROR VIRAKAM

SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM

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About this capture

[These pages are reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor of the A.'. A.'.]

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A ∴ A ∴
c/o THE EQUINOX,
33 Avenue Studios,
76 Fulham Road,
South Kensington, S.W.

Telephone: 2632 KENSINGTON,

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

THE Chancellor of the A ∴ A ∴ wishes to warn readers of THE EQUINOX against accepting instruction in his name from an ex-Probationer, Captain J. F. C. Fuller, whose motto was "Per Ardua." This person never advanced beyond the Degree of Probationer, never sent in a record, and has presumably neither performed practices nor obtained results. He has not, and never has had, authority to give instructions in the name of the A ∴ A ∴.

THE Chancellor of the A ∴ A ∴ considers it desirable to make a brief statement of the financial position, as the time has now arrived to make an effort to spread the knowledge to the ends of the earth. The expenses of the propaganda are roughly estimated as follows ---

Maintenance of Temple, and service . . .	£200 p.a.
Publications	£200 p.a.
Advertising, electrical expenses, etc. . .	£200 p.a.
Maintenance of an Hermitage where poor Brethren may make retirements . . .	£200 p.a. £800 p.a.

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As in the past, the persons responsible for the movement will give the whole of their time and energy, as well as their worldly wealth, to the service of the A ∴ A ∴

Unfortunately, the sums at their disposal do not at present suffice for the contemplated advance, and the Chancellor consequently appeals for assistance to those who have found in the instructions of the A ∴ A ∴ a sure means to the end they sought. All moneys received will be applied solely for the purpose of aiding those who have not yet entered the circle of the light.

The Chancellor wishes to express his gratitude to those who have so generously come forward with assistance. The full amount is, however, not yet guaranteed, and he hopes that those interested will make a special effort without delay.

Owing to the unnecessary strain thrown upon Neophytes by unprepared persons totally

ignorant of the groundwork taking the Oath of a Probationer, the Imperator of A ∴ A ∴, under the seal and by the authority of V.V.V.V.V., ordains that every person wishing to become a Probationer of A ∴ A ∴ must first pass three months as a Student of the Mysteries.

He must possess the following books: ---

THE EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the current number.

"Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.

"The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."

"Konx Om Pax."

"The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.

"777."

"Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.

"The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King." {iii}

"Tannhauser," by A. Crowley.

"The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.

"Time," by A. Crowley.

"Eleusis," by A. Crowley. [These four last times are to be found in his Collected Works.]

"The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage."

The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tzu (Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL).

An examination in these books will be made. The Student is expected to show a thorough acquaintance with them, but not necessarily to understand them in any deeper sense. On passing the examination he may be admitted to the grade of Probationer.

With the publication of No. X of THE EQUINOX the Official Pronouncements of the A.'. A.'. will cease, according to the Rule of the Order, which prescribes Five Years of Silence alternating with Five Years of Speech. This Silence was maintained from the year 0 to the year IV of this era. Speech followed, from the year V to the year IX. Silence will, therefore, be maintained from the year X to the year XIV. There will, therefore, be no further open publications made by the Executive until March 1918 O.S.

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I.N.R.I. BRITISH SECTION OF THE
ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS O.T.O.

M ∴ M ∴ M ∴

[The Premonstrator of the A ∴ A ∴ permits it to be known that there is not at present any necessary incompatibility between the A ∴ A ∴ and the O. T. O. and M ∴ M ∴ M ∴, and allows membership of the same as a valuable preliminary training.]

[This Order in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge of England.]

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